

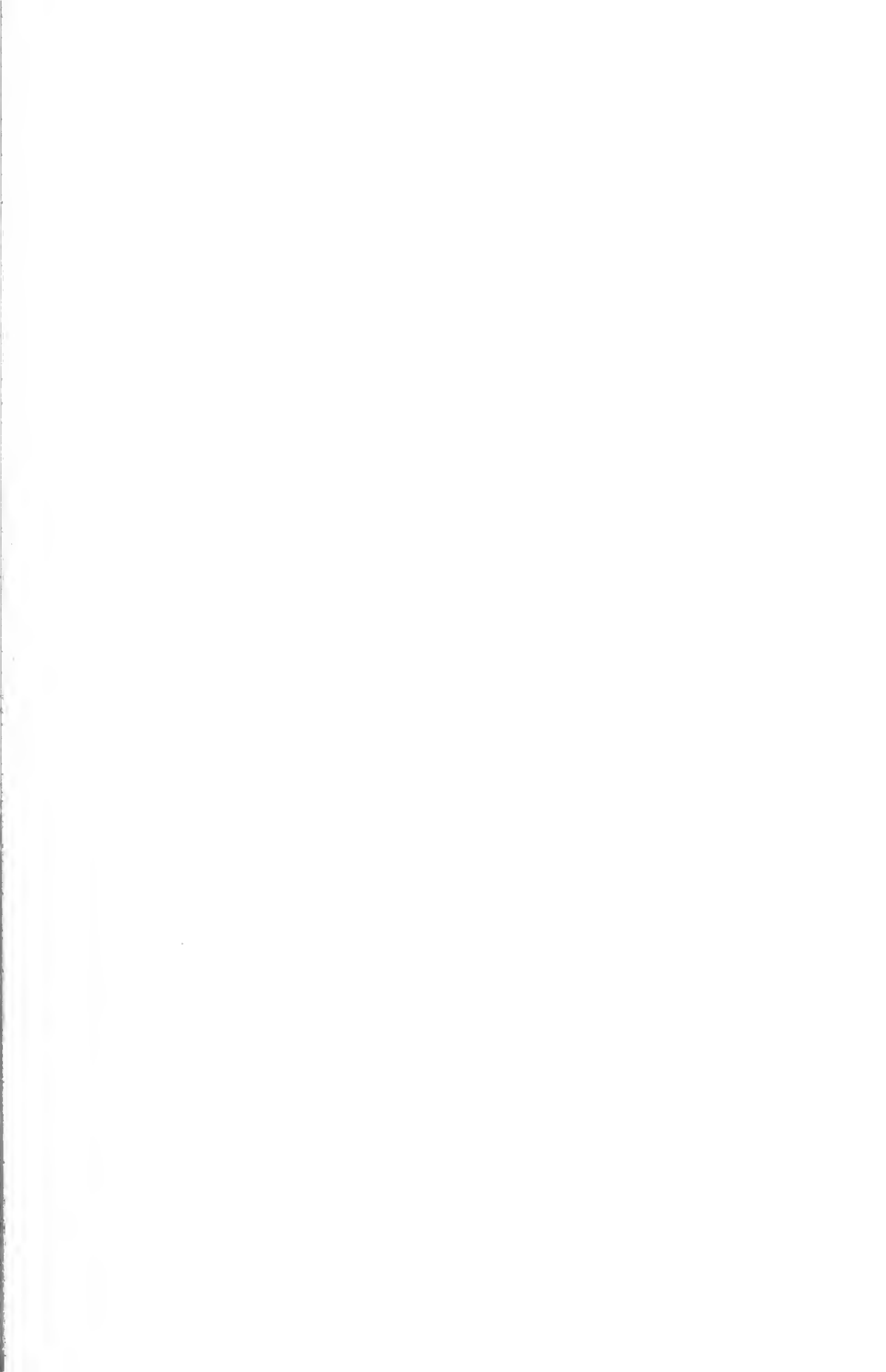




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PRESIDENT LINCOLN AND "TAD"  
READING THE SCRIPTURES—1861

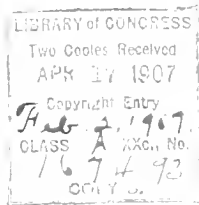
HISTORIC DAYS  
IN  
Cumberland County, New Jersey

1855—1865

POLITICAL AND WAR TIME  
REMINISCENCES

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BY  
ISAAC T. NICHOLS



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BY

ISAAC L. NICHOLS

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The story of the Civil War and the early days of a great political movement in Cumberland County is a theme of interest to the descendants of the noble men who gave their lives for the Union and those who stood at the cradle of the party of human liberty at a crucial hour in our National history. It appeared to the writer that it was worthy of preservation.

To the memory of those who organized the Republican Party in Cumberland County in 1855, and the heroic sons of old Cumberland who volunteered in the war for the preservation of the Federal Union—1861-1865—many of whom lie in nameless graves on battlefields once red with patriotic blood, this volume is affectionately dedicated.

ISAAC T. NICHOLS.

Bridgeton, New Jersey, January 1, 1907.

### THE PRIVATE.

Here is a song for the private, the gallant and true;  
Though others may plan, he is the one that must do;  
The world may the deeds of the leaders proclaim,  
Here is a wreath for his brow, a song for his fame.

I learn from the telegraph, hear by the train,  
Of the glory some general by valor has gained,  
Of the 'wing he's outlanked,' 'the fort overthrown,'  
And the poem is sung to the leader alone.

But tell me, oh, tell me, where would he have been,  
Had the private not been there the play to begin?  
Had he sheltered his breast from the steel or the fire,  
Or dared on the march to faint or to tire?

I have heard the debt the nation will owe  
The heroes that over the despot shall throw,  
And only petition that this be its care—  
The private shall have a Benjamin's share.

Is a fort to be stormed, a charge to be made,  
A mountain to climb, a river to wade,  
A rampart to scale, a breach to repair,  
'Neath the blaze of artillery—the private is there.

He might tell what he suffered in cold and in pain,  
How he lay all night with the wounded and slain,  
Or left with his blood his tracks on the snow,  
But never from him the story you'll know.

He fights not for glory, for well does he know  
The road to promotion is weary and slow;  
His highest ambition is for freedom to fight,  
To conquer the foe or die for the right.

Should he fall, perchance, to-day and to-morrow  
His messmates will sigh at evening in sorrow;  
But onward they march, far, far from the spot,  
And the name of the private is lost or forgot.

But oh! on his struggle the pale stars of even  
Look down from the glittering pathways of heaven,  
And angels descend to take his death sigh,  
And the name of the brave is emblazoned on high.

Then here is a song for the brave and the true;  
Though others may plan, it is he that must do;  
The world may the deeds of the leaders proclaim,  
Here is a wreath for the private—a song for his fame.

Found on a dead Confederate officer at Hatcher's Run, Va., after the battle, by J. L. Smith, of the 118th Pa. Inf. Vols.



THE Republican party had organized in New York State, Michigan and in Pittsburg, in the year 1854, but did not make much progress in New Jersey prior to 1855. In the Fall of the latter year a number of citizens who had made the slavery question a matter of conscience, but who had previously been identified with the Whig, Democratic and Native American parties, resolved to inaugurate a movement looking toward the organization of a new political party in Cumberland County. They met at the courthouse in Bridgeton, as near as can be ascertained, some time during the month of September. The gathering was informal. No resolutions were passed or ticket formed. It was a conference of good men for the purpose of talking over the situation of the country with a view to future action when the hour should be ripe.

The following were present:—Dr. William Elmer, James B. Potter, Jas. M. Riley, Johnson Reeves, David P. Mulford, of Bridgeton; Isaac B. Mulford, Aaron Westcott, of Millyville; Dr. Enoch Fithian, of Greenwich; Philip Fithian, Lewis Howell, Isaac Elwell, of Stow Creek; Robert More, George W. Moore, Isaac West, Isaac D. Titsworth, Parnell Rainear, John S. Bonham, Archibald Minch, of Hopewell; Elwell Nichols, Philip Souder, of Deerfield; Dr. B. Rush Bateman, of Fairfield.

Dr. Bateman was chosen chairman of the meeting, after which there was a quiet, but firm discussion of the political situation of the country because of the presence under our flag of the growing and pernicious system of human slavery then threatening the destruction of the Union.

This meeting was the first Republican gathering held in Cumberland County, and the forerunner of that which was soon to follow in the building up in South Jersey of a great political party which was hereafter to become famous as the party of humanity and the people.

The following year, August 16, 1856, the appended notice appeared in the Bridgeton papers, at that time known as the "Chronicle" and the "West Jersey Pioneer:"

"We are requested to say that there will be a meeting of those favorable to the Republican party at the Session Room at Shiloh, on Monday next, 18th inst. The object of the meeting is to organize, appoint committees, and make arrangements for the Presidency campaign. A mass meeting at an early date is talked of by the party."

The call for this meeting was signed by thirty-five persons of Shiloh and vicinity. As the papers gave no publication of the names of those present it is impossible to learn who were there beyond the fact that Lewis Howell was elected chairman, and Albert R. Jones, secretary, with a committee on resolutions consisting of W. B. Davis, G. H. Leeds and A. R. Jones.

Hon. James Hampton, a former Representative in Congress on the Whig ticket from the First District, then a resident of Bridgeton, was present and made a powerful speech. Mr. Hampton was one of the most eloquent and convincing speakers of his day, and his speech to the heroic men at Shiloh was a very remarkable presentation of the evils of human slavery with reasons why it should be eradicated. His remarks aroused the meeting to a high plane of enthusiasm and were the opening gun of the party of liberty in Cumberland County.

The committee on resolutions reported the following which were adopted as the views of the meeting:

"Whereas, the monster, slavery, has ever been stealthily coiling its slimy folds around the dearest institutions of our country, corrupting the very fountain head, and rendering every stream that emanates from it foul and impure; and that we view the passage of the Nebraska bill, the consequent violation of a sacred compact—Missouri Compromise—the brutal, barbarian and cowardly act of knocking down a Senator in the National Legislature; the border ruffian outrages in Kansas, murdering of the citizens, violating their wives and daughters, burning their





CUMBERLAND COUNTY COURT HOUSE  
Bridgeton, New Jersey—1855-1865

homes and printing presses; the unlawful closing up of a highway (Missouri) against the citizens of the United States; the present cruel confinement of Free State men near Leecompton, each so many aggressions of a slave oligarchy; therefore,

"Resolved, that it is the duty of every good citizen to resist by all just means the further extension of slavery.

"Resolved, that intriguing, unscrupulous demagogues, among whom we regard Stephen A. Douglass as the leader, have by the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, involved the Union in difficulty, arrayed one section against the other, and they thereby have rendered themselves unworthy the confidence of honest men.

"Resolved, that the affairs of our country are approaching a crisis which has been hastened on by the repeal of the Missouri Compromise; that the fate of Kansas and millions of unborn freemen must be decided by the next administration it behooves every lover of his country to be on the alert, and examine with jealous care the platform and past conduct of the candidates, who are now before us for the highest office in the gift of the American people.

"Resolved, that the candidate, James Buchanan, in swallowing the abominable platform of the Cincinnati Convention, thereby endorsing squatter sovereignty, filibustering and in fact every act of the present administration, has forfeited the support of every true patriot.

"Resolved, that in the Republican platform and in the people's candidates John C. Fremont and William L. Dayton, we have the guarantee that Freedom shall be national and Slavery sectional, and as the evidence is clear and satisfactory that it was the design of the framers of our government that Slavery should extend no farther, but they suffered it where it was that it might in time be removed with the least possible disadvantage to all, as all parties admit that Slavery is a great evil, it is no injustice for the millions of freemen to say to the few hundred thousand slave holders, 'you may come and possess the public domain on equal

terms with ourselves, but we cannot allow you to curse it with Slavery.'

"Resolved, that we pledge them our hearty support, believing that they will carry out the original design of the Constitution, and we earnestly ask all to wisely reflect ere they cast another vote for a Slavery propagandist.

"Resolved, that it is the great doctrine of Jefferson that we advocate the non-extension of Slavery. We wish to be understood, that we do not interfere with Slavery in the States where it already exists, but we do firmly insist upon having no more Slave States from territory now free."

These resolutions caused considerable debate among the voters of the county and the men who took part in the meeting were denounced as "woolly heads," "negro lovers," etc. During the ensuing four years the doings of the Abolitionists at Shiloh attracted great attention and as late as the Fall of 1860 when the country was excited because of the election of Abraham Lincoln to the Presidency, Caleb Henry Sheppard, of Stow Creek, afterwards a Member of Assembly and Senator from Cumberland County, engaged in a newspaper controversy with several advocates and defenders of the pro-slavery contention in the columns of one of the Bridgeton papers. Mr. Sheppard was a scholarly writer and a man of intensely radical views, standing with Wendell Phillips, William Lloyd Garrison and other early, out-spoken abolitionists. His pen was sharp and he stirred up his opponents to the point of anger. Far in advance of the Republicans as a party he did not hesitate to declare his opinion that they were timid in the presence of the great overshadowing peril, Slavery. Joseph H. C. Appelgate, then a resident of the Friesburg neighborhood, near Cohansey, took up the cudgel and lampooned the Shiloh man with a sarcasm that tickled the Democrats immensely. He was a gifted writer and in one of his communications said: "You preach the abominable doctrine of amalgamation, and urge free negro suffrage." Finally, Mr. Appelgate declared that he was done and desired no further debate as he believed he could not continue "with-

out suffering further contact with a negro worshipper," but desired in conclusion that Mr. Sheppard should answer one question, to wit: "Did you, last Tuesday, November 6, 1860, vote for Abraham Lincoln? Please answer yes or no?"

This ended the writing, all of which grew out of the fact that the radicals at Shiloh had promulgated certain doctrines which were repugnant to the Democrats and many Native Americans. Mr. Appelgate was a product of Salem County and up to the election of Mr. Lincoln he had not got away from his earlier training. Strange to say, however, within two years afterward he took his gun, enlisted in the 24th New Jersey Regiment and went South, taking part in several bloody battles for the preservation of the Union and the freedom of the slave. He bore an honorable part in his country's service.

At the hour of 10 o'clock, Friday, October 24, 1856, a number of gentlemen gathered in the Court House at Bridgeton, and nominated a straight Republican ticket to be voted for in November. No record of this convention appears in the Bridgeton papers other than a paragraph stating that a Republican ticket was nominated consisting of the following:

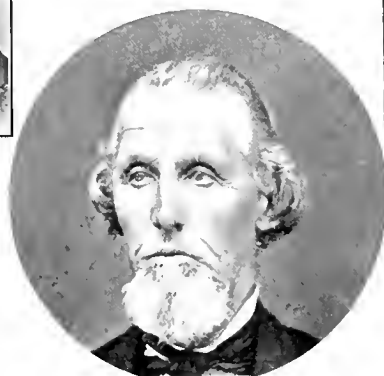
For Senator—Benjamin Rush Bateman, of Fairfield.

For Assembly—First District, Robert More, of Hope-well; Second District, Philip Souder, of Deerfield.

For Coroners—James M. Riley, of Bridgeton; Sylvanus Tubman, of Downe; Thomas Corson, of Millville.

The call for the convention was signed by James Hampton, James M. Riley, G. H. Leeds. It is presumed that the men who met in the court house in 1855 and those who met in the Sessions Room at Shiloh, August 18, 1856, were self-constituted delegates to this convention. The editors of the two Bridgeton papers were on the fence, and for fear that they might lose a little advertising or other local patronage they carefully avoided publication of the resolutions or proceedings of the convention.

In the afternoon at 2 o'clock, George William Curtis,



GROUP OF FOUNDERS OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY  
IN CUMBERLAND COUNTY -1855

Hon. Benjamin Rush Bateman  
Archibald Minch

Dr. William Elmer  
Isaac Elwell  
John S. Bonham

David P. Mulford  
Dr. Enoch Fithian

of New York, afterward editor of Harper's Weekly, addressed a mass-meeting in behalf of the principles of the newly organized party. He was an able speaker, and stirred the hearts of his hearers by his pungent references to the slave power.

The campaign was short but enthusiastic, and the Democrats were at their wits' end to circumvent the arguments of the "woolly heads" as they continued to term the followers of Fremont and Dayton.

On the day the nominations were made a parade was formed and marched through the streets of Bridgeton. It contained a large wagon in which were thirty-two young ladies dressed in white, one for each State of the Union and one for the territory of Kansas, then struggling for admission and over which so much bitterness had appeared in Congress.

Hugh Runyon Mercelles, a man of note and ability in Bridgeton, later on surrogate on the Republican ticket, planted a pole in front of his office located in an old frame building on Commerce street, near Pearl, and hoisted a Fremont and Dayton flag. "Runyon" as he was termed, was small in stature but a fighter for principle. The Democrats made him a target, so much so that even the small boy when passing his place would yell, "Woolly head." On the night of the election, when it was learned that James Buchanan was chosen President, a prominent Democrat, cabinet-maker by trade, manufactured a small coffin and hoisted it to the top of "Runyon's" pole. When "Runyon" came down to the office on the morning after election he found the coffin swinging from the halyards, and of course was somewhat chagrined, but he lived to see the party which the coffin was supposed to have buried rise to splendid heights of national supremacy.

Meetings to forward the cause of Republicanism in Cumberland County were held previous to election at the following places: Millville, Port Elizabeth, Mauricetown, Dividing Creek, Cedarville, addressed by E. H. Coates, of Pennsylvania.

The new party made a gallant fight, and an especially good one, when it is remembered, that the most talented men in the county and the best politicians were battling in the ranks of the Democratic and Native American parties. John T. Nixon, in a few brief years to be sent to Congress on the tidal wave of the Union-Republican votes, was yet a Native American and their ablest leader. He addressed a meeting at Heislerville, for Millard Fillmore, Providence Ludlam, soon to be the beloved Senator and leader of the Republican party in Cumberland County, perhaps the most popular man of his day in Southern New Jersey, was a candidate on the Native American ticket for Assembly and was defeated by his Democratic opponent.

The result of the election astounded even the Republicans. By a fusion of the Republicans and Native Americans on Governor and Congress, William A. Newell, of Monmouth, and Isaiah D. Clawson, of Salem, carried the county by 293 majority. The straight Republican ticket for Electors and the Legislature polled a vote as follows:

The Presidential electors, of whom Hon. Lewis Howell, of Stow Creek, was one, 642; Benj. Rush Bateman, for State Senator, 602; Robert More, Assembly, First District, 471; Philip Souder, Assembly, Second District, 216.

Thus did the youthful Republicans, like David of old, sling the shot which eventually felled the Goliath of Slavery.

The six hundred odd voters who faced the torrent of abuse and went gallantly to the polls in a forlorn hope were men of high character and principle. They were not participants for the spoils of office or seekers of public applause. On the contrary, they were men who loved their country and hated human slavery. With Lincoln they believed that this nation could no longer remain half slave and half free. It must either be all slave or all free. And they faced to the front, and took up a new march for liberty.

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Previous to the November election of 1857, the Republicans again met at the courthouse in Bridgeton and nominated a ticket which was elected. Robert More, of

Hopewell, was successful for Assembly in the First District by a majority of 219 over Jonathan Richman, Democrat. Elwell Nichols, of Deerfield, was chosen over Frank F. Patterson, then editor of the Bridgeton Chronicle, Democrat, Second District, by 14 majority.

This was the beginning of Republican victory in Cumberland County, which, with rare intervals, has continued to this day.

Hon. Robert More, the newly elected Assemblyman from the First District, served five terms in the House of Assembly at Trenton. He was present when Abraham Lincoln addressed the Legislature in 1861, when that great President was on his way to take the chair as the nation's Chief Executive in Washington. He afterward saw Mr. Lincoln standing in the presence of the two Houses. Tall, homely in appearance, and of serious countenance, yet when he warmed up in his speech Mr. Lincoln's eyes shone and his face appeared positively beautiful. It was a picture never to be forgotten. At the death of Mr. Lincoln, Mr. More was the author of a series of resolutions whereby the portrait of Abraham Lincoln, which now hangs in the Assembly Chamber at Trenton, became the property of the State. It was purchased, and he was one of the committee that secured it. On the ratification of the constitutional amendment prohibiting slavery Mr. More delivered an able and eloquent address in the Assembly in reply to remarks of Leon Abbett, afterward Governor of the State, and other Democrats, who were opposing the adoption of this important measure.

Robert More came of distinguished ancestry. His grandfather, John T. More, was a captain in the Army of the American Revolution and fought in the battle of Red Bank. His brother, Captain Enoch More ran a Government transport during the Civil War, and carried the private dispatches of President Lincoln. Captain More brought Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederacy, and Alexander H. Stevens, Vice President, together with the Confederate Cabinet to Fortress Monroe on his transport after their





CUMBERLAND COUNTY NOTABLES—1855-1865

Hon. Providence Ludlam, First Republican Senator

Hon. Elwell Nichols

First Republican Members of Assembly

Hon. Robert More

Hon. Philip Souder, First Republican Assembly Candidate

capture at the close of the war. This same brother also served under Colonel John C. Fremont during his journeyings through the heart of the Rocky Mountains and across the continent in the '50's. His great ancestor John More, came to this country with Fenwick's colony from England and the log house in which he lived with his family is shown in a wood cut in Thomas Shourd's History of Lord Fenwick and the families which accompanied him to America.

From the small beginning in '55 he lived to see the magnificent results of the great Republican policy, which emancipated the slave, restored the Union, and made of the United States of America the most enlightened and prosperous nation of the earth.

Hon. Elwell Nichols, elected on the Republican ticket with Mr. More, as Assemblyman from the Second District, was also a scion of Revolutionary stock, and a man of strong convictions of duty. He was quiet in his demeanor, but a man of ability. At the election in 1857 he succeeded in securing a majority in his native township of Deerfield, a remarkable feat considering the rock-ribbed Jacksonian Democracy of that community. Mr. Nichols was a Common Pleas Judge of the Cumberland Courts one term, and for years previous to his death was annually chosen Assessor of his township, and enjoyed a rare popularity. Judge Nichols was a stalwart Republican to the end, and as one of the founders of the party in Cumberland County his memory is highly cherished by many relatives, among whom is the writer.

The campaign of 1857, which closed with the election of Robert More and Elwell Nichols to the House of Assembly as the first persons ever chosen to office in Cumberland County, on the Republican ticket, also witnessed the election of Providence Ludlam as county clerk, H. R. Mersilles as surrogate and Jonathan Fithian as sheriff, by a fusion of the Native American and Republican votes. Ludlam had 336 majority over his Democratic opponent; Fithian had 313 majority, and Mersilles 38 majority.

When the canvass of 1858 opened the young Republican party found itself practically in possession of all the county offices save that of State Senator. The native Americans were still in existence but the seeds of disintegration were fast decimating their numbers. Few persons at this day are aware of the fact that the Native American party was at one time a very powerful political organization. It carried several important States of the Union and was a power to be reckoned with. Among its adherents were many of the best and most intelligent citizens of the country and especially was this true of Cumberland County. The party stronghold was found in the secret meetings of lodges known as the "Know Nothings," whose members were bound by solemn oaths to support only native born Americans for public office. The Whig and Temperance parties in the decade preceding the formation of the Native American party had dissolved into chaos, remnants of the two going back to the Democratic party, others halting between opinions waiting for the dawn of that day when they could unite with an organization which should take up the fight against the further extension of slavery which thoughtful men knew must soon occupy the field of political contention. Previous to its demise, however, the Native American party made a final effort for success. By a fusion with the Republicans in a convention held at the Court House in Bridgeton, October 21, 1858, Robert More, of Hopewell, was nominated for Assembly in the First District, and Aaron S. Westcott, of Millville, for Assembly in the Second District. Mr. More was re-elected Assemblyman by a majority of 386 over D. H. Hawkins, Democrat. Mr. Westcott was elected Assemblyman by a majority of 157 over Benjamin F. Lee, Democrat. In this exciting campaign John T. Nixon, of Bridgeton, became the Republican and American candidate for Congress in the First District and was chosen by 3300 majority. Cumberland County gave Nixon 763 majority over George A. Walker, Democrat; John H. Jones, of Camden, polling 414 votes as a straight-out Native American candidate in the county.

On the night of the election of 1858 a great crowd of men and boys paraded Commerce street in honor of their fellow citizen whom the returns had decided was to sit in the Congress of the United States. The procession halted in front of Mr. Nixon's residence at the corner of Commerce and Orange streets, and sent up a series of cheers for the Republican party and its successful candidate for Congress. Barrels of tar were rolled into the street in front of the house which lit the skies with lurid flames, while the air was redolent with martial music. Mr. Nixon appeared upon the veranda and delivered an eloquent speech of thanks for the honor conferred upon him. He defined the course he should pursue, Providence permitting, in the troubled arena of legislation at Washington. His remarks were received with tremendous cheering. The new Congressman was a man of remarkable talents. Of distinguished personal appearance, learned and cultured, he soon attained a high place in the hall of the House of Representatives. Before him was a great career to end as a member of our highest judiciary, Judge of the United States District Court in Trenton by appointment of President Grant.

The smoldering embers of Americanism were extinguished by the rising tide of popular opinion hostile to the encroachments of the southern slave oligarchs, so that when the hour for action in the campaign of 1859 arrived the Republican party pure and simple began its work with an ardor it had not as yet exhibited in the preceding incipient years.

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Pursuant to call the Republicans of Cumberland County met at the Court House in Bridgeton, Monday, October 17, 1859. Forty delegates were present. Benjamin Ayars, of Greenwich, was made chairman, with Ephraim Bateman, of Fairfield, and Charles West, of Shiloh, secretaries. Hon. Robert More, of Hopewell, who had served two years in the House of Assembly, was unanimously nominated for State Senator. Ebenezer Hall, of Greenwich, was nominated for Assembly, First District, and Aaron S. Westcott, of Millville, for Assembly, Second District. Hon.

James Hampton and Hon. John T. Nixon addressed the convention, their speeches being enthusiastically applauded.

The resolutions were a bugle call for action, brief and to the point, and are the first planks of straightout Republican doctrine ever promulgated by a convention in Cumberland County. They read as follows:

"Whereas, the time has now arrived for the friends of America to take a decided stand upon the great questions of the day; therefore

"Resolved, that we use all honorable means to carry out our principles which are, Protection to American industry, Free Territory, the Bible in our public schools and the alteration of our naturalization laws."

The convention appointed what was in all probability the first Republican Executive Committee ever named in Cumberland County, to wit:

Providence Ludlam, Bridgeton; Lawrence Woodruff, Cohansey; Elwell Nichols, Deerfield; Jonathan Fithian, Hopewell; Isaac Elwell, Stow Creek; Benjamin Ayars, Greenwich; Richard D. Bateman, Fairfield; Jefferson Lore, Downe; Asbury Chester, Millville; Daniel Loper, Maurice River.

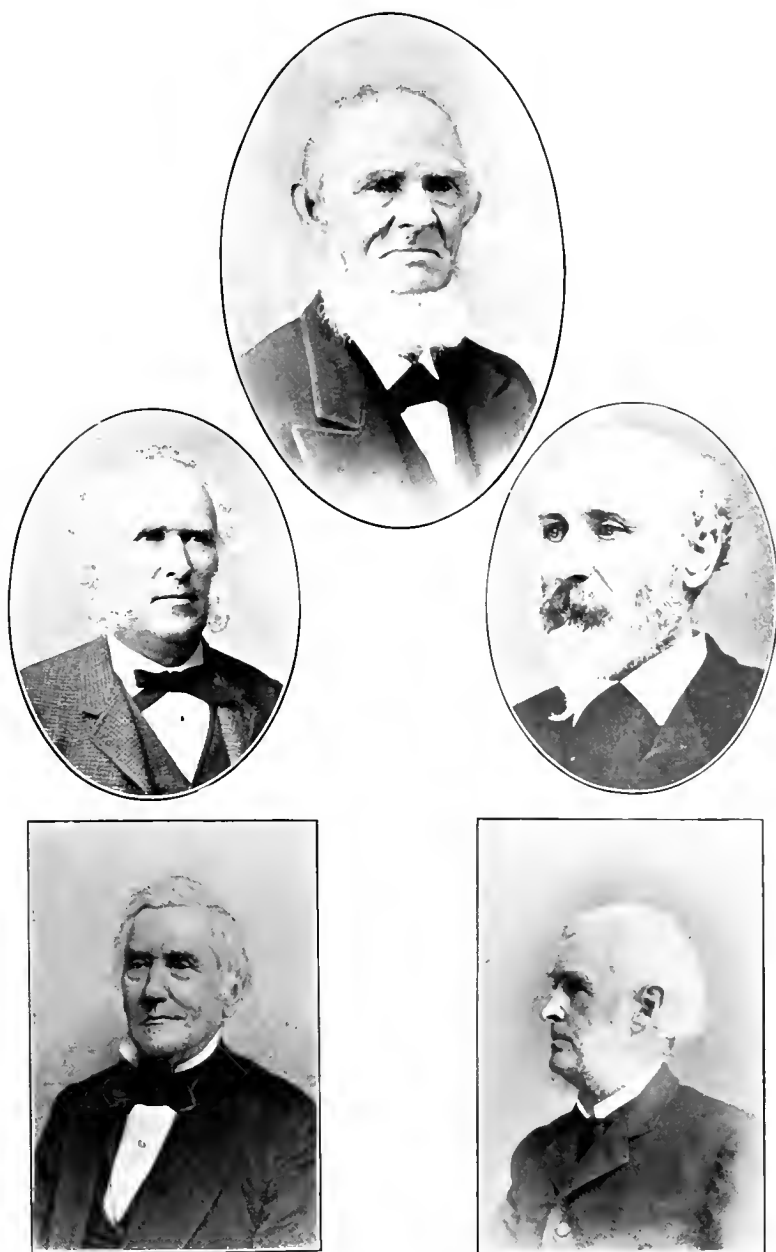
Providence Ludlam, Bridgeton; Assembly candidate on the American ticket in 1856, had now become the leader of the Republican party in Cumberland, and as county clerk exercised a large influence in the shaping of political affairs. His efforts told in the canvass of '59, not so much in the way of a successful result for the entire ticket, but in welding and perfecting the new organization for the work which was to come. Ludlam was a born leader, a man of fine personal appearance, with agreeable manners. Everybody liked "Provie" and he lived to become a great power not only in the county but in the State. He became State Senator for two terms dying suddenly on the last year of the second term, his funeral being attended by the Legislature in a body at his home in Bridgeton amid the greatest public demonstration of sympathy in crowded streets ever given any citizen in Cumberland County. Had his life been spared

it is generally believed that he would have been Governor of the State.

Charles S. Olden, Republican candidate for Governor, carried the county by 172 majority over Wright, Democrat. Mr. Olden was chosen Governor in the State at large by about 1000 majority. Hon. Robert More who had rendered such excellent service in the House of Assembly was defeated for State Senator by Nathaniel Stratton, of Millville, Democrat. Senator-elect Stratton had previously been Sheriff on the Temperance ticket and was a very popular man in the county, and by reason of his wide personal acquaintance succeeded by the narrow margin of 16 votes. Ebenezer Hall, of Greenwich, Republican, was chosen Assemblyman in the First District over Sockwell, Democrat, by 162 majority. John Carter, of Bridgeton, Democrat, defeated Aaron S. Westcott, of Millville, one of the original founders of the Republican party, who had served the previous year as a member of the House, by a majority of 84 votes. Mr. Carter was popular in Bridgeton. He was an honest man as the politicians afterward discovered at Trenton, and with one term of service they had no further use for him.

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Congress adjourned in the spring of 1860 when Representative John T. Nixon returning from Washington, took the steamer "Patuxent" from Philadelphia by way of the Delaware river for his home in Bridgeton. By invitation of Captain David Blew and the request of the passengers, of whom there was a large number on the boat, Mr. Nixon drew a striking picture of political affairs in Washington and the attitude of Southern representatives as to the slave question in Congress. His speech was in a sense the opening gun of the exciting campaign for the election of Abraham Lincoln so far as the county of Cumberland was concerned. It made a strong impression upon those who heard it, and was highly complimented by Rev. Isaiah D. King, then pastor of Trinity M. E. Church, Bridgeton, who made the concluding remarks to the passengers.



LEADERS OF PUBLIC OPINION IN CUMBERLAND COUNTY—1861-1865

Hon. John T. Nixon	Hon. Lewis Howell	Hon. Benjamin F. Lee
Hon. L. Q. C. Elmer		Hon. Charles E. Elmer

The political horizon was filled with clouds—clouds ready to break with excitement—on the eve of that ever memorable election in the year 1860. Early in June the Republicans of Bridgeton began to organize, and on Saturday evening, June 16th, a call for a meeting to establish a Lincoln and Hamlin Club was responded to with enthusiasm. The meeting was organized by the election of Providence Ludlam as president, with the following officers: Vice-presidents, Dr. N. R. Newkirk, Robert Jordan, John Ware, Jonathan Davis, Samuel Wilson, Richard Burch, John Lupton, Dr. Henry Neff. Secretaries, John S. Mitchell, H. R. Merseilles, Daniel B. Ginenback; treasurer, Joseph H. Elmer; Committee on Resolutions, Dr. N. R. Newkirk, Robert B. Potter, John S. Mitchell.

Mr. Ludlam, on taking the chair, thanked the meeting for the honor which they had given him, and proceeded to explain the doings of the Republican National Convention at Chicago which resulted in the nomination of Abraham Lincoln for President, and Hannibal Hamlin for Vice-President, of which convention he was a delegate from New Jersey. He declared that the prairies of the West were on fire for Lincoln, the rail-splitter of Illinois. This allusion was received by the large audience present with unbounded applause. While Mr. Ludlam was speaking there was suddenly seen projecting itself through the open doorway a small banner fastened to an enormous rail. On this banner was inscribed the names of the candidates and the name of the new organization—"The Rail Splitters' Association." This was followed by a large body of men bearing rails, broad axes, grubbing hoes, beetles, wedges, etc. As this procession came into the main hall the applause was long and loud. At the conclusion of the business of the evening Major James Hampton addressed the meeting in a very entertaining speech. Thus opened the great campaign in Bridgeton—a campaign which changed the current of events throughout the nation and brought the people face to face with a civil war soon to shake the very foundations of the republic.



On the brink of this tremendous revolution how many timid souls there were who had not yet sufficient courage to stand for the right as against the grievous wrong. The Bridgeton papers were yet on the fence fearful as to the source from which might come official patronage. Here is a specimen paragraph from a leading editorial of the issue of one of them under date of June 30th, 1860. After allusion to Mr. Lincoln, Mr. Douglass, Mr. Bell, and Mr. Breckinridge as Presidential candidates, the editor said: "Which of the candidates will be elected we shall not undertake to determine, but we have strong reasons for believing that some of them will be defeated, and a private opinion that one of the above will be the next President of the United States."

There were many, however, who had the courage of their convictions, and later on they met again in the Session House at Shiloh, to consider the outrageous treatment which one Robert Halford, a fugitive slave, had received at the hands of the local authorities. Halford had fled from a cruel master in the South and was struggling for life and liberty. He made his way into South Jersey where he found friends, only to be discovered by the minions of the law who wore the livery of slavery in the free north. What was then known as the fugitive slave law was an act of Congress whereby slaves escaping from their owners should be returned to their masters in the South. Under this act Justice Taney, of the Supreme Court of the United States, rendered the famous decision in the case of Dred Scott, a colored man whose liberty was in danger, that "a negro had no rights which a white man was bound to respect."

Shiloh was the home of a cultured, God-fearing people, fathers and mothers of principle. They loved liberty and abhorred slavery. When they met on the evening of the 2d day of September, 1860, a committee was appointed to investigate the arrest of the fugitive slave, Robert Halford, and report what information they could obtain, together with some appropriate resolutions at a meeting to be held on the 6th day of September. On the latter date the ap-

pended resolutions were reported by the committee, unanimously adopted as the voice of the meeting, and ordered published in the Bridgeton papers:

"Whereas, the fugitive slave law is an infamous enactment and diametrically opposed to the spirit of the Declaration of Independence; therefore

"Resolved, that we consider the recent capture of a fugitive slave, Robert Halford, in our vicinity, as an outrage upon the neighborhood from which he was summarily dragged.

"Resolved, that in proportion as we sympathize with the individual who was deprived of his God-given liberty, and thrust back into the hell of slavery, in the same proportion do we execrate the conduct of those persons who willingly gave their aid to such a disgraceful and underhanded plot.

"Resolved, that we believe the County jail was erected for the confinement of the guilty and not for the innocent, and that every departure from that rule, similar to the recent occurrence, is treachery to true Democracy and Republicanism.

"Resolved, that the spectacle of four or five men, armed and trembling with fear, capturing a boy who has no rights which white men are bound to respect, shows the self-destroying tendency of slavery and furnishes to the community food for thought."

Again had the Shiloh abolitionists attacked the monster iniquity of the century, and through these resolutions concerning the fugitive slave and their earlier resolutions to which reference has been made, furnished food for thought indeed. The "fugitive slave resolutions" were gall and wormwood to the many who still bowed down to the god of slavery, so much so that one writer in a Bridgeton paper the following week after their publication refers to them as "the consummation of folly, yes, I may say ridiculousness, exhibited in last week's issue in the form of some fanatical resolutions, etc." This writer signed himself "Conservator," and remains incognito to this day.

FIRST SHERIFFS ELECTED BY THE REPUBLICAN PARTY IN CUMBERLAND COUNTY



Jonathan Fithian

Samuel Peacock

Charles L. Watson

Lewis H. Dowdney

Enoch Hanthorn

The Republican County Convention of 1860 met in the Court House, Bridgeton, September 29th. There was much interest manifested in the proceedings. The following ticket was nominated: Assembly, First District, William Bacon, of Downe; Assembly, Second District, Jonathan E. Shepard, of Maurice River; Sheriff, Lewis H. Dowdney, of Stow Creek.

This was the beginning of the wide-awake campaign in Cumberland County, and in the evening of convention day the Bridgeton Wide-Awakes—some sixty strong—paraded to the end of Elmer's mill dam where they met the Millville Wide-Awakes, thirty strong, and escorted them to Grosscup's Hall, when Hon. John C. Ten Eyck, United States Senator, addressed the assembled multitude which the papers said "filled the hall to its utmost capacity." The Bridgeton Wide-Awakes were commanded by Captain William Shull and Lieutenants Charles Hetzell and Samuel Wilson. They wore red caps and capes, and their Millville guests wore black caps and capes. Each carried transparencies with appropriate mottoes and torches which poured forth a great stream of light, making Commerce street as bright as day. The parade was led by a marshal and a fine band of music. Hon. John T. Nixon also addressed the meeting at the hall.

Further on in the campaign there was a greater parade of the Wide-Awakes of Bridgeton and surrounding towns through the streets of Bridgeton. In this procession many transparencies appeared with the mottoes: "Free press, free speech, free soil;" "Hurrah for Old Abe, the Rail Splitter of Illinois," "Elect Old Abe who is six foot and four, and the cry of hard times will come no more." One of the great attractions was a large wagon on which stood James Bright, splitting rails in imitation of the early occupation of Mr. Lincoln, the Republican candidate for President. Bright was a muscular young man and a picturesque figure for the vast throng who viewed his dextrous manipulation of the rails. A year later he was a gallant soldier in the Union Army, fighting in the ranks of the Third Regiment,

New Jersey Infantry, afterward transferred to the U. S. Navy where he rendered valuable service during the continuance of the war. While the parade was moving Democrats stood upon the sidewalk and yelled "woolly heads," "nigger lovers" and other opprobrious epithets. Bricks were thrown and some of the transparencies mashed. The Shiloh Republicans on horseback were hissed every now and then by persons along the line of march, who seemed to have special animosity to them, perhaps because they were the nucleus and essence of the anti-slavery movement around which the Republican party was finally organized in Cumberland County.

The Wide-Awake feature of the 1860 campaign will never be forgotten by those who witnessed the parades of that year. They were called Wide-Awakes in contradistinction to the Douglass Democratic parading clubs who were known as "Eye-Shutters," meaning on the one hand that the Republicans were alive to the great issue while the Democrats of the Douglass stripe were deceivers and compromisers with the slave power.

The election took place November 3d, and the entire Republican ticket was chosen in Cumberland County. While the returns were coming in an immense crowd gathered in front of the County Clerk's Office. It was addressed by John S. Mitchell, Esq., and Hon. James Hampton. When the result was announced the cheering could be heard two miles distant.

The Republican Presidential electors, of whom Charles E. Elmer, of Bridgeton, was one, were elected by 608 majority. Mr. Elmer had the honor of being a member of the Electoral College and casting his vote for the immortal Lincoln. He was one of the three Republican electors chosen by New Jersey, the other three going to Mr. Douglass on a fusion.

Hon. John T. Nixon was re-elected to a seat in Congress from the First District, Cumberland County giving him 638 majority. William Bacon, Assembly, First District, had 422 majority; Jonathan E. Sheppard, Assembly,

Second District, had 113 majority. Lewis H. Dowdney was elected the first straight-out Republican Sheriff by a majority of 344 over Benjamin Keen, Democrat. Mr. Keen was a highly-respected citizen of Bridgeton, unmarried, remaining a bachelor to the end of his life. During the campaign, however, a statement was made by one of his political opponents that while he was a good man he (Keen) had the unfortunate habit of beating his wife. This yarn was believed by a number of voters, and had the effect of decreasing Mr. Keen's vote. The Sheriff-elect, Mr. Dowdney, was also a popular man, and brought a large personal following to the support of the Republican ticket. He made a good Sheriff, and was in after years sent to represent the First Assembly District of Cumberland County in the Legislature two successive terms.

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The year 1861 opened in gloom. The great party which was to save the Union was about to come into possession of the Government at Washington. In the South there was derision and defiance of the victors in the campaign of 1860, and the cry went up and out that as for them, the Southern people, never would they submit to Black Republican rule. Beginning with South Carolina conventions were held in all of the States, south of Mason and Dixon's line, and ordinances of secession passed. There was hurrying to and fro, a gathering of men and material to force a dissolution of the Union. Treason reared its odious head in high places, and the clouds of war hung low and threatening. The patriotic North, out of whose homes had come the freeman's verdict at the ballot-box, was torpid in the face of the tempest which the slaveocracy had precipitated. Men spoke in hurried breath and in whispers, saying: "Can it be that our brethren of the South are so far lost to reason as to be willing and determined that the Republic of Washington, of Jefferson and of Jackson shall be destroyed? Can it be that they have forgotten the glories of the Revolution, and the battles won at Savannah, at Cowpens, at Yorktown, where Southern blood and South-

ern valor brought victory to the old flag and laid firm and deep the foundations of civil and religious liberty in the land of the free? Can it be that because of the traffic in human flesh and the love of power, the brave men of the South are ready to make good the fear of Daniel Webster, that the land might be deluged with fraternal blood and the Union rent by internecine strife?"

Amid such uncertainties, and such gloom, all who loved the Union of the States, turned with one accord to the colossal figure of the coming man into whose hands had been committed the destinies of a great nation, whose very existence was dependent upon the proper solution of the tremendous problems then confronting the American people. Six feet, four inches in height, of slender figure, homely countenance, with firm tread, and tender eyes, out of which shone the kindly disposition of a brainy, broad-minded man—such was Abraham Lincoln, whose like the world had not heretofore seen; whose equal was not hereafter to appear.

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The morning of the Fourth of March, 1861, dawned in darkness and mist. The light of the opening day was barely discernible, but Washington awoke nevertheless under high tension and with fear and trembling. It was an unpropitious day, yet thousands had gathered to see and hear the new Executive. In front of the eastern portico of the National Capitol, under the shadow of the dear old flag, Mr. Lincoln appeared, accompanied by the great men of the hour. At the hand of Roger B. Taney, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, he took the Bible—his mother's Bible—and the oath of office as the sixteenth President of the United States of America. Justice Taney was he who had but recently rendered that heartrending opinion, based upon the Constitution, that the Fugitive Slave Statute was legal and binding upon every citizen of the Republic. Face to face they stood, the one the representative of the declining slave power, the other the great advocate of the people, soon to be the emancipator of the black men and women who for two centuries had prayed 'mid blood and tears for the com-

ing of that day which God in his good time should alone reveal.

As the new President turned his face toward the audience which stretched away in the long distance with its thousands of upturned faces, many of them covertly treacherous, others openly hostile, his countenance assumed a more thoughtful mood than was his wont, and his eyes shone with a gentle radiance which penetrated the hearts of those who listened with a sentiment which seemed to say: "Here stands a man the Creator has sent to do a great work for a troubled people." Out of obscurity, out of poverty, he has been called, a star of the first magnitude, for a few brief years to be abused, to be misrepresented, but in the end to be lauded and loved by North and South as one of the few immortal names that were not born to die.

With the introductory sentence, "Fellow Citizens of the United States," the vast audience stood in silence while Mr. Lincoln argued with those who sought to destroy the nation, pleading as a father would to a wayward child to refrain and return to the Union which the fathers had set up at such costly sacrifice. Leaning his stalwart form and kindly lineaments into the faces of his auditors so far as it were possible he finished his splendid inaugural with the following pathetic paragraph:

"In your hands, my dissatisfied fellow-countrymen, and not in mine, is the momentous issue of civil war. The Government will not assail you. You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors. You have no oath registered in heaven to destroy the Government, while I shall have the most solemn one to preserve, protect, and defend it. I am loath to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained it must not break our bonds of affection."

Tears stood in the eyes of many in the solemn hush which rested upon the audience, for a moment transfixed, then slowly dispersing to wonder and to marvel on the potent truths so wonderfully presented by the great President.



History was made at rapid pace during the notable year of '61. Fort Sumter, commanded by Major Anderson, fell April 14th. That insult to the flag woke the nation to an intense excitement and patriotic activity. Governor Olden, of New Jersey, issued a proclamation April 17th, calling on the people of the State to rally to the support of the Union. It was headed: "To arms, to arms, ye brave!"

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One of the first volunteers from Cumberland County to enlist in the Union Army for three years was George W. Shute, of Greenwich Township. The fires of patriotism were aroused within him by the thunder of the Confederate guns at Sumter, and an anxiety to enter the volunteer service. George left Cumberland by stagecoach, reaching Philadelphia and from thence to Trenton. The "Cumberland Greys" were at that time organizing in Bridgeton, but he tarried not, so anxious was he to enlist. Arriving in Trenton, he was mustered in the First New Jersey Regiment Infantry Volunteers, Company G, Captain Alexander M. Way, serving with great credit in the battles of the Army of the Potomac from Bull Run to Spottsylvania. June 23d, 1864, he re-enlisted and was transferred to General Hancock's Veteran Corps, Company A, Third Regiment Veteran Volunteers. From then on, through the remainder of the war he gallantly served until discharged, February 14, 1866, at Fort Snelling, Minnesota.

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Saturday evening, April 20th, the largest and most enthusiastic meeting ever held in Bridgeton took place at Grosscup's Hall. It was a mass meeting of all citizens who loved their country, irrespective of party. Hon. John T. Nixon presided. The following were chosen Vice Presidents—Dr. William S. Bowen, Richard Lott, Robert C. Nichols, George W. Claypoole, Daniel M. Woodruff, Morton Mills, Dr. J. B. Potter, Jonathan Elmer, Charles D. Burroughs, Dayton B. Whitaker, Alexander Stratton, Robert DuBois, Jas. Stiles, John Cheesman, Sr. Secretaries—Dr. Joseph Moore, Eden M. Hood, Alexander Robeson, John S. McGear. Committee on Resolutions—Charles E.



WAR TIME PICTURES—1862-1863

Aaron Terry, Co. K, 12th Reg. N. J. Inf. Vols.

Albert S. Emmell  
Co. H, 12th Reg. N. J. Inf. Vols.

Charles Livingston  
Co. K, 12th Reg. N. J. Inf. Vols.

George W. Shute, Co. G, 1st Reg. N. J. Inf. Vols.

Charles O. Powell  
Co. K, 12th Reg. N. J. Inf. Vols.

John J. Boone  
Co. A, 12th Reg. N. J. Inf. Vols.

Bloomfield Holmes  
Co. K, 12th Reg. N. J. Inf. Vols.

Absalom Jordan  
Co. K, 12th Reg. N. J. Inf. Vols.

Adam Jordan  
Co. G, 12th Reg. N. J. Inf. Vols.

Elmer, James R. Hoagland, John S. Mitchell, Dr. Joseph C. Kirby, Col. David Potter. The committee reported a series of stirring resolutions which were adopted with enthusiasm. Patriotic speeches were made by Judge L. Q. C. Elmer, Dr. William S. Bowen, John S. Mitchell, Rev. James Brown, pastor Baptist Church; Rev. Joseph Hubbard, pastor Second Presbyterian Church, and Paul T. Jones. Mr. Jones who was a very fervent speaker, aroused the meeting into repeated cheering by his denunciation of treason and those who were giving the Southern leaders aid and sympathy.

Tuesday morning, April 23d, a recruiting station for volunteers was opened at Sheppard's Hall, near the Commerce street bridge. Within two days a company of 101 men were enlisted, and organized into what was afterward known as the "Cumberland Greys." The company officers were as follows: Captain, James W. H. Stickney; First Lieutenant, Samuel T. DuBois; Second Lieutenant, George Woodruff; Orderly Sergeant, Charles F. Salkeld; Second Sergeant, David W. Fry; Third Sergeant, Sylvester W. Randolph; Fourth Sergeant, Michael H. Swing; First Corporal, Clarence J. Mulford; Second Corporal, Samuel Harris; Third Corporal, John C. Garrison; Fourth Corporal, Smith Dalrymple; Drummer, Francis Albin; **Fifer**, Horace E. Loper. Enlisted men as follows: James Bright, Bowman H. Buck, Daniel Doyle, Jonathan Folley, James W. Murphy, Furman Cambloss, Joseph R. Woodruff, David B. Husted, Thomas M. Woodruff, Joseph Clayton, Josiah F. Sheppard, John Royal, Chas. L. Davis, David Yearicks, William Painter, Adolph Bergen, Reuben Brooks, David P. Clark, Thomas Cottrell, Jonathan H. Facemire, Robert Gallaspie, Levi J. Harker, William G. Howell, Charles T. Jordan, Davis B. Loder, Henry W. Marts, Charles McCallister, John Mowers, William H. Naglee, Daniel R. Parvin, Alexander Sayre, George Sleit, Walter S. Williams, William H. Williams, James B. Woodruff, Daniel J. Dillon, Daniel B. Ginenback, Barnett Burdsall, Aaron M. Allen, Reuben F. Barrett, David S. Briod, Robert Burd-

# HISTORIC DAYS

sall, Thomas E. Calverley, Thomas P. Coles, Edmund B. Crozier, James Dailey, Thomas B. Davis, Eldorado H. Grosscup, Ethan T. Harris, Charles H. Henderson, John R. Hill, Josiah Hunter, William Mulford, Joshua R. Nichols, Robert Potts, Philip Ritner, George Robinson, Edward D. Stanley, Mathias Taylor, William A. Thomas, John Thompson, Benjamin F. Tyler, Alexander H. Webb, Samuel W. Wells, James G. Westcott, Joseph S. Layton, Alexander M. Parvin, Joab C. Lore, Richard C. Levick, William Moncrief, John Ogden, Samuel Patchell, Henry L. Seymour, Robert M. Vansant, Enoch B. Pew, Charles H. Bacon, Elias W. Blackson, Henry Clark, Raymond D. Crandol, Smith J. Fogg, Robert Jackson, Gideon W. Johnson, Thomas B. Keen, William F. Nichols, Josiah B. Shepard, Henry B. Stockton, Joseph R. Thompson, John F. Thornard, John M. Tyler, Geo. Wolf, Thomas Andrews, George Fauver, John J. Matthews, Levi McDonald.

Of the above list, all save six enrolled their names in Bridgeton, the balance being added on as recruits. Four members of this magnificent company of young men, afterward known as Company F, Third New Jersey Infantry Volunteers, proved derelict and basely deserted, a very small percentage indeed. The rank and file of the "Greys" was composed of the flower of the county of Cumberland, and nowhere in this broad land was a finer body of young men enrolled under the flag. It became the company to whose custody was committed the stars and stripes and the regimental standards. As the color company of the gallant Third New Jersey it carried the national flag through forty-three bloody engagements. Beginning with the first Bull Run, its service ended with the surrender of Lee at Appomattox.

Company F lost the following members on Southern battlefields, death coming by bayonet and bullet: Sylvester W. Randolph, killed in action at Gaines Farm, Va., June 27, 1862; Enoch B. Pew, died of wounds received in action at Spottsylvania, Va., May 8, 1864; Charles H. Bacon, killed in action at Crampton's Pass, Md., September 14,



WAR TIME PICTURES—1864-1865

Officers "Cumberland Greys." Company F, Third New Jersey Regiment Inf. Vols.

Major James W. H. Stickney First Capt.

Capt. Charles F. Salkeld

Lieut. Samuel T. DuBois

Lieut. George Woodruff

1862; Elias Blackson, died of wounds received in action at Gaines farm, Va., June 27, 1862; Henry Clark, died in action at Salem Heights, Va., May 3, 1863; Gideon W. Johnson, killed in action at Gaines farm, Va., June 27, 1862; Thomas B. Keen, killed in action at Crampton's Pass, Md., September 14, 1862; William F. Nichols, killed in action at Gaines farm, Va., June 27, 1862; Henry B. Stockton, killed in action at Spottsylvania, Va., May 8, 1864; Joseph R. Thompson, died of wounds received in action at Gaines farm, Va., June 27, 1862; John M. Tyler, died of wounds received in action at Gaines farm, Va., June 27, 1862.

Besides the killed many members died from the effects of disease contracted in the field, and a large number were discharged because of wounds and other disabilities so that when the war closed a bare remnant of twenty veterans returned to their homes in Bridgeton and vicinity.

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May 27, 1861, the Cumberland Greys left for the seat of war. Business was suspended in Bridgeton. The sidewalks on Commerce street were packed with hundreds of people, come to see the departing soldiers. This company of noble young men, erect, handsome, in the first and best years of early manhood, in double file stood in column on the sidewalk in front of Elmer & Nixon's law office. A farewell meeting which packed Grosscup's Hall had just been held, of which Hon. John T. Nixon was chairman. The ladies of Bridgeton had prepared with their own hands a set of colors for the company, of the finest quality of red, white and blue silk,  $7\frac{1}{2}$  feet in length by  $4\frac{1}{2}$  feet in width, the stars set in the field being gold. Surmounting the staff to which the stars and stripes were attached was a golden eagle with outstretched wings. It was a handsome flag in every respect, and drew forth great applause as it was unfolded to the gaze of the patriotic audience. Paul T. Jones, a native of South Carolina, but for several years a resident of Bridgeton, brother to Rev. Samuel Beach Jones, with whom he resided in the home on Broad street, presented

the flag to the company. Paul T. Jones was the antithesis of his brother Samuel Beach in his views of the impending national crisis. The scholarly pastor of the First Presbyterian Church on Laurel street, was perhaps the ablest minister who ever accepted a Bridgeton pastorate. Of splendid physique and magnetic bearing, with resonant voice, and magnificent delivery his reading of a hymn or a chapter of the Scripture was equal to a sermon at the hands of most other speakers. Doctor Jones, as he was familiarly termed by the community, was not only a great preacher, but was loved by all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance. His great talent—his popularity—his winning presence—failed, however, to make amends for that wherein his patriotic congregation and the people thought him lacking. In those trying days the masses were determined to know where prominent citizens stood on the important issue then before the country. When it began to be whispered that there was fear that the good doctor was not loyal, trouble arose in the society over which he had heretofore been the beloved pastor. People outside said that the weather vane on the Laurel street church pointed due South, and so between the differences within and the talk outside the doctor resigned and retired to the privacy of his home. Directly contrary to this position was that of his brother Paul T. Jones. Loyal to the core his delight was found in denouncing traitors and all in sympathy with them with his powerful and eloquent tongue. His speech to the "Greys" was the most powerful patriotic address ever delivered in Cumberland County. It roused the war feeling to a high state when Mr. Jones taking firm hold of the staff and the flag struck the floor of the hall with it with such tremendous force as to break one of the wings of the beautiful eagle which adorned it. This scene, together with his splendid apostrophe to the flag, in a peroration which was well nigh sublime, raised a volume of cheers from the audience which has not died out to this day in the memory of those who heard that masterful presentation of the Union cause and what its rise or fall in victory or defeat meant for coming generations.

Prior to the start for the old wharf and the steamer Patuxent which was to convey the young soldiers up the Delaware to Philadelphia, a committee of ladies gave to each member of the company an elegantly bound copy of the New Testament and Psalms with clasp and gilt edge. Judge Elmer, austere and noble looking, then addressed the company on their duty to the country and its cause, which he said was just. "Lay to heart the precepts of the Gospel. Remember your duty to God as well as to country. As faithful soldiers act according to the Divine Word and perform your part well. The duties of the professional soldier were not inconsistent with those of the true Christian." With this parting admonition from the upright Judge the company filed into the street and proceeded down Pearl street along the Fairton road to the steamboat landing. Thousands lined the sidewalks. As the procession advanced headed by the grayhaired veteran Marshal of the Day, Daniel M. Woodruff, a salute was fired in honor of the departing soldiery. The scene upon the wharf was beyond description. Weeping mothers, wives and children were bidding farewell to loved ones many of whom they were never more to see. Marched upon the upper deck the boys sent their last farewells to those upon the shore, answered in the tears and cheers of those on the wharf, and amid music and thunder of cannon the staunch old steamer sailed out on the Cohansey and was lost to view in the distance.

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Many of the good people of Cumberland County are not aware of the fact that in the patriotic township of Fairfield the bell of the steamer Patuxent, which swung in the pilot-house in 1861, hangs in the belfry of the village school-house at Fairton, from which position it rings out clear and full a resonant call to the boys and girls that school is about to begin, therefore—hark, and hasten thither! Many precious memories cluster around this old-time bell—relic of historic days! In the autumnal twilight, the writer meditates, as did his Scriptural ancestor "at eventide." Fantastic figures





WAR TIME PICTURES—1861

Paul T. Jones      Major James Hampton, Ex-Member Congress      Dr. Samuel Beach Jones  
                          Daniel M. Woodruff  
 Marshal of the Day—Departure of the "Cumberland Greys," May 27, 1861

flit in the fire—coming and going as in the days of yore—moving pictures of scenes and personages of the long ago! Kaleidoscopic—panoramic. On the Patuxent's deck we see the forms of many familiar faces, long since numbered with the dead. Dear old Captain Blew, with kindly countenance and cheerful address, whose shadow lingers still. The boat is at the wharf, steam is up, the last bell taps to warn late comers that the "Patuxent" is off for a day upon the Co-hansey and a moonlight return on the Delaware back to Bridgeton in the evening. She is off—the town disappears to view—the promenade begins on upper and lower decks. The saloon is cheerful with music from the ancient piano, and chorus of lusty voices of the young men and their best girls. The old, the middle-aged, the young men, the young women, the business men of the town, the boys and girls, sit upon the chairs and stools, drinking in the soft breezes of the summer day, or parade with laughter and song from fore to aft—happy, cheerful, joyous! Here is the best element of the town and country out for a day of relaxation and recreation—here are the rank and file of the people, all on pleasure bent. The centre of attraction is the forward deck, where is gathered the cream of society. Overhead, the canvas flapping gently in the breeze shields the gay company from the sun. Beneath it, the fiddlers take position, and the dance begins. The cotillion is on! The mellow violin sends its strains far out, and the passing breeze carries the music to the farmer on shore, as he toils with the plow, causing the lowing kine in the meadows to prick up their ears and return an answer in the gentle tinkling of their bells. Many handsome couples appear, the young men in cool raiment and straw hats, the young ladies in white dress and elaborate hoops, as was the custom then. "Dart" and "Becky" open the dance (and in all the country 'round no fairer couple could be found), while, wooed by the lively music, others follow in the mazy figures of the "light fantastic toe." "Manners around," says the man with the leading fiddle. Away they go. "Right and left," "Balance," "Ladies change," "Promenade." Then the intermission, everybody

laughing, chatting. Second figure—"Forward," "Balance," "four times around." Third figure—"Right Hands Across," "Balance," "Swing opposite lady," "Forward," and four times around again. Fourth figure—"Balance all," "Ladies to the right," "Swing corners," "Gents to the right." And all went merry as a marriage bell. At Tyndall's, at Greenwich, at Laning's, the "Patuxent's" bell tapped at intervals, while country man and country maiden passed the gang-plank to become part of the happy throng in the festivities on the boat. The blue waters on the bay appear with white capped billows rolling far and near, glistening in the sunshine of a perfect day. But the dance goes on. Joy is unconfined. How beautiful their faces are—the dancers of that day, which seems so far away, and yet is still so near! The day is over; the moonlight covers the waters of bay and river with a silver sheen; the boat returns, the excursionists depart, the decks are silent. Never more will that happy company be gathered on the staunch steamer. Out into the great world they have gone—some to other cities—some to foreign lands—some to the unknown future—home with the Master.

Good old "Patuxent," from whose decks Cumberland's first volunteers, the noble "Greys," waved their last farewells to weeping kindred, and from whose pilot-house the old bell rang such cheerful notes, reverberations of which are full of pathos now, Adieu! Adieu!

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The early Spring witnessed many flag raisings throughout the county to emphasize the spirit of the people that the preservation of the Union was the immediate and pressing emergency to be settled at the cannon's mouth with all the means and power of the Government. The largest gathering of people was in the centre of Broad street, Bridgeton, in front of the Court House where a pole had been erected for the display of the National ensign. Hon. John T. Nixon addressed the assembled throng, and in his speech made the error of underestimating the strength of the enemy, intimating that the rebellion could easily be

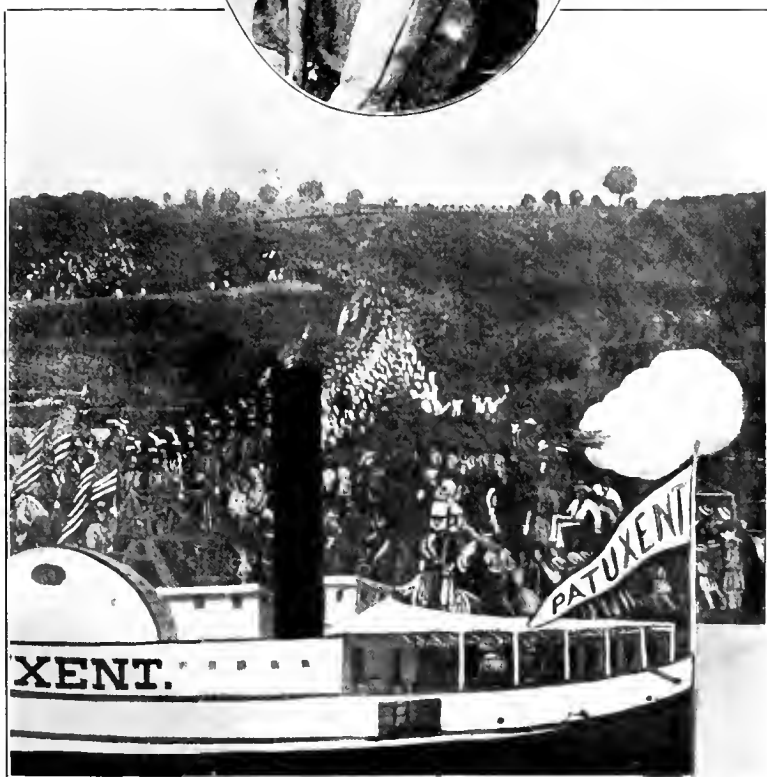
put down by a few women with broomsticks. Mr. Nixon, admirable patriot that he was, lived to see the great sacrifice of blood and money through four long years of terrible war, and to acknowledge his mistake in the views expressed in his patriotic speech on the Court House green. Many other leading men committed similar errors of speech in the opening days of the war, as likewise did the orators of the South who were then telling their audiences that the war would be over in thirty days and that one Southern man could whip twenty Yankees.

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The Fourth of July, 1861, was patriotically celebrated in Bridgeton, the exercises taking place in a grove on West Commerce street. Paul T. Jones delivered an eloquent address, patriotic and enthusiastic in character. The Declaration of Independence was read by Morton Mills. The day opened bright and beautiful. Early in the morning the old-time drum corps, Lot Loper, fifer; Levin Bond, kettle drummer; Eddie Crozier with the big drum, proceeded down Laurel hill to Edmund Davis' hotel, corner Laurel and Commerce, and took a position which was soon surrounded by a crowd of men and boys. The music which these veterans sent forth roused the crowd, the reveille was beat, and the spirit of '76 held high carnival. Those who looked on can never forget the appearance and enthusiasm of Lev., Lot and Eddie as they made the welkin ring with "Yankee Doodle," "Hail Columbia," "Red, White and Blue," "The Girl I Left Behind Me," and an Irish jig or two.

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The first battle of the Civil War was fought at Bull Run, Va., July 21, 1861. General McDowell with 60,000 men, led the Union army to what was expected to be certain victory, so certain that many members of Congress on horseback and in carriages followed the army to the scene of conflict believing that the rebels would run at the first sound of the battle. Among the number was Hon. John T. Nixon, then serving his second term in Congress. In company with friends he took carriage for Bull Run only to see the Union



DEPARTURE OF THE "CUMBERLAND GREYS"

Company F, Third New Jersey Regiment Inf. Vols., by Steamer "Patuxent,"  
From Bridgeton, May 27, 1861.

John G. Keyser's Painting.

army defeated, and join in the disastrous retreat to Washington.

Men of all political parties forgot their differences of opinion in this year of tremendous responsibility, and came together for the saving of the Union. Political parties, however, still went through the motions and made nominations. Only two tickets were presented for the voters, the Republican and Democratic.

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Early in October, 1861, the patriotic citizens of Shiloh began the organization of Company D, Tenth Regiment. The drum beat to arms, the spirit of '76 was aroused, and the home of the anti-slavery movement in Cumberland County sent to the front the best blood of the best families. The members of this gallant company of three-year men were largely from Hopewell, Stow Creek and Deerfield, as follows:

COMPANY D.—Captains, John Evans, William H. Snowden; First Lieutenants, Isaac T. Thackera, Benjamin A. Pine, James Smith; Second Lieutenants, George W. Hummell, William J. Sutton; First Sergeant, Charles D. Sheppard; Sergeants, Adeniram J. Sheppard, Helms V. Linch, John B. Hoffman, Jacob H. Ott, George N. Subers; Corporals, Isaac Kain, John G. Bowen, Henry V. Elwin, Alexander Linch, Charles Robinson, Martin Hanley, Edward Fuller, John D. Ayars, Edward Noble; Musician, James M. West; Wagoner, Henry C. Martin; Privates, Alexander Aitken, William H. Allen, Thomas E. Allen, George Arp, John Armstrong, Theophilus P. Ayres, Thomas B. Ayres, William Barry, Ephraim E. Buck, George H. Bergen, Charles Beibigheiser, Baptist Bernard, Michael Blake, Thomas Benett, Levi Blakenstein, Xavier Bovelier, Edward Brown, William T. Browning, John Corey, James Claflin, Thomas Cohen, John Crater, Jacob Conger, Morris Crater, Henry Corliss, Michael Crossin, Lorenzo D. Davis, Isaac M. Dare, Augustus H. Dorland, Henry H. Disbrow, John Day, George Dowd, Michael Driscoll, William H. Emmons, Lewis Escoar, Jonathan B.

Evans, William W. Ellston, James M. Everett, Jonathan Fisher, Joseph Fisher, William Frank, Antonio Flashendrew, Louis Greenland, Joseph Gunther, Thomas Hadfield, Charles Headley, John J. Hamilton, Nils Herlin, Herman Hoffman, Horace F. Howell, John Hyer, Frederick Johnston, Clement H. Ireland, Samuel D. Keen, Frederick B. Kauffman, Charles Laman, Charles Lott, George W. Loud, Samuel A. Marryatt, Charles Miller, Louis Mixner, Franklin S. Monerief, Patrick McGetrick, Joseph McGraw, Garrett Minton, James McLaughlin, Samuel Minton, James Miller, John Mogford, John Monahan, Gabriel Mossee, Thomas Murphy, Charles Neisch, Robert R. Noble, Isaac H. Nugent, Christopher Personie, Edgar C. Philbrick, Rhinehart Ragh, Lewis H. Rerig, John Ricker, John Scarf, Peter Sharp, James Strong, Cornelius Schellinger, Joseph Schellinger, Charles Smith, Francis Smith, Henry Steinland, William Sullivan, Andrew Stenun, John Stewart, Frederick Strongmeyer, James H. Turner, James Timons, Charles Vallet, Arthur Will, James Williams, Charles Wilson, William H. Woliver, James P. Ward, John Williams.

Died in the service—John C. Perry, of disease, at Columbia U. S. Army General Hospital, Washington, D. C., June 4, 1865; Samuel P. Garton, at Finley U. S. Army General Hospital, Washington, D. C., June 22, 1864, wounds received in action at Cold Harbor, Va., June 1, 1864; James C. Sutton, of fever, at U. S. Army General Hospital, Washington, D. C., March 7, 1862; John Casper, Jr., of fever, at U. S. Army General Hospital, Georgetown, D. C., August 12, 1862; Thomas J. Bivins, of fever, at U. S. Army General Hospital, Hampton, Va., July 1, 1863, buried at National Cemetery, Hampton, Va., Row 1, Section D, grave 14; William F. Rockerman, of disease, at Greenwich, N. J., November 5, 1863; George W. Bedford, of disease, at First Division, Sixth Corps Hospital, near Bailey's Cross Roads, Va., June 23, 1865, buried at National Cemetery, Arlington Heights, Va.; William Bergen, of disease, at Libby prison, Richmond, Va., February 21, 1865, buried at National Cemetery, Richmond, Va.; Benjamin H. Bitters, of

fever, at U. S. Army General Hospital, Washington, D. C., June 1, 1862; Benjamin F. Bivins, of disease, at Washington, D. C., September 8, 1862; William H. Burr, of scurvy, at prison, Andersonville, February 12, 1865, buried at National Cemetery, Andersonville, Ga., grave 12,640; Edward Cook, at New York City, July 31, 1864, wounds received in action at Galt House, Va., May 14, 1864; Charles Danielly, killed in action at Galt House, Va., May 14, 1864; Lewis H. Danzenbaker, at U. S. Army General Hospital, Third Division, Alexandria, Va., wounds received in action at Cold Harbor, Va., June 1, 1864, buried at National Cemetery, Alexandria, Va., grave 2,102; Jacob E. Essig, of disease, at prison, Andersonville, Ga., July 29, 1864, buried at National Cemetery, Andersonville, Ga., grave 4,303; Ebenezer Griffith, of fever, at U. S. Army General Hospital, Frederick City, Maryland, August 21, 1864; Charles L. Hoffman, of fever, at U. S. Army General Hospital, Washington, D. C., May 14, 1862; Francis Husted, of disease, at U. S. Army General Hospital, Division 2, Annapolis Maryland, March 7, 1865, buried at Annapolis, Maryland; James S. Husted, of disease, in quarters at Washington, D. C., January 15, 1863; Lemuel A. Randolph, at U. S. Army General Hospital, New York City, June 17, 1864, wounds received in action at Cold Harbor, Va., June 1, 1864, buried in Seventh Day Baptist Cemetery, Shiloh, N. J.; Jacob Soden, of fever, at Beverly, New Jersey, September 16, 1861; William R. Soley, of disease, at Danville, Va., December 12, 1864, buried at National Cemetery, Danville, Va.

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From Greenwich Township went, also, fifteen young men, brave, patriotic, to join the Ninth New Jersey Regiment in its rendezvous at Trenton, October 23d, 1861. Enrolled in Company F were: Reuben H. Leaming, Samuel R. Mills, Lewis D. Sheppard, Charles M. Preston, Edward Carlaw, James Bauer, Robert G. Sheppard, John E. French, Augustus Aubick, Franklin Blizzard, Michael Boyle, Jonathan Richman. Enrolled in Company I: Mark L. Carney, Isaac Reeves, James W. Daniels. Of this number, Lewis D.





WAR TIME PICTURES—1861-1865

Isaac T. Garton  
Co. K, Sixth N. J. Reg. Inf. Vols.

Isaac Kain  
Co. D, Tenth N. J. Reg. Inf. Vols.

Samuel Garton  
Co. D, Tenth N. J. Reg. Inf. Vols.

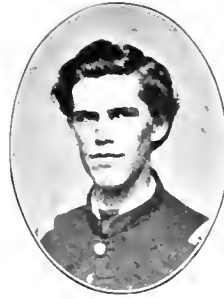
Smith Bacon  
Co. K, Tenth N. J. Reg. Inf. Vols.

Horace B. Garton  
Co. K, Twelfth N. J. Reg. Inf. Vols.

Sheppard was promoted successively to First and Second Lieutenancies, and finally Captain of Company F. Robert G. Sheppard was promoted Second Lieutenant. Michael Boyle died at New Berne, North Carolina, March 15th, 1862, wounds received in action at New Berne, N. C., buried at New Berne National Cemetery, N. C., Section 12, grave 96; Franklin Blizzard died at U. S. Army General Hospital, Morehead City, North Carolina, November 29th, 1864, buried at New Berne National Cemetery, N. C., Section 12, grave 38; Jonathan Richman died of fever on board hospital transport Dragon, at New Berne, N. C., March 23d, 1862, buried at New Berne National Cemetery, N. C., Section 12, grave 75. The Ninth Regiment, in which the Greenwich young men enlisted, became famous in the battles at Roanoke Island and New Berne, North Carolina; also before Petersburg, Virginia, and at the surrender of the Confederate General Joe Johnston, at Goldsboro, N. C., March 21st, 1865. In this regiment were such gallant spirits as James Stewart, Jr., from Northern New Jersey, who rose from the ranks to a Brigadier Generalship, because of meritorious conduct on the battlefield, when only twenty-five years of age, and Fidelio B. Gillette, Assistant Regimental Surgeon, Shiloh, one of the most popular officers in the army. Also Lucius C. Bonham, Shiloh, who was promoted from the ranks for bravery until he arrived at the Captaincy of Company A. From Downe Township, there also enlisted in Company I, Ninth Regiment, John Johnson, drummer; Robert Mcorn, bugler; George Lott, Charles Messie, John Warfield and Edward Chance.

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In addition to the ten companies of men enlisting in the County of Cumberland there was a large number of young men desirous of service in the Union Army, anxious to take active part in the war for the suppression of the rebellion, who left their homes early in 1861 and enlisted in other companies from other sections of the State then forming. Among this patriotic number were a group of five young men from Cedarville, Fairfield Township. They enrolled themselves in Company H, Seventh New Jersey Regiment



WAR TIME PICTURES—1862-1865

Group Ninth New Jersey Reg. Inf. Vols.

Charles M. Preston  
Lieut. Charles M. Pinkard  
Samuel R. Mills

John W. Hilyard  
Surgeon Fidelio B. Gillette  
Reuben H. Leaming

Lieut. Lucius Bonham  
Robert B. Craig  
Edward Carlaw

Infantry, Volunteers, September 17, 1861, for the term of three years. They were: Lorenzo D. Paynter, Benjamin F. Ogden, Joseph Burt, Joseph H. Diver, Elmer B. Ogden. Two of them gave their lives for the country, three returned after brave service in many battles from the campaign in the swamps of the Chickahominy to Boydton Plank Road, Va., October, 1864. Joseph Burt died at camp near Falmouth, Virginia, of disease, February 10, 1863. Elmer B. Ogden, killed in action at Williamsburg, Virginia, May 5, 1862; buried upon the field by his comrades, one of whom was Benjamin F. Ogden.

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Tuesday, October 22d, the County Republican Convention met at the Court House at 2 o'clock P. M. Lewis Howell was made chairman, with Benjamin F. Elmer and Charles West, secretaries. Alphonso Woodruff, of Bridgeton, was unanimously nominated for Surrogate. William Bacon, of Downe, was nominated for Assembly in the First District; J. Edmund Sheppard, of Maurice River, in the Second District. For Coroners: John Ware, of Cohansey; Alfred Holmes, of Hopewell; Charles Madden, of Maurice River, were named.

Resolutions were read and adopted as follows:

"Whereas, within the last year events have happened which call upon all the patriots to rally around our country's flag, and to defend our Constitution from destruction by men who once stood high in the confidence of the people and of the country, but who are now traitors of the blackest dye—therefore, be it

"Resolved, That we, the delegates of the people in convention assembled, regard with the deepest interest and anxiety the present condition of our country, and that we trace it to the continued pernicious teachings on the part of those who hold that the sovereignty of the State is beyond Federal control, and to the flagrant neglect of the late administration in the vigorous enforcement of the laws.

"Resolved, That we do pledge ourselves to sustain the

administration of Abraham Lincoln—in whom we have full confidence—in all measures necessary to put down the causeless, fratricidal and black-hearted rebellion and all its aiders and abettors wherever found either at home or abroad, though it may cost millions of money and oceans of blood.

“Resolved, That we have the utmost confidence in the patriotism and military skill of Generals Scott and McClellan, and give them and all our gallant officers and the armies they command our heartfelt sympathy and support.

“Resolved, That we extend to the volunteers from our county, many of whom are near and dear friends, our best wishes for their welfare and the welfare of their families, and trust they may win for themselves a name that shall be a praise and glory to them and their children after them.

“Resolved, That we have the utmost confidence in the candidates for Assembly this day nominated by the convention, they having been tried in the last session of the Legislature, and found to be true Union men—also in our candidate for Surrogate, whom we know to be a true and loyal patriot.

“Resolved, That we have the utmost confidence in our whole ticket, knowing them to be honest men capable for the respective offices for which they are presented, and citizens who recognize no higher allegiance than that to the General Government, and pledge ourselves to stand by the ticket and use all honorable means to elect it.”

At this convention the party took upon itself the name of the “Union Republican Party,” and the ballot voted at the election was headed “The Union Ticket.”

The election was devoid of excitement, a light vote was polled, and the returns came in early. Alphonso Woodruff was elected Surrogate over Morton Mills, Democrat, by 212 majority. William Bacon was chosen to the Assembly in the First District by 321 majority over J. O. Lummis, Democrat. In the Second Assembly District there was a close contest. J. Edmund Sheppard was successful by the narrow margin of three votes over Benjamin F. Lee, Demo-

crat. Mr. Lee was then a resident of Port Elizabeth, the home of his ancestors, and a very popular man in the territory bordering on the Maurice River. Unlike many others, defeat with him was only the forerunner of future victory. It was not his fortune to be elected by the *vox populi*, but in later years because of his great capacity for leadership Governor Joel Parker took him out of the store at the Port and made him Clerk of the New Jersey Supreme Court. In this exalted place he served the State for a quarter of a century with great satisfaction to the people.

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The year 1862 was perhaps the most momentous, the most patriotic in the history of the nation. The clouds which had gathered at Sumter in '61 were still further enlarged by the disasters which had befallen the Union arms. The President's first call of 75,000 had been quickly responded to—went to the front and returned to their home by reason of the expiration of their three months' service. At last it began to dawn upon the minds of those who had been slow to comprehend the magnitude of the rebellion that it was to be a war of Titans with the end far off. Three hundred thousand men were summoned to the colors, another and another 300,000, until the song went up to the skies from every valley and from every hillside, "We are coming, father Abraham, 300,000 more." This great war anthem was sung upon the streets, in the schoolhouses, in the churches, in the public halls, and wherever the people gathered.

Then it began to appear that the war was not only a war for the preservation of the Union, but a war for the preservation of the rights of man. In his message to the special session of Congress July 4, 1861, Mr. Lincoln had said:

"This is essentially a people's contest. On the side of the Union it is a struggle for maintaining in the world that form and substance of government whose leading object is to elevate the condition of men. I am most happy to believe that the plain people understand and appreciate this. It is worthy of note that while in this the Government's hour of



WAR TIME PICTURES—1861

Group Fairfield Boys, Co. H, Seventh N. J. Reg. Inf. Vols.

Joseph H. Diver

Benjamin F. Ogden

Joseph Burt

Elmer B. Ogden

Lorenzo D. Paynter

trial large numbers of those in the army and navy who have been favored with the offices have resigned and proved false to the hand which had pampered them, not one common soldier or sailor is known to have deserted the flag. To the last man so far as known they have successfully resisted the traitorous efforts of those whose commands but an hour before they obeyed as absolute law. This is the patriotic instinct of plain people. They understand without an argument that the destroying of the Government which was made by Washington means no good to them."

The illustrious President never penned a greater truth. It was essentially the people's contest. How Mr. Lincoln loved the plain people, as he was wont to term them. Born in a log cabin he knew by stern adversity what the destruction of a republican form of government meant for them. He was one of them by birth, by association, by representation. It was a favorite theme for him to dwell upon, for said he, "the Lord must love the plain people, otherwise he would not have made so many of them."

The plain people were, under God, to save the republic. By their ballots, by their bullets, by their strong arms the ark of the covenant of liberty was to be kept in the shekinah of the temple whose foundations were laid in the blood of the Revolutionary fathers.

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Cumberland County rose as one man in unison with the people of other States to aid the Government to the last man and the last dollar for the suppression of the rebellion. No county in the republic furnished more volunteers for the Union Army in proportion to its population than did this good old commonwealth named in honor of the Duke of Cumberland for his heroic conduct on Cullodan field. The county was on fire with patriotic zeal, so much so that from the opening of hostilities to the close of the war, a full regiment of a thousand men had volunteered and been sent to Southern battlefields.

From the farm, from the factory, from the store, from



the village, from the city, from the hamlet by the sea, came the greatest armies the world had ever seen. Young men in the bloom of manhood, middle-aged men ripe with maturity, a vast concourse rank upon rank, file upon file, under the shadow of the flag whose stars were of heaven whose stripes were of God. For four years they were to fight and die. In more than 600 battles and skirmishes blood was to flow like water. Streaming over grassy plain, staining the rocks, making red the undergrowth of the forest, so the blood of patriots ran from the vitals of the mighty army which with majestic courage marched on from one conflict to another, knowing that they were fighting the battles of the people and of liberty.

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Rumors of battles fought and reports of the killed and wounded began to appear in the city papers. The "Cumberland Greys," now in the thickest of the fight in the campaign on the Virginia peninsula, were losing some of the bravest and best, news of which brought sadness to the hearts and homes of many in the town of Bridgeton. June 1st in the seven days' fight in the Chickahominy swamps, Capt. Roswell S. Reynolds, of Co. F, 5th Regiment of N. J. Vols., Inf., was badly wounded. A minnie ball entered and passed through his thigh, striking the bone and glancing off. Reynolds was brought home to his family in Bridgeton. The captain had previously been principal of the Bank street public school and was a gentleman of ability and scholarly attainments. Of splendid personal appearance and charming manners, he made an excellent impression in the community. He was intensely loyal to the Union and radical in his views concerning slavery.

A few days after his arrival home he appeared on crutches near the corner of the Davis House, Commerce and Laurel streets, engaged in conversation with a number of friends, when a citizen whose sympathies were said to be with the South, appeared and accused Capt. Reynolds of cowardice. Quick as a flash the Captain's crutch was raised

in the air to strike the "secesh" as Reynolds labeled him, but his accuser, believing discretion the better part of valor, disappeared before the crutch had done its work. This little episode added to the bitterness already existing about town and gave zest to the zeal of those who favored the Union in efforts which made it very unpleasant for sundry citizens who were suspected of disloyalty.

So high did the wave of patriotism run that several persons were compelled to send communications to the local papers certifying under their own signatures, that they were Union men. Schoolchildren took matters up in the yard of Bank street school, where numerous fist-fights occurred whenever the Union boys suspected other boys of lack of love for their country. The flag was hoisted over the school-house with cheers, and the boys and girls sang patriotic songs in the class rooms and upon the streets. One of the favorite songs contained the following verse:

"Brave boys are they, gone at their Country's call;  
And yet, and yet, we cannot forget,  
That many brave boys must fall!"

About this time the word "copperhead," meaning "snake in the grass," appeared, and was placed as a stigma upon every male or female who failed to stand up for the Union.

In the battle on the Chickahominy, in which Capt. Reynolds received his wound, William S. Cobb, of Maurice-town, this county, distinguished himself as a marksman, killing five rebels, on one of whom was a gold watch of which he took possession.

Samuel Harris, private in Company F, Third New Jersey, the company known as "the Greys," came home with his throat bandaged, because of a wound received in one of the battles under General McClellan. The bullet grazed his wind-pipe and his life was saved as by miracle. When the big war meeting was held a few days later, Samuel Harris went upon the platform in Grosscup's Hall, where he made a few remarks as to his experience in actual warfare. He was re-

ceived with cheers, and afterward honored with the Captaincy of Company F, Twenty-fourth Regiment New Jersey Volunteers, and returned to the seat of war.

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One of the most pathetic reports from the battlefields in Virginia came later in shape of a letter from Rev. G. R. Darrow, chaplain of the Third New Jersey Regiment, concerning the death of one of Bridgeton's best young men, a member of the famous Cumberland Greys, the first defenders who barely a year previous had left their homes for the scene of war. Comrade Bacon, a gallant soldier, Christian gentleman, left a wife and five small children to sorrow because of his untimely death. Chaplain Darrow sent the widow the appended letter, afterward published in the Bridgeton papers:

"Mrs. Charles Bacon—The papers, 'ere you receive this, will have announced to you the sad intelligence of the death of your husband. Amid the carnage of the battlefield he fell, having with his regiment charged on the enemy and while pursuing them in hot haste and pouring a deadly fire upon a routed foe. He went into the fight with unusual vigor, his health having greatly improved recently, faltering not until a ball passing through his Testament which he always carried with him, entered his abdomen and caused his immediate death. His captain was wounded at the same time and while I was assisting in getting him to the rear where a surgeon could be found, he told me of Bacon's fall. I went immediately in pursuit of him and found him dead. His diary, Testament and purse, I took from his person and handed them to Lieutenant Salkeld who will forward them to you the earliest opportunity. I buried him with eight of his comrades who fell in the same fight, under an elm tree in the same field where the regiment charged on the enemy, on the estate of Jacob Goodman, north of the village of Burkettsville, about half a mile distant. We had our funeral on Monday afternoon—he was killed on Sunday—the drum corps and comrades of the deceased assisting in the burial

of our brave dead. Bro. Bacon was a good man, a consistent Christian, and I feel that his loss to me is very great. But what an affliction to you, his companion. May the God of all peace abundantly sustain you in your loneliness and sorrow. Yours truly,

"G. E. Darrow."

The Lieut. Salkeld, to whom Chaplain Darrow refers was afterward Captain Charles F. Salkeld, the veteran officer who led the "Cumberland Greys" in many engagements and brought the remaining members of the company safely home to Bridgeton amid the plaudits of the community.

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Reminders of the sanguinary conflict at the front coming to Bridgeton week after week aroused the people to great heights of excitement and the determination to put down treason, and all connected with it became more fixed than ever. The generation of to-day cannot realize or imagine the intensity of public feeling at that time. A case in point will illustrate it, however, as one among thousands North and South. There lived in Bridgeton the newly elected surrogate of Cumberland County, chosen on the Union Republican ticket in the Autumn of '61. He was a stalwart for the Union. One of his sons, Joseph, enlisted in the "Cumberland Greys" and served bravely throughout the war. Another son, living in the South went into the Confederate army. This so enraged Mr. Woodruff, the father, that he wrote to his boy in the Third New Jersey, and said: "Joe, if you meet your brother, shoot him on the spot." This was the spirit of General Dix who had advanced the same sentiment in connection with the attempt of any rebel or sympathizer to haul down the flag. It was commended to the echo throughout the loyal North.

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The ladies of Bridgeton organized for the patriotic work of furnishing articles of clothing and delicacies for the sick and wounded soldiers in field and hospital. With a membership of 120 they formed a "Soldiers' Relief Associa-



WAR TIME PICTURES—1861

Group Company F ("Cumberland Greys"), Third N. J. Inf. Vols., who Died on the Field

Charles H. Bacon  
Enoch B. Pew

Joseph R. Thompson  
David Yearicks

tion" meeting every Thursday in Carll's building near the Commerce street bridge. The noble work they did brought much comfort and joy to the sick and wounded soldiers, and it is recorded in heaven.

One of the significant signs of this eventful period was the attitude of the Bridgeton papers. Whereas heretofore they had hesitated as to advocacy of the new political party known as a Republican, they now came boldly to the front with powerful editorials for the support of the Union cause. One of the editors of the Chronicle, an able writer, Robert B. Potter, not only expressed his opinions vigorously in the columns of that journal, but enlisted as a soldier in the 24th New Jersey Regiment, going to the front as a lieutenant.

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The greatest meeting for the prosecution of the war was held in Grossep's Hall, Bridgeton, July 26th, 1862. Dr. William S. Bowen was chairman, with a long list of vice-presidents and secretaries, made up principally of the men who had served in similar capacities in the war meeting of 1861.

The Committee on Resolutions, consisting of Robert B. Potter, James R. Hoagland, Joel Fithian, James Horton and James B. Ferguson, reported a series which recommended financial support for the volunteers of the country and their dependent families, and declared for the vigorous prosecution of the war, emphasizing the sentence "that there could only be two divisions of the people—patriots and traitors with their sympathizers." Eloquent speeches were made at this meeting by Hon. John T. Nixon, Rev. Charles H. Whitecar, pastor of Commerce Street M. E. Church; Revs. Messrs. Margerum, of Trinity M. E. Church; Dr. Challis, of the Baptist Church, and Colhour, of the Laurel Street M. P. Church. Rev. Mr. Whitecar made the speech of the meeting. He urged with much fervor that it was not a contest of the North against the South, but a struggle of the government against armed traitors to maintain its own existence. It was important that every man do his whole duty

in this crisis. Doctor Whitecar was a speaker of wonderfully clear enunciation and eloquent periods. He roused the immense audience to a furore of patriotism. Judge Elmer, who was present, pronounced it one of the ablest and most convincing speeches he had ever heard. On this occasion William E. Potter, son of James B. Potter, President of the Cumberland Bank, fresh from honors at Princeton College, one of the finest looking young men of the town, of great native talent, was introduced to the audience. The summer previous he had received the colors from the hand of Paul T. Jones on the part of the "Cumberland Greys" the day of their departure in a brief speech, but now the genius exhibited itself which in future years was to prove him one of the ablest barristers ever heard in the New Jersey Courts. "This contest," said young Mr. Potter, "is a contest for constitutional liberty. If a republican form of government failed here, as it had everywhere else, it would be a death-blow to our own liberties, and the hopes of the struggling millions of the old world." He closed by announcing that he was ready to enlist for the war, and urged the young men to do likewise. The hall rang with cheers when this brave utterance was made, the beginning as it were of his distinguished career in the Army of the Potomac which terminated at the close of the war in the great honor of brevet-lieutenant colonel, for gallant and meritorious conduct as a staff officer on many battlefields.

The echoes of the second great war meeting had barely died out when the drum began to beat for volunteers for a new company for the Twelfth New Jersey Regiment then forming. Recruiting quarters were opened in Carll's building, first floor, near the bridge. Within a week the quota of the company was full, more than one hundred young men having enrolled their names. It was a magnificent company, composed of the best material, and of the best families. Capt. Henry Crooks, who had seen service in the regular army, a skillful drill master, having previously drilled the "Cumberland Greys," and organized the German military company which formed an escort for the former the day of its depart-

ture from Bridgeton, enlisted as a member of the new contingent and becoming its first sergeant, gave it the benefit of his experience. In a few days it was ready for the field under the command of Captain Richard S. Thompson, a gentleman of fine military bearing.

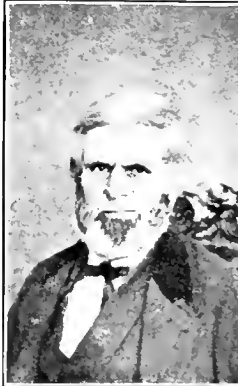
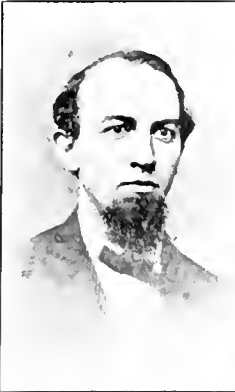
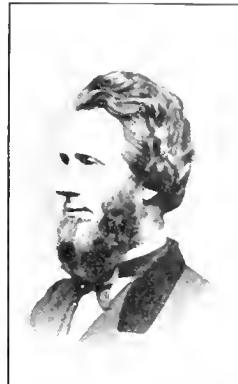
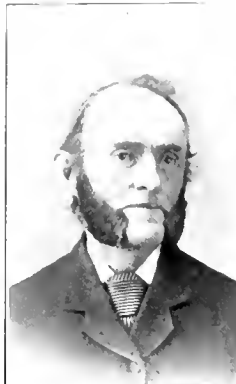
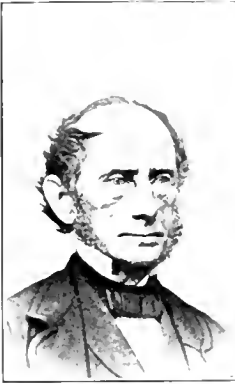
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War meetings were held in all the towns and villages of Cumberland County during the summer of 1862. The population was aroused to a high state of enthusiasm. It was a wonderful year, and one never to be forgotten. Bridgeton, the shire town, with barely 4,000 inhabitants, was the centre of interest. Here the people gathered to listen to patriotic speeches; here they stood upon street corners discussing the latest news from the army and the situation of the country. Boys and girls paraded the streets eager to hear what was to be learned concerning the perilous condition of the brave boys who had gone to the front to do battle for the homes and the land which they loved. The boys wore red, white and blue neckties; the girls wore dresses and ribbons of the same materials. Work was suspended, while the town teemed with excitement.

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On the morning of August 12th, 1862, Company K was ready to depart for the war. The day was bright and balmy; the stores and business places were decorated with bunting; the streets were lined with crowds of people. The company left its quarters in the Carll building, and was drawn up in column on the sidewalk. Paul T. Jones, Charles E. Elmer, Hon. John T. Nixon, Rev. Joseph Hubbard, Lieutenant William E. Potter, and Captain Richard S. Thompson made patriotic speeches. A handsome set of colors was presented to the company. In the afternoon Co. K took train at the new West Jersey Railroad depot on Irving avenue, en route to Camp Stockton, Woodbury, there to be mustered into the Twelfth New Jersey Regiment, Infantry, Volunteers. Never did a finer looking body of men pass through the streets of





PROMINENT CITIZENS—1861-1865

Dr. William S. Bowen  
Edmund R. Elmer  
Eden M. Hood

Charles Laning  
John Cheesman, Jr.  
John R. Graham

Hiram Harris  
Robert M. Seeley  
Hon. John Carter

Bridgeton. In the march to the depot several thousand people followed to bid them God speed in the noble cause for which they were to give the last full measure of devotion. It was an imposing and an inspiring scene. At the depot weeping wives, mothers and children bade sad farewells to the departing young men, and many tears were shed. The whistle was blown and the locomotive with the train of patriots slowly receded from view, while the cheers of those who remained made the air resound with an affectionate adieu. Three years later this noble company was to return with thirty men under a battle flag whose stars were riddled with bullet holes and whose stripes were torn by shot and by shell. A handful of brave hearts like Napoleon's Old Guard black with the smoke of many engagements upon their faces they marched proudly through Commerce street 'midst the huzzahs of patriotic Bridgeton.

This gallant Company K took part in thirty-one engagements, entering at Chancellorsville, Va., May 3d and 4th, 1863; in the glorious battle of Gettysburg, Pa., July 1st, 2d and 3d, 1863; at the Wilderness, Va., May 5th to 7th, 1864; Spottsylvania, Va., May 8th to 18th, 1864; closing its meritorious service at the capture of Petersburg, Va., April 2d, 1865, and witnessing Lee's surrender at Appomattox, Va., April 9th, 1865.

The following is the roster of the company: Captain, Richard S. Thompson; First Lieutenant, Daniel Dare; Second Lieutenant, William E. Potter; Sergeants, Edward M. DuBois, Henry Crooks, Moses B. Holmes, Frank M. Riley, William S. Ayres, Charles S. Padgett, Timothy Bateman, Aaron Terry, Edwin M. Padgett, Benjamin F. Howell, James P. Williams, John F. Shuman, William B. Hines; Corporals: Charles M. Riley, Albert Walker, William F. Moore, George Laws, Joseph B. Husted, William H. Bennett, Justus H. Livingston, Horace B. Garton, Amos S. Burt, Butler Newcomb, George McHenry; Privates: Henry C. Lore, John Evans, Jonathan Borden, Henry W. Gaskill, Henry H. Bradford, Henry Campbell, Albert F. Carll, Robert G. Clark, Reeves Coulter, Anderson Davis, William H.

Dickeson, Abraham Facemire, Robert P. Fisher, Edgar M. Fithian, John Garrison, Thomas S. Green, Edward C. Hall, George H. Horner, Jeremiah Husted, Absalom Jordan, John Maxwell, Thomas H. Pancoast, Hiram Pew, Charles O. P. Riley, James R. Rainear, William M. Seeley, Charles L. Sockwell, Edward M. Steward, John G. Swinney, Samuel Tomlinson, Daniel Tullis, William H. B. Ward, John Yates, John B. Bonham, Josiah Garrison, George A. Harris, Maritz Isell, Isaac F. Jerrell, Thomas R. Kemp, Jacob Keyport, Lorenzo D. Messie, Simon S. Swing, Samuel R. Payne, Daniel Simpkins, Josiah F. Smith, Bloomfield Spencer, William H. Vaughn, Elmer M. West, William H. Berry, Henry D. Duffeld, Varney W. Gaskill, William H. Greenly, Daniel B. Harris, Asa A. F. Randolph, Richard F. Randolph, Jeremiah Roray, George S. Tindall, Henry Walker.

Company K. was afterward recruited by the addition of substitutes during its term of service to take the place of those killed, discharged by disease and because of amputations and other serious wounds. Only six of its entire membership deserted, one of whom returned to duty later on.

The following members of this company died on the field and in hospital: Aaron Terry, at Andersonville, Ga. prison, March 24, 1864, of disease and hunger, buried at National Cemetery, Andersonville, grave 133; Moses B. Holmes, died at Field Hospital, June 4, 1864, wounds received in action at Cold Harbor, Va., June 3d, 1864; Horace B. Garton died at U. S. General Hospital, in Washington, D. C., June 3d, 1864, wounds received in action at Spottsylvania Courthouse, Va., buried at National Cemetery, Arlington, Va.; Charles E. Smith killed in action at North Anna River, Va., May 26 1864; Samuel Carey, died at Field Hospital, May 5th, 1864, wounds received in action at Wilderness, Va.; Daniel H. Carman, died at Field Hospital, July 3d, 1864, of wounds received in action at Gettysburg, Pa.; Jacob W. Carter, killed in action at Chancellorsville, Va., May 3d, 1863; Simon W. Creamer, killed in action at Gettysburg, Pa., July 3d, 1863, buried at National Cemetery, Gettysburg, Pa., Section A, Grave 20; Thomas C. Galloway,

died of scurvy at Andersonville prison, Ga., August 28th, 1864, buried in National Cemetery, Andersonville, Grave 7,039; Joseph H. Gaunt, died of disease, at Ward U. S. General Hospital, Newark, N. J., April 20th, 1865, buried at Fairmount Cemetery, Newark; William D. Hendrickson, died of fever, at Regular Hospital, Camp near Falmouth, Va., January 23d, 1863, buried at National Cemetery, Fredericksburg, Va., Division A, Section A, grave 137; Samuel Hollenback, died of wounds received in action at Boydton Plank Road, Va., Oct. 27th, 1864, buried at Poplar Grove National Cemetery, Va., Division D, Section C, grave 164; Nathaniel H. Horner, died June 4th, 1864, of wounds received in action at Cold Harbor, Va.; Henry Howell, died of disease at Regular Hospital Camp near Falmouth, Va., March 23d, 1863; Francis Husted, died of fever, at Patent Office, U. S. General Hospital, Washington, D. C., December 19th, 1863, buried at Military Asylum Cemetery, Washington; Charles Livingston, died at Field Hospital, Spottsylvania Courthouse, Va., May 14th, 1864, of wounds received in action at Spottsylvania; Matthias Maloney, killed in action, at Boydton Plank Road, Va., October 27th, 1864; John H. Mullica, died of disease, at U. S. General Hospital, City Point, Va., June 30th, 1864; Charles O. Powell, killed in action, at Chancellorsville, Va., May 3d, 1863; Charles H. Simpkins, killed in action, at Wilderness, May 5th, 1864; Henry S. Sockwell, killed in action at Gettysburg, Pa., July 3d, 1863; Samuel S. Sutton, died at Field Hospital, White House, Va., June 8th, 1864, of wounds received in action at Cold Harbor, Va.; Theophilus Sutton, died of scurvy, at Andersonville prison, Ga., October 28, 1864, buried at National Cemetery, Andersonville, grave 11,615.

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Such is the record of this splendid body of volunteers. Of its officers—Lieut.-Colonel Edward M. DuBois, rose from the ranks to high honors, a Bridgeton boy whose bravery on many fields was nobly attested; Captain Frank M. Riley, who enlisted as second sergeant of Company K, but



WAR TIME PICTURES—1862-1865

Group Company K, Twelfth N. J. Reg. Inf. Vols.

Henry Campbell  
William F. Moore

Daniel B. Harris  
Capt. Henry Crooks  
Edwin C. Hall

Butler Newcomb  
Justus H. Livingston

returned as Captain of Co. F., was a brave and efficient officer. In one of the battles around Petersburg, Va., Captain Riley was seriously wounded in the face, a minnie ball passing through it and dropping into his mouth. He was taken prisoner by the Confederates, and during his confinement his fine India rubber blanket and other valuables disappeared as he supposed at the time, by command of the Confederate General, M. C. Butler, of South Carolina. The theft of Captain Riley's blanket afterwards figured in the evidence before the Committee on Privileges and Elections of the United States Senate several years after the war, when the seat of M. C. Butler was contested as a Senator from that State. It finally turned out that General Butler had no knowledge of the theft. In 1904, to Captain Riley's surprise, he received a telegram from the ex-Confederate, to meet him at the Hotel Walton, in Philadelphia. He did so and there met a handsome, dignified Southern gentleman, who apologized for the robbery of forty years previous, saying that he had no knowledge of it and that it was done by one of his subordinates without authority, and would never have occurred had he had the slightest intimation that such an ungentlemanly act was contemplated. General Butler entertained Captain Riley with old-time Southern hospitality, and invited him to visit his home and become his guest. Captain Riley participated in the three days' fight at Gettysburg, July 1st, 2d, and 3d, 1863, the bloodiest engagement of the war, where with buck and ball the Twelfth Regiment took part in the charge upon the Bliss barn, and from behind a stone fence, sent death and destruction into Pickett's men in the historic advance of the Confederates on that eventful third day.

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The commander of the Twelfth Regiment was Colonel J. Howard Willetts, of Port Elizabeth, Cumberland County. Colonel Willetts had been transferred from the Seventh Regiment, in which he had held command as captain of Company H. Enlisting October 3, 1861, he had rendered

valuable service in General McClellan's campaigns on the peninsula and in Maryland. Promoted to lieutenant colonel August 12, 1862, for gallant and meritorious conduct in the field, he entered upon a distinguished career as colonel of the regiment soon after its formation, February 27, 1863. At the battle of Chancellorsville, May 3, 1862, Colonel Willetts was badly wounded, several balls entering his body. He remained in the service until December 19, 1864, when he was discharged with high honors as a patriotic officer and soldier.

Company K also furnished other notable men, among the most prominent of whom is Benjamin F. Howell who served in Congress from the New Brunswick district for many years. Congressman Howell was born in Fairfield township, Cumberland County, serving his country faithfully as a soldier until July 10th, 1865. Returning home he changed his residence to Middlesex County, whose citizens repeatedly honored him with exalted position. Captain Richard S. Thompson closed a distinguished career in the 12th Regiment with the honors of Lieut.-Colonel. Charles S. Padgett, so long a prominent citizen of Bridgeton, was another member of Company K, who distinguished himself and left a limb on the field of battle; likewise William F. Moore, one of the color guard of the Twelfth Regiment, who took active part in the assault upon the Bliss barn, when ninety rebels were captured by our boys; afterwards seriously wounded in action at Spottsylvania; also William H. Bennett, who bore an honorable part as one of the color bearers of this heroic regiment.

Edward C. Hall, of Fairfield township, private in Company K, Twelfth Regiment, was a soldier of heroic mould. Serving from 1862 to 1865, he was twice seriously wounded at the battle of Chancellorsville, Va., May 3rd, 1863, gunshot wounds of the head and left leg. Notwithstanding his wounds, when the regiment was ordered to fall back he refused, and, joining the 108th New York Vols., fired fourteen rounds at the enemy. At Cold Harbor, Va., June 3d, 1864, he was again hit, gunshot wound through the left

shoulder. Captured at Hatcher's Run, Va., October 27th, 1864, he was taken by the Confederates to Castle Thunder and then to Libby prison. While in Libby he was ordered by Major Turner, commander of the prison, to do some blacksmithing for the Confederacy, as Hall was known to be a blacksmith by trade. Turner said he would allow him extra rations, and extra liberties if he would do the work. Private Hall said "No," with a loud emphasis, thereby taking his life in his hand. But Turner rather admired his spunk, and left him unmolested. Once the Confederates offered him a discharge on parole, but his answer was—"not while rebels remain in arms!" When captured he weighed 185 pounds; when exchanged, such were the rigors of starvation in Libby, he had become reduced to a skeleton of 92 pounds. Private Hall was in the famous charge on the Bliss barn at Gettysburg, Pa., July 3d, 1863, and during his entire soldier career participated in twenty-seven battles.

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But this remarkable year was to witness still further excitement. No sooner had Company K departed than the work of filling Cumberland County's quota was resumed. Just here it may be well to make the statement, which is indisputable, that no town in the country, save one—the town of Haverhill, Mass., furnished so many volunteers for the Union army as the town of Bridgeton, New Jersey. The patriotic blood which led the fathers at Greenwich to destroy the cargo of British tea on the public common, after it had been taken from the deck of the Greyhound, in the mouth of the Cohansey, November, 1774, had been transmitted to the sons of those illustrious sires, and they rushed to the defense of constitutional government and the saving of the Union.

The verandas of the Davis House on Commerce street, and the pavements in front, were daily crowded with patriotic citizens discussing the subject of enlistments. Jerry Maul, with his fife; Charles Woodruff, with his kettle-drum; Lou Clark with the big drum, appeared day by day and enlivened the scene with martial music. Excitement reached





WAR TIME PICTURES 1862-1865

Group Company K, Twelfth N. J. Reg. Inf. Vols.

William H. Bennett

William B. Hines

Charles M. Riley

Benjamin F. Howell

Now Member Congress Fourth N. J. District

Charles O. P. Riley

Henry Howell

Abram Facemire

its greatest height about September 1st, when quarters were opened in the old brick store known as the J. B. Potter store, at the corner of Commerce and Colhansey streets. In two days three hundred men had enlisted for the nine months' service, under the new call of the President. The new companies, three in number, were enrolled in the Twenty-fourth New Jersey Regiment. The following is a roster:

Company F.: Captain, Samuel Harris; First Lieutenant, Elijah Husted; Second Lieutenant, William B. Pepper; First Sergeant, Benjamin Hancock; Sergeant, Joseph S. Glaspay, Isaac L. Moore, David Garrison; Corporals, William F. Demaris, Theodore F. Buck, Alphonso Dunham, Charles Haley, Joseph Shimp, Benjamin S. Ayars, Charles N. Woodruff, David D. Sheppard; Musician, Samuel Humphries; Privates, Jesse S. Adams, Charles F. Ackley, Charles M. Alkire, William S. Ackley, Joseph H. C. Appelgate, Judson Bateman, Jonathan W. Bonham, Isaiah F. Boody, David M. Bowen, Daniel Brooks, David G. Brooks, Charles Brown, Edgar S. Brown, Thomas Campbell, Louis G. Clark, Charles R. Coulter, James Craig, John D. Craig, Roger S. Crosier, Albert Davis, William F. Duffield, Joseph P. Fithian, Theodore A. Felmy, John Finley, Enos Glaspell, Simon J. Garrison, Samuel Golder, Jr., Christopher Getsinger, Jeremiah Hann, James Harding, Allen N. Harris, Edward R. Husted, Francis Husted, William M. Husted, Henry F. Hutchinson, Samuel H. Jones, Joseph Jeffries, Benjamin F. Ladow, Peter Ladow, Isaac Laning, Jr., Aaron Leaming, Edwin J. Lee, James E. Logue, Andrew Maynes, Clarence D. Mayhew, John Murphy, Jesse B. McBride, Major McDaniels, Daniel McHenry, Jesse McKee, Thomas McKuen, Isaac McPherson, John N. Middleton, John S. Miller, Clement C. Moore, William Moore, Charles H. Newcomb, John H. Orr, Oswald Patchell, Elihu R. Peterson, George Pierson, William Reddon, George G. Richmon, Edgar J. Riley, James Stewart, Edgar Shute, Samuel P. Trout, William B. Trout, Henry Vogel, Henry W. Warful, Isaiah P. Warren, Thomas C. Weldon, John F. Wheaton, Timothy Woodruff, John L. Wilfong.



WAR-TIME PICTURES—1862-1865

Group Company F, Twenty-fourth N. J. Reg. Inf. Vols.

Benjamin S. Ayres  
Judson Bateman  
Isaac McPherson  
Major McDaniels

Charles M. Alkire  
Samuel Humphries  
David D. Sheppard  
Theodore A. Felmy

Joseph P. Fithian  
Benjamin Hancock  
Isaac Laning  
Joseph S. Glaspey

Died in the service: Charles F. Garrison, at Division Hospital, near Falmouth, Va., Dec. 21, 1862, wounds received in action at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862; Peter German, missing in action at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862, never heard of afterward; David A. Long, of fever at U. S. Army Gen. Hospital, Newark, N. J., Jan. 11, 1863; John McNichols, missing in action at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862, never heard of afterward; William J. Orr, missing in action at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862, never heard of afterward; William F. Richards, of fever at Regimental Hospital, near Falmouth, Va., Jan. 15, 1863, buried at Nat. Cemetery, Fredericksburg, Va., Div. A, Section A, grave 407; William R. Vanmeter, missing in action at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862, never heard of afterward.

Company G: Captain, James R. Hoagland; First Lieutenant, Charles M. Pease; Second Lieutenant, Robert B. Potter; First Sergeants, Francis M. DuBois, Henry R. Pierson; Sergeants, Jesse C. Davis, George M. Chester, William F. Brown, Thomas A. Harris; Corporals, John DuBois, Japhet Hann, Israel L. Fish, Charles McDaniels, Dallas T. Haley; Musician, Benson Smith; Privates, William Ackley, Charles P. Bacon, Thomas M. Barracliff, James Boyle, Aaron R. Broadway, William S. Brown, John W. Blizzard, David M. Carman, Ephraim Carman, Joshua Clark, Caleb Cobb, Joseph W. Cobb, John W. Cobb, James Cornell, Jacob P. Cobb, William C. Dare, Charles H. Dare, Jeremiah A. Davis, Francis W. Gallagher, Samuel Gallagher, William Garrow, Jonathan C. Garrison, James H. Gandy, Nelson Haley, Franklin E. Hand, Henry Huster, Henry Harris, Alfred Harris, Frederick Heintz, John F. Heintz, Mathias Fox, Charles R. Hopkins, Isaac Hunter, Lorenzo D. Hutton, Daniel Jagers, Joseph L. Kincaid, Levi J. Loper, Walter S. Leach, John McConnell, Jeremiah P. Mills, Isaac Newcomb, Daniel K. Pearson, Nathan Pennington, Jr., David F. Randolph, Benjamin R. Rasinger, William H. Rawley, Robert Robinson, William Seaman, Levi Sharp, Isaac Sheppard, Andrew B. Shimp,

Stacy Sloan, Albert Smith, George Steelman, Smith Stites, Job T. Trout, Hiram Trueland, Daniel Turner, William H. H. West, Sheppard Wescott, William H. White, George E. Wills, John Wines, Wallace Wriggins.

Died in the service: Albert B. Jones, at hospital near Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 22, 1862, wounds received in action at Fredericksburg, Dec. 13, 1862; Lot Bacon, of disease, at Finley U. S. Army Gen. Hospital, Washington, D. C., Jan. 2, 1863; Lorenzo Bailey, at hospital near Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 22, 1862, wounds received in action at Fredericksburg, Dec. 13, 1862; Alfred S. Cobb, of fever, at Camp near Chain Bridge, Va., Nov. 14, 1862; William S. Corson, at hospital near Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 22, 1862, wounds received in action at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862; John Danelbeck, missing in action at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862, never heard of afterward; Nathan P. Gerls, at Hospital, at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 14, 1862, wounds received in action at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862; William C. Husted, killed in action at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862; Valentine Maxner, killed in action at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862; Jacob C. Shinn, missing in action at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862, never heard of afterward.

Company H: Captain, Henry Neff; First Lieutenant, Alexander L. Robeson; Second Lieutenant, James J. Reeves; First Sergeant, John H. Schreiner; Sergeants, Samuel M. McCall, James McCowan, William B. Smith, David S. Pedrick; Corporals, Benjamin T. Bright, Daniel H. Neiplin, James Ewing, Charles H. Atmore, Alexander McGraw, Jesse D. Claypoole, Jacob Ernest, James R. Sellers; Musician, Ephraim R. Ayars; Privates, Edward Ayars, Richard R. Ayars, Samuel Ayars, William M. Barnes, Thomas Bodine, William Howard Blew, William Bowers, William Bodine, John D. Boone, Darius Bowen, Frederick Bowen, Isaac H. Bowen, Harris Brooks, Joseph C. Brooks, Richard H. Brooks, William E. Brooks, Ephraim E. Buck, John Cake, William Campbell, George Cawman, Samuel B. Carter, William S. Conklin, James R. Cheesman, Henry C. Dare, Henry

C. Deemer, Albert Dolton, David Edwards, Martin Edwards, Jacob Elwell, John S. Ernest, Benjamin Ford, Ambrose Fox, Jacob Garton, Benjamin N. Gibson, James Gilen, William B. Gilman, Henry Griner, Francis M. Harris, Robert F. Huntsinger, William G. Harris, Daniel Ireland, William Ireland, John G. Keyser, Christoph Laich, Martin Loeler, Reuben Marryott, Edward Mixner, Joseph L. Mulford, Robert Moncrief, Allen Mulford, Jacob Naglee, James Norton, John B. Nieukirk, Solomon Overdorf, William A. Parvin, Charles Quicksell, John Lenhart Rice, William Riley, William E. Schuyler, Francis Seaman, Charles S. Sellers, Elmer Sheppard, John Sheppard, Thomas W. Sheppard, Stephen Shimp, Edward B. Simpkins, Enos D. Simpkins, William Smith, James L. Stiles, Jehu Tunney, Charles S. Wallen, George H. Whipple, George M. D. Woodruff, William Harrison Woodruff, Abram Woodruff.

Died in the service: William B. Elmer, at Division Hospital, near Falmouth, Va., Dec. 21, 1862, wounds received in action at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862; Joseph M. Elwell, of fever, at hospital, Windmill Point, Va., Jan. 27, 1863; George Fox, at Stanton U. S. Army Gen. Hospital, Washington, D. C., Jan. 7, 1863, wounds received in action at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862; George W. Burch, of consumption at Newton University Hospital, Baltimore, Maryland, April 2, 1863; Charles Dayton, missing in action at Chancellorsville, Va., May 3, 1863, never heard of afterward; Edward R. Gilman, of fever at Camp Kearney, Va., Oct. 24, 1862; David McGear, of fever at Regimental Hospital, near Falmouth, Va., Feb. 22, 1863; Alexander Riggan, of fever at U. S. Army Gen. Hospital, Windmill Point, Va., Jan. 25, 1863; Richard H. Rittig, at Harewood U. S. Army Gen. Hospital, Washington, D. C., Dec. 28, 1862, wounds received in action at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862; First Lieutenant, Alexander L. Robeson, killed in action at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862.

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Among the distinguished men in the Twenty-fourth Regiment was Major Joel A. Fithian, of Bridgeton, a



WAR-TIME PICTURES -1862-1863

Group Company G, Twenty-fourth N. J. Reg. Inf. Vols.

Sergeant Francis Marion DuBois

William M. Husted

Samuel Joslin

Sergeant Jesse C. Davis

Lieut. Henry R. Pierson

Thomas M. Barraciff

native of Cumberland County, descendant of one of the best families, his ancestors being long resident of the fine agricultural region known as Hopewell and Stow Creek Townships. Major Fithian was a very handsome man, a commanding figure, and fine looking soldier. He made an admirable record as an officer. Once during his term of service he was detailed to pay certain troops in the capacity of paymaster, said contingent not having received compensation for several months owing to the exposed position they were occupying at the front. The Confederate Cavalryman Mosby was scouring the country making havoc on all sides. It was dangerous work for the Major, but he started with the money chest full of greenbacks. When his journey was well nigh finished Mosby suddenly appeared, captured his escort, and compelled Major Fithian to canter for his life. He succeeded, however, to the great chagrin of the Confederate, for the money was what Mosby was after. The war closed, and years later Colonel Mosby and Major Fithian met in a hotel in Los Angeles, California, by accident. Recognizing the Confederate, as he had never forgotten his appearance, the Major said: "Colonel I met you before under very different circumstances." Mosby repeated the Major's name several times, and finally replied, "O, you are the fellow that got away from me, in that raid in Virginia." Colonel Mosby had captured the roster of the Major's escort, and had kept it. He said that "Fithian" was a singular name, and he had never forgotten it. He also thought that Fithian was a very slick as well as singular fellow to get away so cleverly, when he (Mosby) thought he had him. The recognition was mutual, and a pleasant chat was had between the erstwhile enemies. After the assassination of President Lincoln, Major Fithian was one of the party that buried John Wilkes Booth, a secret that he kept to the end. The closing years of Major Fithian's life were spent in Southern California.

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Another distinguished Bridgetonian in the Twenty-fourth Regiment was Lieutenant Henry R. Pierson, of





# WAR TIME PICTURES—1862

Group Company H, Twenty-fourth N. J. Reg. Inf. Vols.

John Lenhart Rice  
William M. Barnes  
Christoph Laich  
Martin Loder

Joseph G. Brooks  
Henry C. Dare  
William B. Gilman  
Jehu Tumey

Joseph M. Elwell  
William Smith  
Allen Mulford  
George H. Whipple

#### HISTORIC DAYS

Company D, afterward assistant quartermaster, with the rank of captain, United States Volunteers. Captain Pierson was very proud of a commission he held, dated May 18, 1864, which bore the signature of Abraham Lincoln, President; and Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War. Commission was signed May 24, 1864, approved by E. D. Townsend, Assistant Adjutant General, and was handsomely engraved with the heading "The President of the United States of America to Henry R. Pierson, Greeting."

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When the wave of patriotism was at its height in Bridgeton and the townships adjacent thereto, the town of Millville, ten miles away, was girding itself for the war. Flag-raising was attended by large crowds of citizens, patriotic speeches by Hon. Edward Maylin, Dr. Wm. L. Newell, and other prominent citizens, stirred the hearts of all who loved the Union and the Flag. Company B, composed of young business men and glassworkers, was quickly formed for the Twenty-fourth Regiment. Following is a list of its officers and men:

COMPANY B.—Captains, George E. Dunlap, James Smith; First Lieutenant, B. Reed Brown; Second Lieutenant, John Springer; First Sergeants, Henry S. Spalding, Hiram B. Shaw; Sergeants, William H. Wills, Gilbert R. Heritage, Francis Hankins, Thomas S. Simmons; Corporals, Richard W. VanSant, George Madden, Jacob B. Kates, Joseph Gerard, William D. Jackson, Franklin Appleby, Enoch Laird, Jabez Scholes, Joshua Corson; Musicians, Henry H. Meyhew, Isaiah E. Johnson; Privates, Alexander Anderson, Samuel F. Bard, Francis I. Batcheldor, Isaac H. Beakley, Frederick Blint, John H. Boody, Edward C. Champion, Jacob F. Cake, Joseph Camp, William J. Carlisle, John W. Cawman, Benjamin Cossaboon, Jesse Cossaboon, David Crawford, Isaac W. Downs, Oscar B. Eastlack, Rudolph Edwards, Jesse Ford, Thomas H. Gifford, Allen S. Garrison, John Gilliland, John Garrison, Jr., John M. Henderson, Job Hess, John Hess, Samuel Hess, James Headley, Nicholas Griner, George F. Headley, William F. Hogbin,



Capt. Samuel Harris  
Company F  
Capt. Henry Neff  
Company H

WAR TIME PICTURES - 1862  
Cumberland County Officers  
21th New Jersey Regiment Inf. Vols.  
Dr. William L. Newell, Surgeon  
Major Joel A. Fithian  
Quarter-Master Samuel R. Fithian

Capt. George E. Dunlap  
Company B  
Capt. James R. Hoagland  
Company G

Joseph E. James, Samuel Kears, George B. Langley, Samuel Maines, John Matticks, John McGill, Calvin J. McMahon, George W. Messeck, John S. Orr, William W. Robinson, John R. Sapp, William C. Shaw, Isaac S. Sheldon, Job Sheppard, Harvey T. Shaw, John Sheppard, Albert L. Singers, Jeremiah B. Shull, John W. Simmons, Edward Spence, Lewis S. Sockwell, David D. Stites, Samuel Stokley, John Stout, John D. Stout, Thomas C. Stout, Dare Thompson, Andrew H. Tomlin, Zingles VanHook, John Webb, William Weiser, Lemmel G. Welch, Levi Wilson, William Young.

Died in the service—John Rounds, fever, at camp near Falmouth, Va., January 20, 1863, buried at National Cemetery, Fredericksburg, Va., Division A, Section A, grave 411; Loren Russ, at Fredericksburg, Va., December 14, 1862, wounds received in action at Fredericksburg, Va., December 13, 1862; Henry Adler, at Ascension U. S. Army General Hospital, Washington, D. C., January 13, 1863, wounds received in action at Fredericksburg, Va., December 13, 1862, buried at Military Hospital Cemetery, D. C.; George Donnelly, of fever, at Division Hospital, near Falmouth, Va., March 15, 1863, buried at National Cemetery, Fredericksburg, Va., Division D, Section C, grave 16; James Gibson, killed in action at Fredericksburg, Va., December 13, 1862; Samuel H. Jones, of fever, at Hospital, Windmill Point, Va., February 9, 1863; Henry Reeves, killed in action at Chancellorsville, Va., May 3, 1863; Ezekiel Simmons, killed in action at Fredericksburg, Va., December 13, 1862; Anson Thompson, at Washington, D. C., December 18, 1862, wounds received in action at Fredericksburg, Va., December 13, 1862; Benajah Thompson, killed in action at Fredericksburg, Va., December 13, 1862; William Tinker, of disease, at camp near Falmouth, Va., February 8, 1863, buried at National Cemetery, Fredericksburg, Va., Division D, Section C, grave 66; Benjamin F. Vannaman, of disease, at Emory U. S. Army General Hospital, Washington, D. C., October 3, 1862.



WAR TIME PICTURES—1862

Group Company B, Twenty-fourth N. J. Inf. Vols.

Nicholas Griner  
John W. Simmons  
Samuel F. Bard

Thomas S. Simmons

Isaiah E. Johnson  
Ezekiel Simmons  
George B. Langley

While volunteers were forming the three Bridgeton companies for the Twenty-fourth Regiment, the young men of Fairfield and Downe Townships were, with patriotic ardor, rallying for the organization of Company D, of the Twenty-fifth Regiment. This company was composed largely of oystermen and farmers, young men of brain and muscle. Amid the boom of cannon, the music of a drum corps, and presentation of a beautiful flag at the hands of a local committee, the company left its rendezvous in Fairfield for the seat of war. Appended is a roster of its officers and men:

COMPANY D.—Captain, Ethan T. Garretson; First Lieutenant, Samuel Peacock; Second Lieutenants, Joseph Bateman, Charles J. Field, B. Frank Williams; First Sergeant, Nathaniel Westcott; Sergeants, William W. Messick, James W. Trenchard, James B. Russell, Henry Jess; Corporals, Rufus E. Bennett, George Crosier, Frank Gandy, Francis P. Riley, James H. Stevens, Charles H. Turner, David S. W. Steelman, Charles R. Conover; Musician, William P. Sink; Privates, Wesley D. Barton, David E. Bateman, John P. Applegate, Henry H. Beakley, Robert M. Bennett, Charles Biddle, John Blizzard, Joseph C. Bradford, Archibald Campbell, Philip Clark, Peter Campbell, William M. Carter, Joseph L. Cassidy, William Cobb, John Coleman, James G. D. Craig, David M. Craner, John Dowdridge, Job Dilks, James Douthaday, Sylvanus Dougherty, Eli Earl, Peter Felts, Hugh Fowler, Benjamin F. Gaskill, Horatio M. Gates, William L. Gray, Charles Gaskill, Eldridge Hand, John Hanes, George Harley, Charles Henry, Henry D. Hines, George W. Hall, Elmer E. Hugin, Lewis B. Holmes, Daniel W. Husted, Joseph E. Husted, John P. Jerrell, John B. Jones, Jr., William T. C. Jordan, Robert J. Kell, Charles Lloyd, Charles S. Lore, Dallas Lore, George D. Ogden, John M. Nicholson, John E. Ogden, Willis A. Ogden, James W. Pettit, Benjamin Pine, Martin V. B. Powell, Thomas B. Shaw, William B. Shaw, William H. Sheppard, Charles P. Stewart, Thomas Sutton, Edward H. Sheppard, Charles Swing, Leonard R. Swing,

Elijah Thompson, John Thompson, William Tullis, Samuel Vanaman, Robert O. Wallen, John B. Westcott, Henry H. Whitecar, Isaac S. Whitecar, William T. Whitecar, Benjamin F. Williams, Furman R. Willis, Henry Wallen.

Died in the service—Ephraim F. Bateman, of fever, at Armory Square, United States Army General Hospital, Washington, D. C., February 19, 1863; Hiram B. Whitecar, of fever, at camp near Julian's Creek, Va., May 21, 1863; James P. Calloway, of disease, at Chesapeake U. S. Army General Hospital, Fortress Monroe, Va., May 25, 1863; Henry Craven, of fever, at camp, near Falmouth, Va., January 22, 1863; Lewis M. Kates, killed in action at Fredericksburg, Va., December 13, 1862; James Nicholson, of disease, at Emory U. S. Army General Hospital, Washington, D. C., November 5, 1862, buried at Military Asylum Cemetery, D. C.; Daniel B. Powell, at camp near Falmouth, Va., December 22, 1862, wounds received in action at Fredericksburg, Va., December 13, 1862; David Simpkins, of disease, at camp near Fairfax Seminary, Va., November 19, 1862, buried at National Cemetery, Alexandria, Va., grave 1,600; Benjamin F. Sockwell, at Stanton U. S. Army General Hospital, Washington, D. C., February 5, 1863, wounds received in action at Fredericksburg, Va., December 13, 1862; Ephraim L. Young, killed in action at Fredericksburg, Va., December 13, 1862.

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Job Dilks, of Company D, of Cedarville, because of wounds received in action at Fredericksburg, had a leg amputated, and to the day of his death walked on crutches. Second Lieutenant Joseph Bateman, of Company D, had a remarkable experience at the battle of Fredericksburg, Virginia, December 13, 1862. About dusk the regiment was ordered to take an advanced position in front of the fortifications on Marie's Heights. While lying on a little knoll near the rebel works, in the midst of a heavy artillery fire which opened on the Union troops very suddenly, Lieutenant Bateman found that the two comrades who were with him, Lewis Kates and Ephraim Young, had been killed by

his side, their bodies torn and mutilated by the Confederate shot and shell. The slaughter was terrific, the surrounding field being covered with wounded and dying men.

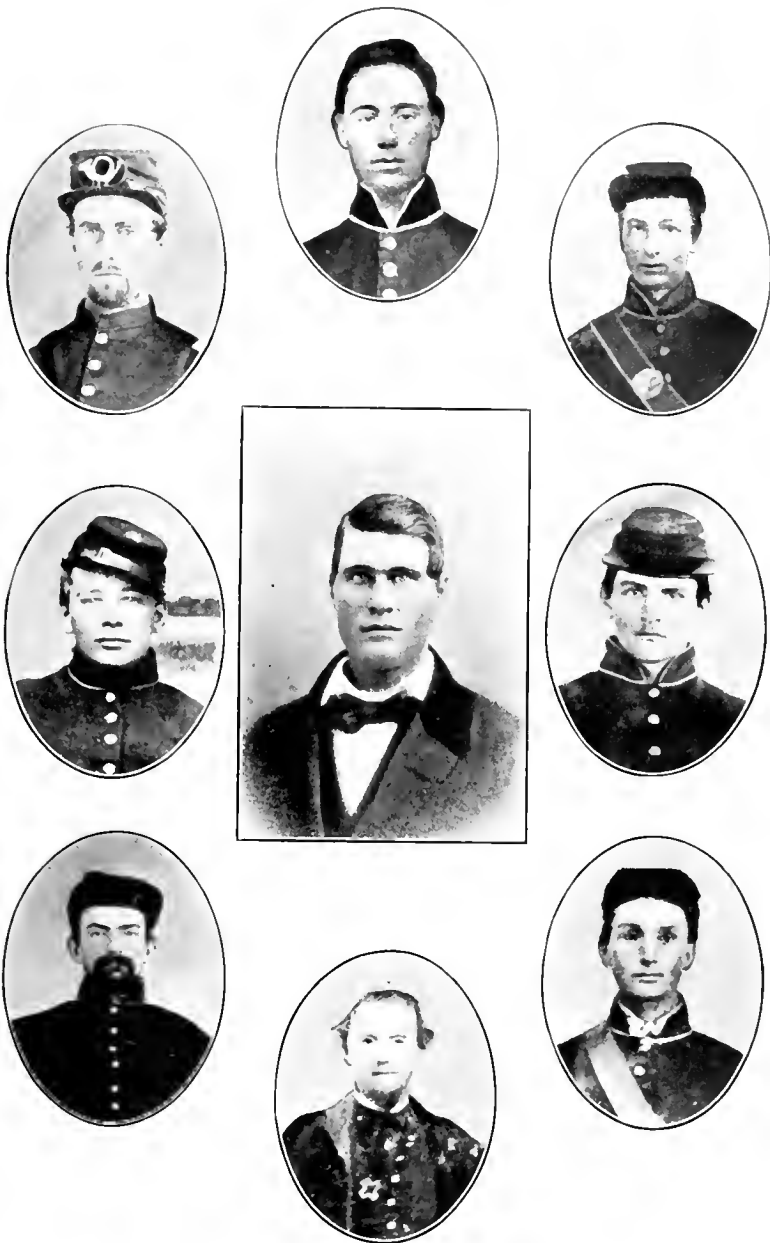
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From Downe Township then extending from the Fairfield line to Maurice River and the Cove, came First Lieutenant Charles M. Pease with a delegation of stalwart young men from Port Norris, Mauricetown and vicinity. They enlisted in Company G, 24th New Jersey, Captain Hoagland and among the number was a fighting family of five brothers known as the Cobbs, as follows: Caleb Cobb, Joseph W. Cobb, John W. Cobb, Jacob F. Cobb, Alfred S. Cobb, the latter dying of fever at camp, near Chain Bridge, Va., November 14th, 1862. The two McDaniels brothers came with them, Charles McDaniels enlisting in Company G, and Major McDaniels in Company F. Jacob C. Shinn, of Company G, one of Port Norris's best citizens, after whom "Shinn Post," Grand Army of the Republic was named, was another patriot whom fate had willed should sleep in an unknown grave. Missing in action at Fredericksburg, Va., December 13th, 1862, is the record. Perhaps, in that great cemetery on the heights of Marie by the side of the Rappahannock, where the silent forms of 17,000 Union soldiers slumber,

"On his grave the sunlight lingers,  
And the silvery moonbeams fall,  
There he sleeps far, far from kindred  
Sleeps until the last great call."

From the eastern section of Downe came the Garrisons, the Ladows, the Husteds, the Hines, the Orrs, the Trouts, the Newcombs, the Gandys, the Blizzards, the Baileys, the Corsons, and a host of others with brave Lieutenant William B. Pepper. Several of these gallant sons of Downe left their bones on Southern battlefields and returned not to the families and the homes in which for many years thereafter loving hearts have waited and longed for a vision of the departed.





WAR TIME PICTURES—1862

Group Company D, Twenty-fifth N. J. Reg. Inf. Vols.

Second Lieut. Joseph Bateman  
George A. Ogden  
Francis P. Riley

James W. Trenchard  
Capt. Ethan T. Garretson  
William P. Sink

Henry Wallen  
Leonard R. Swing  
Archibald Campbell

Great days had preceded it in Bridgeton, but Monday, September 3d, 1862, surpassed all other days before or since in the history of the town. Never had such a patriotic outpouring of the people or such tremendous enthusiasm been witnessed. It seemed as though every member of every family was interested. The stars and stripes appeared on every side, while the melody of the fife, stirring airs of the drums, and the firing of cannon, woke Bridgeton at early dawn. Stores were closed and business suspended while the volunteers were preparing for departure. Drawn up in double column on the sidewalk in front of the famous old Davis House, the companies presented a picture which it is unfortunate for posterity that the photographer's art has not preserved. Splendidly officered were these bodies of fine young men about to reinforce their fighting brothers in the field. On the one hand was Lieutenant Robeson, handsome and erect, a modest patriot, a model citizen, in a few short weeks killed in action at Fredericksburg, Virginia, his bones to be numbered among the unknown dead. On the other hand stood stalwart Captain Hoagland, afterward to be Judge of the Cumberland Courts; lawyer Lieutenant James J. Reeves; editor Lieutenant Robert B. Potter; Captain Samuel Harris fresh from the battle of Gaines' farm, Virginia; Captain Henry Neff, scholar and patriot. Standing at rest each company received a stand of colors. Again the tall form of Paul T. Jones arose and made a telling address to the departing soldiery. Rev. James F. Brown, of the First Baptist Church, and Hon. John T. Nixon made earnest remarks, the latter presenting the flags. Responsive speeches were made by Joel A. Fithian, in a short period to be Major of the Twenty-fourth; also by Captain James R. Hoagland and Lieutenant James J. Reeves. How youthful did the officers and men appear, mere boys as it were, going at their country's call, brave and courageous. Especially did this seem to be true of Lieutenant Alexander L. Robeson. Mr. Robeson at the time of enlistment was a member of the firm of Whitaker & Robeson, druggists, located on Commerce street, near Laurel, in an old-time brick building. He



WAR TIME PICTURES—1862

Five Patriotic Cobb Brothers—Company G, 21th N. J. Reg. Inf. Vols.  
John W. Cobb

Joseph W. Cobb

Caleb Cobb

Alfred S. Cobb

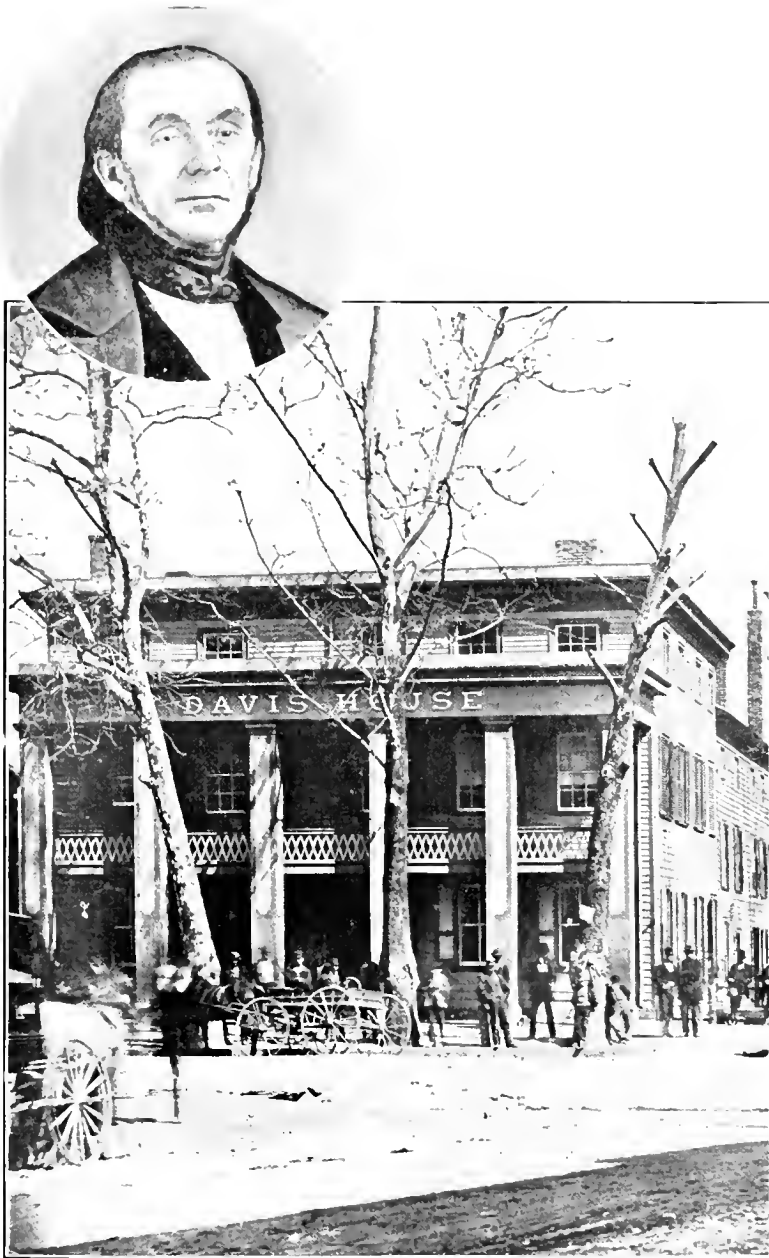
Jacob P. Cobb

was a rising young business man, with a large circle of friends, and much esteemed by his fellow-citizens. In a word he was a gentleman "sans peur, et sans reproche," and his untimely death at Fredericksburg brought sorrow to many homes in Bridgeton.

The march from the Davis House to the West Jersey Railroad depot on Irving avenue was an ovation, and yet a parade in sorrow. Wrapped in the arms of a mother, a wife, a sister, it seemed as though the ties of affection would not be severed from the forms of those who were taking their last farewell of those so near and dear. The scenes witnessed at the departure of the "Cumberland Greys" and of "Company K" were being repeated, only on a larger scale. Forebodings of disease, of wounds, of death, were in the minds of loved ones because of what had happened to many of Cumberland County's sons in the battles so far fought. Thus was the parting the more solemn, the more tender, the more pathetic.

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Time went on. The Twenty-fourth Regiment was equipped, uniformed, and in the presence of the enemy before the heights of Marie on the Rappahannock. The battle of Fredericksburg, Virginia, was fought December 13th and 14th, 1862. The weather was disagreeable. Early winter had set in in gloom. General Ambrose E. Burnside, brave, modest, but incompetent for great command was at the head of the Army of the Potomac. Crossing the river on pontoons in the face of a murderous fire the three Bridgeton companies advanced with their comrades and entered the village of Fredericksburg. Inexperienced but heroic to the core they fought from beginning to end. The roar of cannon, the whistle of shell, the crash of musketry, the bayonet charge deterred them not. Through the blinding smoke and the carnage of battle they followed the flag, bullet to bullet, steel against steel. Comrades fell around them some dying instantly, others suffering with terrible wounds while the life blood slowly ebbed away. In the lull of battle the early moon hid its face behind the cloudy night as if



THE DAVIS HOUSE, BRIDGETON

1855-1865

Edmund Davis, Proprietor

fearful of the bloody scenes on the earth below. Here and there a soldier was praying for succor and help, and yet no help save that alone which came from the Master whose pitying eye and loving heart was ready to receive. If, perchance, some comrade 'mid the storm of grape and cannister sought to rest the head of a dying friend upon his breast, the forward, ever forward command prevented. The burial of Sir Thomas Moore was re-enacted a thousand times on Fredericksburg's fatal field.

"Slowly and sadly we laid them down;  
From the field of their fame fresh and gory,  
We carved not a line; we raised not a stone—  
But left them alone in their glory."

From the field of death with its bloody repulse came the retreat across the turbulent river. Safe on the other shore the terrific cost of this unfortunate conflict was counted. The aftermath of this and other battles is found in the cemetery on Marie's heights where repose the bones of seventeen thousand Union soldiers and among the known and unknown dead are many members of the gallant companies who left the dear old town of Bridgeton on that fair September morning.

Immediately after the battle on the Rappahannock Robert DuBois and Charles R. Elmer, together with Jeremiah Dubois, full of interest and charity for those who were baring their bosoms to the storm of death on Southern fields, began inquiries in Washington and Virginia as to the casualties occurring to our home companies. December 27, 1862, Robert DuBois and Charles R. Elmer returned to Bridgeton with very sad news and a list of those killed and wounded. In its issue of that date, the *Chronicle* said:

"At the time of going to press no news has been received of Lieutenant Robeson who has been missing since the battle of Fredericksburg. There is reason to suppose that he has been taken prisoner and is now in the hands of the rebels. The wound received by Lieutenant Reeves is a flesh wound upon the left arm, painful though not dan-



#### LIEUTENANTS IN BRIDGETON COMPANIES

Twenty-fourth New Jersey Inf. Vols.—1862

Second Lieut. James J. Reeves, Co. H.

First Lieut. Charles M. Pease, Co. G.

First Lieut. Alexander L. Robeson, Co. H.

Second Lieut. William B. Pepper, Co. F.

Second Lieut. Robert B. Potter, Co. G.

gerous. Captain Samuel Harris was severely shocked by a shell. Lieutenant Robert B. Potter had a very narrow escape. A ball striking his watch glanced off and wadded itself in a glove in his pocket. He was also knocked down by a shell. Captain Hoagland is unhurt."

The town went wild on the receipt of this news. Great crowds gathered in front of the Post Office, George W. Johnson, Postmaster, office then located on Commerce street, near the southeast corner of Laurel, listened to telegrams from Washington, clamored for letters from the absent soldiers, and packed the sidewalks, while some person stood upon a dry goods box and read the lists of killed and wounded from the columns of the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, the popular newspaper of war days.

The "Copperheads" were plentiful about this time with their sneers and "I told you so's," but the patriotic sentiment of the people soon asserted itself from bruised but loyal hearts, and the war went on.

Then it was that the good President on his knees before God appealed for guidance in the nation's hour of bitter trouble.

Mr. Lincoln issued and concluded the Emancipation Proclamation with the following eloquent passages:

"I do order and declare that all persons held as slaves within said designated States and parts of States are and henceforth shall be free.

"And upon this act, sincerely believed to be an act of justice, warranted by the Constitution, upon military necessity, I invoke the considerate judgment of mankind and the gracious favor of Almighty God."

The world wondered, and the black man went free. No more auction block, no more separation of husband from wife, parent from child, at the command of the brutal master. The prayers of centuries which had gone up from the humble cabins of the South were answered at last. "Hallelujah!" cried the manumitted freemen. "It is God and Massa Lincoln, Bress de Lord."



The Republican Congressional Convention met at May's Landing, Atlantic County, and nominated John F. Starr, of Camden, Hon. John T. Nixon, declining a re-nomination.

Governor Charles S. Olden, who had endeared himself to the people of the State and the soldiers in the field, was about to retire from office. The Republican State Convention met at Trenton and named Marcus L. Ward as his successor. The Democratic State Convention nominated Joel Parker. The latter convention adopted a platform which Governor Parker afterward told the writer, had two meanings. Part of it read for a vigorous prosecution of the war, the other portion read for peace. This was a dilemma, but "I straddled it," said the Governor, "and so managed to please both the War and Peace Democrats that I was elected all right." And as he said this there was a twinkle in his eye and a broad smile on his handsome countenance. Joel Parker was elected, and proved an efficient and loyal Governor for whom President Lincoln had great respect.

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Thursday, October 9, 1862, the Republican County Convention met at the Court House, Bridgeton. Isaac Sharpless was chosen chairman. Dr. Ephraim Bateman and J. Edmund Sheppard were made secretaries. The convention proceeded immediately to business. Nominations being declared in order, Providence Ludlam, of Bridgeton, was unanimously chosen as the candidate for State Senator. A contest for the county clerkship which Mr. Ludlam was about to vacate, developed. Theophilus G. Compton and J. Edmund Sheppard were proposed. The ballot resulted in 35 votes for Compton, 14 votes for Sheppard. Mr. Compton was declared the unanimous choice of the convention amid some excitement on the floor. Dr. B. Rush Bateman, of Fairfield, was nominated for Assembly, First District; Edward W. Maylin, of Millville, for Assembly, Second District. For Coroners: James M. Riley, Cohansey;

George Woolford, Millville; Charles Madden, Maurice River.

Providence Ludlam, then in the prime of life, of fine personal appearance, accepted the nomination in a brief speech. He was received with applause. Mr. Compton also appeared and accepted the nomination for County Clerk, as did Dr. Bateman and Mr. Maylin for Assembly.

The Democratic County Convention nominated Richard Lott, of Bridgeton, for Senator, and Dr. Joseph C. Kirby, of Bridgeton, for County Clerk. The canvass was quiet, owing to the great interest in the war, but there was an occasional scrap between "Provie" and the Democratic leaders. These debates generally occurred in front of the Davis House, and every now and then were finished before Edmund's bar where the "jack" went 'round, lending a mellow radiance to the asperities of the day.

The removal of General George B. McClellan from the command of the Army of the Potomac occurred November 10, a few days after election, but the contemplation of this act made the Democrats a little snappy, for they loved "Little Mac" and looked upon him as the great soldier of the war of whom the Republican administration was jealous. Ludlam was always around to take up the cudgel when Mr. Lincoln's conduct was attacked, and in the verbal encounters with Ephraim Sheppard and 'Squire Hughes which ensued, "Provie" usually came out on top.

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The polls closed with the following result in the county: For Governor, Marcus L. Ward, Republican, 322 majority over Joel Parker, Democrat; for Congress, John F. Starr, Republican, 273 majority over Nathaniel Stratton, Democrat; for State Senator, Providence Ludlam, Republican, 213 majority over Richard Lott, Democrat; for County Clerk, Theophilus Compton, Republican, 299 majority over Joseph C. Kirby, Democrat; for Assembly First District, Dr. B. Rush Bateman, Republican, 180 majority over Ezekiel Mayhew, Democrat; Second District,



PROMINENT CITIZENS—1861-1865

Hon. Nathaniel Stratton  
Dr. Joseph C. Kirby

Sherrard Sockwell

Artis E. Hughes  
Richard Lott

Edward W. Maylin, Republican, 74 majority over Andrew H. McNeil, Democrat. The Republican Coroners were elected by about 300 majority.

The victory was celebrated at the County Clerk's office on Commerce street. "Provie" made a good speech, and the boys tumbled over each other in the apple barrel and made sad havoc with the crackers and cheese.

This was the campaign in which Richard Lott, the Democratic candidate for State Senator, who kept the grist mill near the Cumberland Iron Works, got rid of several barrels of extra quality of flour famous as "Lott's Best." Richard Lott was one of the leading citizens of Bridgeton, and one of the best of men. He was a man of genial qualities and good appearance, but had no knowledge of politics and was completely outgeneraled by Ludlam from start to finish. Mr. Lott in after years was wont to refer to the contest with "Provie" as a campaign in which he seemed to be doing well in his own neighborhood, but said he, "When we got into Downe township it appeared as though every other stump was a Republican."

In this canvass Nathaniel Stratton, of Millville, the Democratic candidate for Congress, met his first defeat. He had been Sheriff of Cumberland County and State Senator, filling both positions with credit. "Natty," as his followers delighted to term him, was a man of impressive appearance, dignified in bearing, and of genial manners. His face smoothly shaven, he was a type of the good citizen who fifty years ago was the salt of the earth. The temperance men made him Sheriff because of his ardent views upon that great moral question, to which he adhered through a long and useful life, his last honors terminating with his career as a Judge of the Court of Common Pleas.

With the advent of Providence Ludlam to a seat in the Senate of New Jersey, a great force was given to the leadership of the Republican party in the Southern section of the State. He rose rapidly, and by the end of his first session was more influential than any member of the State Senate previously sent from Cumberland County.

The elections of 1862 were not encouraging to the Union cause and the Republican Administration. New York had elected Horatio Seymour, Governor; Ohio and Indiana had gone back to the minority party which, through its press and its public speakers, was ridiculing the party in power and openly sympathizing with the enemy in the field. The Vallandighams of the North were apparently in the saddle. To crown the miseries of the situation General Burnside had fought and lost the battle of Fredericksburg. Not a rift appeared in the pall of darkness which seemed to have settled over the country. In this hour of national grief and depression, Mr. Lincoln, the devout President, leaning upon the Higher Power, issued a proclamation setting apart Thursday, the 30th day of April, 1863, as a day of national humiliation, fasting and prayer. How humble and yet how tender were the petitions set out in that remarkable document. Never before in all history had a great ruler so penitently placed himself and the future of his country in the hands of his Lord and Master. It rested upon the hearts of his countrymen with a gentle influence like unto the soft wind which, blowing upon the land from the Pacific Ocean, is known as the "chinook"—a breath from God. Said he:

"And inasmuch as we know that by His divine law nations, like individuals, are subjected to punishments and chastisements in this world, may we not justly fear that the awful calamity of civil war which now desolates the land may be but a punishment upon us for our presumptuous sins, to the needful end of our national reformation as a whole people? We have been the recipients of the choicest bounties of heaven; we have been preserved these many years in peace and prosperity; we have grown in numbers, wealth and power as no other nation has ever grown. But we have forgotten God. We have forgotten the gracious hand which preserved us in peace and multiplied and enriched and strengthened us, and we have vainly imagined, in the deceitfulness of our hearts that all these blessings were produced by some superior wisdom and virtue of our

own. Intoxicated with unbroken success, we have become too self-sufficient to feel the necessity of redeeming and preserving grace, too proud to pray to the God that made us.

"It behooves us, then, to humble ourselves before the offended power, to confess our national sins, and pray for clemency and forgiveness."

The nation on its knees before God—such was Mr. Lincoln's wish. It was answered from every hearth and home in the land. The pulpit was eloquent with fervency—the people prayed with tears, and as did Jacob of old, wrestled with the Lord until the break of day.

It was Peniel over again. Verily, the nation had seen God face to face, and its life was preserved.

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Just a little more darkness, then there was to be light. General Joe Hooker, successor to Burnside, fought the battle of Chancellorsville, May 3 and 4, 1863, and was repulsed. The Confederates suffered a serious loss, however, in the death of Stonewall Jackson, one of their best and most skillful leaders.

The result at Chancellorsville so encouraged General Robert E. Lee, the Confederate commander, that he began an advance through Maryland into Pennsylvania with the object of carrying the war into the North.

Early in June the Bridgeton companies enlisted in the nine months regiments returned home because of expiration of their term of service. They had bravely fought in the two great battles of Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville. With depleted ranks they received a royal welcome and the plaudits of the people.

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July 1, 2 and 3 the great decisive battle of Gettysburg, Pa., was fought. For three days 160,000 men were engaged in mortal combat. When the sun went down on the evening of the third day 57,000 men lay upon the field, killed and wounded, 39 per cent. of the two armies whose

utmost strength had been fully tested in that awful encounter. Six hundred cannon on the Union side alone vollied and thundered. Campbell's description of Hohenlinden was eclipsed—

“Then shook the hills with thunder riven,  
Then rushed the steed to battle driven,  
And louder than the bolts of heaven  
Far flashed the red artillery.”

Down the declivity from Seminary Ridge, through the open fields, came Pickett's splendid division of brave Confederates. By double platoons, column upon column, as numerous as the leaves of the forest. The glistening bayonets of the Confederate host shone brightly in the Summer sun. Flags flying, bands playing, bravely forward they marched. Not a sound stirred the air, while the column advanced nearer and nearer. Face to face with the Union position, the solemn stillness was broken by the sound of battle. From behind the stone wall rose the Union line, and poured a deadly fire into the gray breasts of the oncoming foe. Infantry and cavalry joined in the onslaught—musketry and sabre crashed, lunged and parried, while “furious every charger neighed to join the dreadful revelry.”

The gallant columns melted away again and again, immediately to return the charge, only to at last disappear in the *debris* and carnage of that Satanic field.

With Schiller—

Nearer they close—foes upon foes.

“Ready”—from square to square it goes.

Down on the knee they sank,

And the fire comes sharp from the foremost rank—

Many a man to the earth it sent,

Many a gap by the balls is rent—

O'er the corpse before springs the hinder-man,

That the line may not fail to the fearless van,

To the right, to the left, and wherever ye gaze,

Goes the Dance of Death in its whirling maze

God's sunlight is quenched in the fiery fight,

Over the hosts falls a broadening Night!

## HISTORIC DAYS

Twilight deepened. The rain came down in a pitiless shower upon the upturned faces of the countless dead and their wounded comrades. Darkness fell with the Union Army resting upon its arms, uncertain as to with whose eagles the victory rested, waiting patiently for the coming day.

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The morning dawns—it was the glorious Fourth of July. Far away in the distance Lee's mutilated regiments were disappearing through the mists of the South Mountains. The Confederate prestige was broken, never to be restored—the war for the Union was not a failure.

“The charge, the dreadful cannonade,  
The din and shout are passed—”

The wheat field, the peach orchard, Cemetery Hill and Round Top are red with the blood of patriots. Precious blood! Glorious victory! Historic field—Mecca for the coming generations.

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On a sunny slope of the great battlefield at Gettysburg, Pa., stands a granite monument in memory of the heroic deeds performed there on the 2d and 3d days of July, 1863, by the Twelfth New Jersey Regiment, Infantry, Volunteers. This monument, located on the Gettysburg Road, now called Round Top Avenue, is of durable stone, twelve feet, six inches in height. It is in the centre of the position of the regiment as occupied on those eventful days. The base of the monument is four feet, eight inches square, and two feet high. The sub-base is three feet, eight inches square and eighteen inches high, and contains this inscription: “Second Brigade, Third Division, Second Corps,” on three sides. The die is two feet, eight inches square, by four feet, ten inches, in height, polished on the two faces fronting Round Top Avenue, inscribed as follows:

‘In memory of the men of the Twelfth Regiment New Jersey Infantry, Volunteers, who fell upon this field, July





WAR TIME PICTURES—1862-1865

Officers Twelfth Regiment New Jersey Inf. Vo's  
Col J Howard Willetts

Lieut -Col Richard S Thompson  
Lieut -Col Edward M DuBois

Major William E. Potter  
Capt Frank M Riley

Regimental Monument at Gettysburg, Pa

2d and 3d, 1863, and who elsewhere died under the flag, this monument is dedicated by their surviving comrades as an example to future generations." On the second face:

"Buck and Ball,  
Calibre .60."

"This regiment made two separate charges on the Bliss Barn, and captured it."

On the base there is also a picture in bronze of the charge upon the Bliss Barn. The capstone is surmounted by a pedestal, upon which is a representation of the missiles so effectively used by the regiment in repelling the charge of the enemy—buck and ball.

In addition to this beautiful monument, the Twelfth New Jersey Regiment also has a marker near the site of the Bliss Barn. This marker is a massive piece of granite, ten feet, three inches in height; three feet, nine inches wide, and two feet thick, extending into the ground five feet, and weighing about eight tons. On the top of this marker are two carved crossed bayonets and corps badge, and "12th N. J. Vols." in raised letters. On the front is the following inscription:

"Erected by the State of New Jersey, 1888, in honor of the Twelfth Regiment of Volunteers, a detachment of which, in the afternoon of July 2, 1863, charged the Bliss house and barn here, capturing the enemy's reserve of seven officers and eighty-five men stationed therein."

On the rear of the tablet is the following:

"On the morning of July 3d, another detachment of the regiment charged, capturing the buildings, one officer and one man, and driving back the skirmish reserve. The regiment lost in their charges sixty officers and men."

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Thus, in enduring granite, is told the story of the gallant work of one of the best New Jersey regiments, in the most tremendous struggle of the Civil War. It was here that it met the Confederate General Pettigrew's onslaught in the advance known as Pickett's charge, and stood like

a solid rock—a barrier for the Union. The strength of the regiment, on the 2d day of July, was about four hundred men. It was armed with the Springfield smooth-bore musket, calibre .69, a terrible weapon at close range. Lieutenant-Colonel William E. Potter, in his address at Gettysburg, on the dedication of the monument, May 26th, 1886, said that: "The men were young, well disciplined, of respectable parentage, in comfortable circumstances, and almost solely of native birth. In the entire regiment, as originally mustered—one thousand strong—there were but seventy-two men of foreign nativity, and these were, almost without exception, faithful soldiers. The men had the confidence of their officers, who were, in turn, very generally trusted and respected by their men. The usual cartridge of the Springfield musket carried a large ball and three buckshot, but many of the men, while awaiting the enemy's advance, had opened their boxes and prepared special cartridges of from ten to twenty-five buckshot alone. It was the only regiment in the division bearing the arms mentioned, and I doubt whether anywhere upon that field a more destructive fire was encountered than blazed forth from its front."

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Part of this regiment, composed of such splendid native fighting material, was Company K, enlisted at Bridgeton, the shire town of Cumberland County, New Jersey. Behind a stone wall, which in the Gettysburg country separated the farms from the road, which ran a distance of about three hundred and fifty yards, serving as a line fence, General Smyth's Brigade of the Second Corps lay, with the Twelfth New Jersey on the right, the First Delaware to the left, the Fourteenth Connecticut next. As Generals Pettigrew and Armistead, of Pickett's Division, moved upon the Union line with magnificent front, Company K, made up of the honest yeomanry of Cumberland County, of whose brilliant action on the historic field at Gettysburg history has made no mistake, waited upon the ground for the word of command to fire. When the order rang out, the boys from Cumberland joined with their comrades in withering

volleys of buck and ball into the faces of the advancing foe. Three times did Pickett's Division advance, only to recede with decimated ranks. Column on column of Confederates had gone to their death before the deadly fusilade of shot and shell from the Union line; the field ran red with blood, the dead and dying lay in row upon row, as far as the eye could reach when the lifted smoke gave opportunity to observe the dreadful scene. As the assault continued, one gallant Confederate in the van of the assaulting column placed his foot upon the stone wall, bravely carrying the Confederate colors. He was a member of General Pettigrew's Division, and a stalwart North Carolinian, and it is the testimony of the living remnant of Company K to-day—about thirty in number, now, with whom the writer has long had personal acquaintance—that to the soldiers of North Carolina, under the gallant Pettigrew, belongs the honor and glory of having gone farthest into the Union lines at Gettysburg—a credit that has often been denied them by writers whose hasty productions have done gross injustice to the brave men from the old North State, who in many battles of the Civil War brought victory to the Confederate arms on fields which might otherwise have been lost. The New Jersey soldiers who met the soldiers of North Carolina on that bloody field, face to face, remember their sterling qualities as American soldiers on the wrong side of a great issue; but, nevertheless, Americans still.

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The afternoon of July 2d, 1863, at Gettysburg, brought still greater honors to the Twelfth Regiment. The five centre companies were ordered to charge the Bliss barn, which stood in the open field, some distance from the stone wall. The barn was occupied by Confederate sharpshooters, who were picking off the Union soldiers wherever a head appeared. In this charge, Captain Frank M. Riley, of Bridgeton, then in command of Company F, took an important part, bravely leading his men to the attack. The assault was successful, the barn captured, and a large number of prisoners taken. The companies were soon

obliged to abandon the barn, and fall back with their prisoners to the stone wall again, owing to a heavy Confederate fire. On the morning of July 3d, a second charge of the remaining five companies of the regiment was ordered. This charge was gallantly led by Captain Richard S. Thompson, of Company K, Bridgeton. The barn was again captured, and a few more prisoners taken. The Confederates rallied and began to surround the barn, when the companies fell back to the stone wall. When the order to retire rang out, Sergeant Aaron Terry, of Company K, a native of Downe Township, Cumberland County, a noble fellow, and Private John J. Boone, of Company A, were engaged in firing from the main floor above the basement, in which they had got comfortably fixed. They immediately returned to the basement of the barn to rejoin their comrades, when they found themselves alone. Their fellow-soldiers were nearly back to their old position on the Emmettsburg Road. A line of Confederates perhaps seventy-five yards long could be seen behind a fence on each side of the field through which Terry and Boone must pass to reach safety in the Union lines. A glance disclosed the fact that they must run for their lives or submit to capture. Accordingly, they started for the Union position on a double-quick. The attention of the Confederates being on the main body of Federals which had just escaped them, they did not discover the two Jersey men until they were about two-thirds of the way through their lines. Then suddenly came the challenge, sharp and short: "Halt, you Yankees!" But the command was not obeyed. It only added fleetness to the sprinters. Bullets flew like hail 'round and about the runners, whistling about their ears, striking the ground in every direction, but neither Terry nor Boone were hit. Fortune had favored them, and they arrived safely at the position occupied by their comrades at the stone wall, very happy over their close escape from death. That night, however, Sergeant Terry was captured on the picket line, and his heroic soul departed this life of disease and starvation at the Confederate prison, Andersonville, Georgia. The casualties in Com-

pany K during the two sanguinary days at Gettysburg were: Killed—Simon W. Creamer, Henry S. Sockwell; wounded—Daniel H. Carman (who afterwards died at Field Hospital), William H. Dickson, Charles H. Simpkins, Bloomfield Spencer, Samuel Tomlinson; missing—Aaron Terry, Thomas C. Galloway, Theophilus Sutton.

Many were the gallant deeds performed by members of Company K at Gettysburg, and many were the hair-breadth escapes from instant death. Each member took meritorious part in that fiercest contest of the war, and to each and all belongs the meed of praise for patriotic service well done—a record of which the County of Cumberland will be very proud throughout the generations which are to come.

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Late telegrams brought to the good people of the town of Bridgeton great news in the early afternoon and evening of July 4th, 1863. The telegrams posted in front of the Post Office said that the rebel General Pemberton had surrendered the fortress at Vicksburg, Mississippi, to General Grant, with 32,000 prisoners and 200 cannon, and that General Robert E. Lee, with the Confederate Army of Northern Virginia, had been disastrously defeated in a three days' fight at Gettysburg, Pa., and was on the retreat, General George G. Meade, with the Army of the Potomac, having killed, wounded and taken prisoners 35,000 of the Confederates.

The first telegram read as follows:

“WAR DEPARTMENT.

WASHINGTON, July 4, 1863, 10 A. M.

The President announces to the country that news from the Army of the Potomac, up to 10 o'clock P. M. of the 3d, is such as to cover that army with the highest honor, to promise a great success in the cause of the Union, and to claim the condolence of all for the many gallant fallen; and that for this he specially desires that on this day He whose will, not ours, should ever be done, be everywhere remembered and ever revered with profoundest gratitude.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.”



WAR TIME PICTURES—1862-1865

Group Company K, Twelfth Reg. N. J. Inf. Vols.

Thomas S. Green

Thomas H. Conover

Serg. Charles S. Padgett

George Laws

George McHenry

Samuel H. Tomlinson

No sooner had the news arrived than the bell on Grosscup's Hall began to ring vigorously. The melodious bells on the First Presbyterian Church Session House, the Second Presbyterian Church, the West Jersey Academy, joined in the tumult, and far and near rang out peals of victory. The old six-pounder, which had done good service in celebrations of by-gone years, was brought out and fired a salute on the banks of the Cohansey. The fire engines "Minerva" and "Bridgeton," old-time hand vehicles, appeared from the hose house on the Cumberland Nail and Iron Works grounds, near Lott's Mill, and, with a long line of men and boys attached to the ropes, ran through Commerce Street with a clatter of fire bells and a rattle of cheers which set the town wild. The local brass band came out, and added to the hurrah by discoursing patriotic music. The old-time drum corps, Lot Loper, Jerry Maul, Jerry Koray, with the fife; and Lev. Bond, Eddie Crozier, Crockett Loper, and every man of the town who could handle drum sticks, came down Laurel Hill with a "Yankee Doodle" and "Hail Columbia" that made other forms of music pale into insignificance. Whistles and horns screamed and tooted. Bands of citizens sang upon the streets all the patriotic airs of the war time, chief among which was the familiar "Rally 'Round the Flag, Boys, Rally Once Again, Shouting the Battle Cry of Freedom!" Thousands of men, women and children, paraded the streets until the small hours. Stirring speeches were made from dry goods boxes at the corner of Commerce and Laurel streets by excited patriots. In front of the old Davis House the sidewalk was impassable. From the great crowds, augmented every moment by large numbers of farmers from the adjacent townships, who, having heard rumors of the good news, hastened by horseback and every form of vehicle to join in the festivities at the county seat, cheer upon cheer went up to the heavens. At Edmund's bar the health of Generals Grant and Meade was repeatedly drunk from brimming glasses, and the bravery of the soldiers in the field lauded in excited huzzahs. Flags and red fire decorated and



illuminated the residences on every hand. He who did not produce the Stars and Stripes was looked upon as a traitor. Glorious night! Happy people!

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Next day the Philadelphia papers arrived, with startling headlines and graphic accounts of the great victories secured on the anniversary of the American Fourth of July, Gettysburg and Vicksburg, both on the same day. The particulars of the Vicksburg surrender, however, seemed to cheer the nation even more than that at Gettysburg. One of the papers—the Phila. Inquirer, which was the journal that had a wide circulation in Bridgeton—gave pen-picture sketches of the scenes attending the surrender of the rebels. Among other things, it said that before noon of the preceding day Grant and Sherman's armies, about 70,000 strong, filed into the streets of the city and hoisted the Stars and Stripes over the Court House. The soldiers made the welkin ring with shouts and cheers, singing the battle cry of freedom. One of the Wisconsin regiments, the Eighth, famous for its fighting qualities, carried with it an eagle which had been with the regiment in the thickest of the fight, in many battles. The war-eagle was known as "Old Abe." Seated on the staff-head of the old flag, borne by the color guard, in advance of Grant's columns, into the captured city, "Old Abe" flapped his wings and screamed his joy to the great delight of the marching soldiers.

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July 15th, in the midst of the national rejoicing, the great President, whose faith always rested in God, again appealed to the nation, setting apart Thursday, the 6th day of August, 1863, as a day for national thanksgiving, praise and prayer "to the Divine Majesty, for the wonderful things He has done in the nation's behalf, and invoke the influence of His Holy Spirit to subdue the anger which has produced and so long sustained a needless and cruel rebellion, to change the hearts of the insurgents, to guide the counsels of the Government with wisdom adequate to so great a

national emergency, and to visit with tender care and consolation, throughout the length and breadth of our land, all those who, through the vicissitudes of marches, voyages, battles and sieges, have been brought to suffer, in mind, body or estate, and finally to lead the whole nation through the paths of repentance and submission to the divine will back to the perfect enjoyment of union and fraternal peace."

The puissant arm of the nation had won great victories on land and sea; the eagles of the army shone with the refulgence of the triumphs achieved on the soil of Pennsylvania, red with the blood of heroes; by the banks of the Mississippi, and on the waters of the rivers which ran to the sea. Peans of earthly victories filled the air. Then, with meekness and humility, Abraham Lincoln, colossal figure, called the nation from festivity to duty. He pointed them to God—that God without whose help nations must fall, with whose favor nations stand, prosperous, victorious.

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The Democratic majority in the New Jersey Legislature, during the month of January, 1863, at a time when the national horizon was depressed and disturbed because of the failure of the Union commanders to bring the Confederate armies to defeat, set on foot a scheme which they imagined would secure peace between the sections. Accordingly, the Senator from Hudson County, Mr. Randolph, introduced a document for the consideration of the State Senate, afterward known as the "Peace Resolutions." The substance of this treasonable proposition was: "That the Legislature should appoint a Commission to go to Richmond to see upon what terms the rebels will make peace, and asking President Lincoln to furnish them safeguards for the journey."

Mr. Scudder, Chairman of the Committee on Federal Relations, reported the resolutions favorably.

Mr. Ludlam, Senator from Cumberland County, offered a substitute, the third section of which read as follows:



PROMINENT CITIZENS—1861-1865

George B. Cooper  
Thomas Corson

Hon. C. Henry Sheppard

Hon. Charles C. Grosscup  
Joseph H. C. Appelgate

*"Be it Resolved,* That we are opposed to all propositions for peace as a cessation of hostilities or to compromise, unless the rebels lay down their arms, and acknowledge the rightful government of the United States, and return to an obedience of the laws, on a common level with all the States under the Constitution as our forefathers made it.

"That we extend to our brave Jerseymen who have left their homes to battle for the Government, all praise and honor for the noble manner in which they have upheld the old flag, and promise that by no act of ours shall the blush of shame be made to mantle their cheeks."

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In the House of Assembly, Dr. Benjamin Rush Bateman, of Cumberland, offered a resolution bearing upon the peace propositions and the objections which the Democrats were then making to the use of colored men as volunteers in the army and navy, to wit.:

"That, as General Washington did never disdain the services of persons of color in the War of the Revolution, and as Andrew Jackson, at the defence of New Orleans, likewise invited them to his standard, and after the battle had been won did issue to them a splendid address, in which he thanked them for their efficient services, therefore, the President has done well to follow the precedent established by the Father of his Country, and by the idol of the Democracy, in summoning to the help of the Union all who love their country."

Mr. Ludlam's substitute was rejected by the Senate, as was Dr. Bateman's resolutions in the House, by strict party votes, the Democrats having majorities in both Houses.

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Wednesday, the 25th day of February, 1863, the resolutions were discussed by Mr. Randolph, Senator from Hudson; Mr. Chandler, Senator from Morris; Mr. Buckley, Senator from Passaic; Mr. Ludlam, Senator from Cumberland.

In his remarks, among other excellent things, Senator Ludlam said:

"For nineteen months after their attack on Fort Sumter we protected their slaves and other property. I am personally acquainted with volunteers from my own county, who went at the first call for three years' men, who stood in the winter of 1862 shoe-top deep in mud night after night, protecting rebel property, and to keep their slaves from running into our lines; and all the thanks they got for it was to be insulted in the morning as a return, or by information sent by these scoundrels to the rebel pickets of their whereabouts, then to be shot like dogs as they stood at their posts; and this, as I said before, for nineteen months, through summer's heat and winter's cold, through hunger and thirst, sickness, and the death of many a noble heart. \* \* \* \*

"The object of the war is the maintenance of the Government, the object of these resolutions is the restoration of a party to power and to effect that object, it exposes the Government to destruction, and declares that they prefer the supremacy of a party to the supremacy of the Government.

"I expect to stand by the Government, let who will administer it, until this war is over, and all such resolutions as these are illtimed and out of place. Our business now as loyal citizens is the putting down armed rebellion, and giving the Government all the support in our power—not to assist our enemies in striking it down by showing up every aspect and gloating over every mishap or mistake in judgment which the Government or the commanders of our armies may make. That is not the way we want a true and trustful friend to act towards us and it is not the way he would act, if he was a true friend, and had our welfare at heart. I cannot vote for these resolutions offered by the (Democratic) majority of the committee; and I hope, for the credit of the State of New Jersey and her 30,000 sons who are now on the battlefield, that no Senator will vote for them."

Brave Senator Ludlam! Words fitly spoken at a proper time, yet of no avail! The resolutions passed, all the Democrats voting for them.

When the news of the passage of the traitorous Peace Resolutions reached the Army of the Potomac, the soldiers of New Jersey were indignant. The Twenty-fourth New Jersey Regiment, encamped not far from the recent battlefield of Fredericksburg, prepared a protest. At a meeting held Thursday, April 2d, the regiment, without arms, was formed in hollow square on the plaza in front of the Colonel's marque. After an appropriate prayer by the good chaplain, William Stockton, the meeting organized by calling Colonel William B. Robertson to the chair. Surgeon Dr. William L. Newell was made secretary. On motion, the following officers were named a committee to draft a set of resolutions expressing the sense of the meeting: Captain Augustus Sailer, Surgeon William L. Newell, Lieutenant Robert B. Potter, Lieutenant James J. Reeves, Lieutenant-Colonel Frank L. Knight. This committee reported a series of patriotic and denunciatory resolutions of the action of the New Jersey Legislature.

Surgeon Newell, Lieutenants Wilkins, Reeves, Potter and Bartine, of the Twenty-fourth Regiment, addressed the meeting in favor of the adoption of the resolutions. Captain Richard S. Thompson, of Company K, Twelfth New Jersey Regiment, and Lieutenant William E. Potter, of the same company and regiment, then Ordnance Officer on the staff of General French, also spoke. Colonel Robertson addressed the meeting in an excellent speech. Chaplain Stockton in his remarks touched the hearts of all present by an eloquent allusion to "the old Independence Bell" in Philadelphia, sending its voice as to these resolutions, to all the land and the inhabitants thereof.

The speeches were patriotic and eloquent expressions from the hearts of the loyal Jerseymen who wore the blue.

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Doctor William L. Newell, surgeon of the regiment, of Millville, Cumberland County, a man of distinguished personal appearance, Democratic by birth and training, delivered one of the most impressive speeches made on that memorable day. Standing on the soil of Virginia, made sacred

by the blood of Lieutenant Robeson and thousands of his comrades, who had come to early graves because of armed treason now confronting them, with uncovered head, in the presence of this splendid regiment, with the starry heavens as a canopy, the Doctor said:

"It is an old story, and a true one, and I here repeat it, that this is the best Government on God's earth; and, as such, who is not proud of such a structure? But her flag has been assailed, and we are here to avenge her honor. This country is writhing in civil war, a condition greatly to be deplored. But what is it to be, the inheritance of a free and independent nation we are, or are not to leave our children? If we are to be a free, united and happy people, there is but one single, plain and comprehensive course to pursue, and that is to stand by the Government in her efforts to overthrow the most gigantic rebellion the world ever knew. There is one effectual way to support the Government, and I heartily recommend it to the misguided State from whence we come. There is a doctrine, or maxim, rather, to which the lamented Douglass gave force, that 'who is not for the Government is against us,' and I now declare that such men as are against us in this struggle have no business in our midst, and were I a member of a legalized body, I would vote for a law which would send every Southern sympathizer inside the Southern lines, and appropriate their property for Government use."

This, the substance of the Doctor's speech, was received with great applause.

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The youthful Lieutenant William E. Potter (to be known later on as Colonel), with serious countenance and impressive gestures, then addressed the regiment, a few brief sentences of which are here appended:

"You wish, fellow-soldiers, if I understand the object of this meeting, to stigmatize as traitors those men at home who, while pretending to represent the sentiments of the people, are endeavoring to commit our State to some act of sympathy towards the rebellion which is striving to over-

throw the republic. And, standing where you do to-day, by your voices and your votes, you proclaim, as with tones of a clarion, unto the people of New Jersey that it is to you a matter of regret and shame that, while you are enduring the perils and sufferings of war, and while, alas! the accursed soil of Virginia is even now dotted with the nameless graves of Jerseymen who have already fallen in defence of our national life, that these traitors at home should be striving to outstrip each other in their haste to throw themselves at the feet of the slave power, and to kiss the hands which are stained with the blood of their brethren."

Enthusiastic was the applause at the conclusion of Lieutenant Potter's eloquent periods.

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Lieutenant James J. Reeves was loudly applauded in the sentiment expressed in the following paragraph:

"I cannot let the occasion pass without saying a word in favor of the resolutions. I think they will accomplish a two-fold purpose in awakening a stronger sentiment of loyalty among the friends of the Government at home, and of striking terror to the hearts of the secret enemies who, from partisan motives, are doing all that lies in their power to embarrass and resist its efforts to suppress the rebellion and restore the Union. The lips could not give utterance to language too strong in denunciation of these contemptible 'Peace Resolutions' of our notorious Legislature. Though they purported to be the voice and view of the people, they were but the exponents of the sentiments of men in open sympathy with traitors, and it is our duty as Jerseymen and Jersey soldiers openly to rebuke such a spirit of disloyalty."

The resolutions were unanimously adopted by a chorus of ayes, and amid the cheers of the entire regiment.

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April 25th, 1863, the attached item appeared in the columns of the Bridgeton Chronicle:

"Charge of Kimball's Brigade at the Battle of Fredricksburg," is the title of a handsome lithograph from a



sketch by John G. Keyser, of the Twenty-fourth New Jersey Regiment, which took such an active part in the engagement. This regiment being composed principally of men from this section of the State will give additional interest to the handsomely gotten up scene. Mr. G. W. Johnson, at the Bridgeton Post Office, and Mr. Jacob Kienzle have copies of it for sale."

Artist John G. Keyser was a private in the Twenty-fourth New Jersey Regiment, and made several sketches of camp and battle scenes during his term of service. Born in Germany, he was a typical son of the Rhine country, loving his pipe and glass of Bock. Two of his sketches have become historical. One, a painting of the "Departure of the Cumberland Greys on the Steamer Patuxent," the other known as "Campaign Sketches of the Twenty-fourth Regiment, New Jersey Volunteers, 1862." Keyser was a brave comrade and a good fellow. After fifty years of residence in the United States, he returned to Germany, at the request of a sister, and resided with her until his death. He deceased at an advanced age, and, until within a few months of his end, wrote to friends in Bridgeton, among whom was the writer. His last letter breathed a prayer for America, which he said he loved above all other lands, and he longed to return to it previous to death. His wish was not gratified, but on the margin of the letter he said: "Isaac, my friend, here is to the Star Spangled Banner; long may it wave," a pathetic, patriotic farewell.

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The Union men of the North began to organize themselves into societies for the promotion of the cause which they had so much at heart. In all the large cities the movement had made rapid progress. New York and Philadelphia organized Union Leagues, which survive to this day. They did, and are still doing, a great work for the nation whenever in moments of depression and peril the national life and honor are assailed.

The Union League was a secret organization, which the Democrats denounced as contrary to the spirit of our insti-

tutions, and the public speakers of that party made the League the object of very bitter attacks, as did also the Democratic press.

The initiatory ceremonies of the Union League were devoid of ritualism, modest in form, and of a beautiful, patriotic character. Candidates were conducted to the altar, upon which was draped the folds of the American flag, and, with the crimson incense of red fire surrounding them, allegiance to the Government was sworn in a simple oath dedicatory of the life, honor and means of the candidate to the great work of saving and preserving the Union—just such an obligation as the Revolutionary Fathers took when they attached their signatures to the Declaration of Independence.

Saturday evening, March 21st, 1863, a meeting of Union men was held in Grosscup's Hall, Bridgeton, and the first League organized in Cumberland County. Adrian Bateman called the assemblage to order. Hon. John T. Nixon was made President; Charles E. Elmer, Adrian Bateman, Vice Presidents; John S. Mitchell, Secretary. David McBride, Stephen G. Porch, Charles E. Elmer, Alphonso Woodruff, Adrain Bateman were appointed by the chair a committee to draft a constitution for the League.

The Committee reported a constitution setting forth the objects of the League, providing for the manner of organization, etc. Second section of the constitution read: "The primary object of this League is, and shall be, to bind together all loyal men, of all trades and professions, in a common union, to maintain the power, glory and integrity of the nation, and to discountenance and rebuke by moral and social influences all disloyalty."

Two hundred persons signed the roll of membership at this meeting. Hon. John T. Nixon and Paul T. Jones spoke eloquently on the merits and purposes of the organization, but the speech of the evening was made by Chas. E. Elmer. Then in the prime of life, Mr. Elmer was a commanding figure, and few possessed the attractive personality and gifts which nature had given him. In the presence of the best element of the town, men in every department of



PROMINENT CITIZENS—1840-1860

Charles S. Fithian  
Horatio J. Mulford  
Dayton B. Whitaker

Clement J. Lee  
James M. Riley  
Stephen G. Porch

William Dare  
Dr. Joseph Moore  
Isaac B. Mulford

life, who had come together because of love of their country, he exhibited traits of character which stamped his loyalty on the hearts of all present. With flashing eye and erect carriage, he drove conviction home with stalwart blows for the flag and the Union. Said he: "I advocate the formation of Union Leagues everywhere, and by this means strengthening the Government by every method within our power, thereby making clear and distinct the line between the loyal and the disloyal, so that the sheep may be distinguished from the goats. Let those who are sincere in their devotion to the disunion and destruction cause take their guns and go South—let us have an end to this mock devotion, both among the loyal and disloyal, and when we have rid ourselves, or have been rid, of the enervating influence of the disloyal and semi-loyal, and the true and patriotic see and understand that they must depend alone upon their own strong arms and brave hearts, then there will be a blow struck to treason and the foes of democratic institutions that will hurl from power the traitors who have first deluded, and then trampled upon, the rights and liberties of the Southern people. The perjured traitors now wielding such unlimited sway over the South have elevated themselves to place and dominion upon the suffering, tears, human sacrifices and miseries of their downtrodden subjects. Let us all unite, all who feel that they have a Government to love and admire—all who feel that the institutions of their fathers are worth preserving, and then with unbroken front and 'serried shields in thick array,' devote ourselves by words and acts to the work that is given us of God to perform—to the overthrowing and destroying this monstrous and wicked rebellion."

The Union League of Bridgeton continued in existence long after the close of the Civil War, and rendered valuable service to the Union cause and Mr. Lincoln's administration.

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The Chronicle, in its issue of April 25th, 1863, had this to say of the beautiful silk flag presented to the "Cum-

berland Greys" the day of their departure, in 1861, by the ladies of Bridgeton:

"We have been asked what has become of the flag presented to the 'Cumberland Greys,' (Company F, Third New Jersey Regiment, Volunteers). We would here state, for the benefit of all who may feel an interest in the matter, that it has been deposited in the County Clerk's Office of this county, according to the following request:

'CAMP, NEAR FREDERICKSBURG, December 22, 1862.

Please deliver to Robert DuBois, Esq., the "Cumberland Greys" colors, to be deposited in the Clerk's Office.

JAMES W. H. STICKNEY,  
*Major, late Captain, Co. F., 3d N. J. Vols.*

SAMUEL T. DuBOIS,  
*Captain Co. C., late 1st Lieutenant Co. F., 3d N. J. Vols.*

CHARLES F. SALKELD,  
*Captain Co. F., 3d N. J. Vols.*

MICHAEL H. SWING, BOWMAN H. BUCK, DANIEL  
B. GINENBACK, CLARENCE MULFORD,  
*Sergeants Co. F., 3d N. J. Vols.'*"

Robert DuBois, together with his brother Jeremiah, were paying visits to the army every now and then, conveying clothing and delicacies to the soldiers from Cumberland. They were good Samaritans engaged in a work which will long redound to the credit of themselves and their posterity. Robert brought the flag to Bridgeton, and carried out the instructions as per the request.

The "Cumberland Greys" did not carry this flag in battle, because by the United States Army Regulations they were enrolled under their own regimental colors, now enclosed in one of the glass cases in the corridors of the State House, riddled with bullet holes, torn and tattered by the battle and the breeze.

The appended notice appeared in the Bridgeton papers the last week in June:

"To the Returned Volunteers of the County of Cumberland.

"Reception and Dinner at the Elmer Grove, near the West Jersey Academy, July 9, 1863, at 2 o'clock. This invitation includes not only the officers and privates of the nine months' volunteers, but all soldiers now in the county belonging to the three years' regiments who have been honorably discharged from the service.

"By order of Ladies' Aid Society of Bridgeton."

The day of the reception, July 9th, dawned bright and beautiful. The streets were alive with people. Rain the previous day had laid the dust nicely, and the ground was in fine marching order. The returned volunteers formed in front of the Davis House on Commerce Street, and, under command of Major Joel A. Fithian, of the Twenty-Fourth Regiment, marched to the grove in perfect order and discipline, which marked them as well-drilled soldiers and elicited the applause of the people. At the Elmer Grove the ladies had spread a magnificent repast under the large tent of the Cumberland County Agricultural Society. The table abounded with roast beef, chicken potpie, baked pig, vegetables of every kind, fruit, cake, pie, cream, and all the delicacies of the season. The boys made merry 'round the festive board, and in the intervals between eat and drink fought the battles of the past over again, without fear of bullet or shell.

Hon. John T. Nixon addressed the veterans on behalf of the ladies, and eulogized the eminent services they had rendered the country in the campaigns in Virginia. Franklin F. Westcott, a rising young attorney, of Bridgeton, was also present, and in a rousing speech stirred the hearts of the returned soldiers to cheers. Lieutenant James J. Reeves replied for the companies of the Twenty-Fourth Regiment and the boys in blue generally, thanking the ladies and citizens for the splendid reception. The festivities closed with cheers for the ladies and the singing of the "Star Spangled Banner" and other patriotic airs.



PROMINENT CITIZENS—1861-1865

Hon. Uriah D. Woodruff

Daniel Bacon

Hon. James H. Trenchard

Hon. Morton Mills

Theophilus G. Compton

On the 28th day of June, 1863, the first colored volunteers arrived in Bridgeton from the Townships of Hopewell and Greenwich. They numbered 29 stout, healthy young men, and among the number was Robert Gould, who did good service in Company I, Third Regiment U. S. Colored Troops. Accompanying him were Alexander Manley, John W. Miller, Perry Sawyer, John Sewell, John Coursey, Joseph R. Walker and others. They were taken to Philadelphia and enrolled there after their names had been registered in the County Clerk's office. The regiment to which they were attached took part in the engagements at Fort Wagner, in the siege of Charleston, South Carolina, August 26th, 1863; Bryant's Plantation, Fla., October 21st, 1864; Marion County, Fla., March 10th, 1865; Jacksonville, Fla., April 4th, 1865. A large number of colored men from Cumberland County enlisted in United States regiments later on in the war.

At this time prejudice against the colored man both as a soldier and citizen, was very bitter; but the men for whom "John Brown's body lay mouldering in the grave" went marching on, standing shoulder to shoulder, with their white brothers, leaving their bodies and blood on the field where death held high carnival amid the clash of armies and the fearful onslaught of embittered foes.

Honor to the black man for his brave work and gallant conduct in the service of the nation under whose flag for more than a century he had toiled by command of the lash of his Southern master, beaten and bruised until Abraham, the gentle, liberty-loving Executive came. Then, sorrow ceased—the humble cabin echoed with songs of jubilee and the light of freedom streamed through the crevice in the thatch, beneath which the humble prayer of the bereaved slave had so often gone up to God.

New York City, having failed to secure the quota of volunteers which the Government required at her hands, the draft was resorted to. When the Provost-Marshal attempted to put the draft in force rioting began in the city streets and several men were killed. Only through the presence of troops was the mob at last quelled into sub-



mission. What a contrast in the conduct of certain citizens of New York as compared with the volunteer service of the patriotic colored men North and South offered the Government so quickly, so generously.

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News came from the front at several periods during the summer of 1863, to the effect that William E. Potter, (Bridgeton) of Company K, 12th New Jersey, had been promoted to a First Lieutenantcy, and made Judge Advocate of the 3d Division, Second Army Corps, Army of the Potomac, aid to Division General in action; that Lieutenant Daniel Dare, (Bridgeton,) Company K, had been transferred to and made Captain of Company E, 12th New Jersey; that First Lieutenant Josiah Shaw, Millville, had been honored with the captaincy of Company C, 4th New Jersey, (and just here we note that at the close of hostilities Major Shaw, which latter honor he attained for gallant service in the field, was appointed to an important position in the Bureau of Pensions, Washington, D. C., where for forty years he rendered valuable service to the Government, in the adjustment of thousands of pension cases which came under his supervision in that great department); that Sergeant-Major Edward M. DuBois, of Bridgeton, had been advanced to First Lieutenant, then captain of Company C, 12th New Jersey, concerning which gentleman the Chronicle of August 15th, 1863, said: "Our townsman, Sergeant-Major Edward M. DuBois, of the 12th Regiment, New Jersey Volunteers, has been promoted to Lieutenant and still later to a captaincy in Company C, of the same regiment. The appointment is well deserved and popular. Mr. DuBois was commended for gallantry in the battles of Chancellorsville and Gettysburg, and we are glad to know that this bravery has been suitably rewarded."

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The Republican County Convention met at the Court House, in Bridgeton, Monday, October 12, 1863, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. Senator Providence Ludlam was

elected chairman, and George B. Cooper, of Millville, secretary.

The following persons were presented as candidates for the Sheriffalty nomination: Lucius Moore, of Deerfield; Ebenezer Hall and Charles L. Watson, of Greenwich. Eden Hood and Daniel B. Ginenback were appointed tellers.

Charles L. Watson was nominated for the office of Sheriff on the second ballot, and his nomination was immediately made unanimous.

Hon. B. Rush Bateman, of Fairfield, was renominated for Assembly, First District; Hon. Edward W. Maylin, of Millville, for Assembly, Second District.

James M. Riley, of Cohansey; Charles P. Madden, of Maurice River; Alfred Holmes, of Hopewell, were nominated for Coroners.

During the absence of the Committee on Resolutions Hon. John T. Nixon addressed the convention in a patriotic speech.

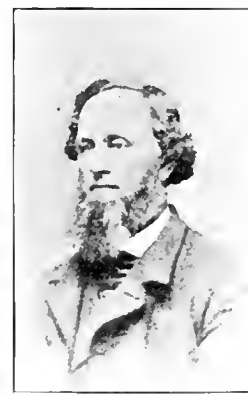
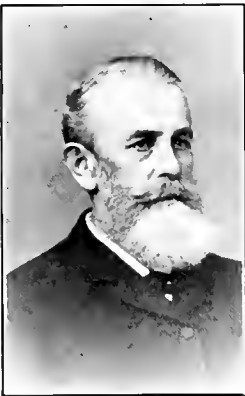
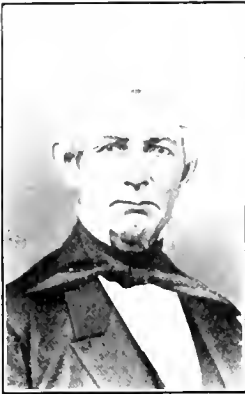
Resolutions were adopted as follows:

"Resolved, That we pledge ourselves anew to an unwavering and unconditional support of the National Government, in its efforts to suppress the wicked rebellion against its authority.

"Resolved, That we return our hearty thanks to the soldiers and sailors of the Union for their services; we congratulate them on their successes; rejoice with them in their victories, and promise them our sympathy, encouragement and support in their heroic hardships and sufferings.

"Resolved, That we are for the prosecution of the war until the power and authority of the Government are established; and, to this end, we greet as brothers the loyal men of all parties who join heart and hand with us in this cause; and we recognize as political enemies all who make this paramount issue subordinate to personal interests or partisan dogmas.

"Resolved, That we will sustain the Government in the exercise of all measures which they may deem wise



PROMINENT CITIZENS—1861-1865

Richard Laning  
Joel Fithian  
Daniel Sharp

Lucius Moore  
Ethan Lore  
Albert R. Jones

Robert J. Fithian  
Robert Jordan  
John L. Sharp

and necessary for the overthrow of the rebellion, the suppression of the conspiracy, and the extermination or complete submission of the conspirators, whether it be by the overthrow of their armies, the issuing of proclamations of freedom, the arrest of sympathizers, aiders and abettors of treason, the use of Greek fire or the hanging of traitors."

Mr. Watson, in accepting the nomination for Sheriff, after his introduction to the convention thanked the delegates for the honor, and "declared his purpose to so act, if elected, that none should ever feel that their confidence in him had been misplaced."

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The Democratic County Convention met about a week later. Richard Langley, of Millville, was named for Sheriff. L. W. Probasco, of Hopewell, was nominated for Assembly, First District; Charles Laning, of Deerfield, for Assembly, Second District.

In its fifth resolution the convention said: "That the total lack of sound policy and the sole reliance on physical force by the Administration is calculated to prolong the war and defeat the object for which it was waged." This resolution was a re-echo of the famous Peace policy endorsed by the Democrats in the Legislature at Trenton the winter previous.

John L. Sharp, of Millville, former State Senator, urged the convention to "stand by their vested rights as Democrats, and knowing them to be right to maintain them at the sacrifice of life if necessary."

The convention was in bitter mood because of McClellan's removal and Burnside's suspension of the writ of habeas corpus in the arrest of the Ohio copperhead, Mr. Vallandigham, which action was sustained by the Administration. Vallandigham was a secessionist pure and simple, and his treacherous conduct was very properly punished.

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The canvass was warm and the result narrow majorities. Watson was chosen Sheriff by 156 majority. Bate-

man, Assembly, First District, 202 majority; Maylin, Assembly, Second District, 173 majority.

Charles Laning, Democratic candidate for Assemblyman, Second District, was the father of Samuel A. Laning, a former postmaster of Bridgeton. Laning, pere, was a man of earnest conviction, a Democrat of the Jeffersonian type. Quiet in demeanor, nevertheless firm. Apparently not popular, yet at every test a vote-getter. When the polls closed the first Tuesday in November, '63, the vote at the county seat stood: "Maylin, 301; Laning, 204. Majority for Maylin, 37 votes. In Cohansey township, now the Third Ward of Bridgeton, Maylin's vote was 138; Laning's, 106. Majority for Maylin, 32 votes. Big run in war times for a Democrat in Cumberland County!

Election night the boys went wild. The Clerk's Office was crowded with shouting Republicans. Senator Ludlam occupied the chair and read the returns, now and then interjecting some witty remark which convulsed the assembly with laughter. Langley, Democratic candidate for Sheriff, was popular, and ran well in his Millville home. Not until a late hour was the result definitely known. News came by carriage and horseback. The last township heard from was Maurice River in the "wee sma' hours." Charles L. Watson had won. Then the enthusiastic crowds outside attempted to get into the office. Amid the tumult of struggling Republicans the apple barrel upset and "Roman stem" and "Turn-the-Lane" were trampled into mush upon the floor.

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The election proved a general Republican victory. New York State, which had elected Seymour, Democrat, Governor in 1862, by 10,000 majority, reversed itself with 20,000 majority for the Republican ticket. New Jersey remained Democratic, but there was a Republican gain of 10,000 on the popular vote in the State.

One of the Bridgeton papers announced November 21 that "The oath of office was administered to our new

Sheriff, Mr. C. L. Watson, on Tuesday, the 10th inst. Mr. Watson will doubtless make a very acceptable and efficient officer. He is polite, gentlemanly and honorable, with all with whom he has dealings. The profits of the office are not sufficient to pay a man for his entire services."

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The echoes of the election had barely died out when the attention of the nation was directed to the dedicatory ceremonies soon to be held on the historic battlefield of Gettysburg, Pa. By act of Congress the village cemetery of Gettysburg was purchased and prepared as a National cemetery for the gallant men who fell in that bloody conflict. Gettysburg was one of the five decisive battles that have settled the fate of nations, and throttled the enemies of Christian civilization. It is a magnificent field of hill and valley, the scenery connected therewith being one of nature's masterpieces. The cemetery located on a rising knoll or knob of the foothills which a little further to the east and south rise into mountain ridges, overlooked the field upon which but a few brief months preceding

"The battle shout and waving plume,  
The drum's heart-stirring beat  
The glittering pomp of war,  
The rush of million feet,"

had roused the passions of men to fever heat in a supreme effort for and against the supremacy of the Union, was surrounded by the debris of the great struggle not yet removed. Fresh graves appeared on every hand; marks of the battle were everywhere visible. The mountains and hills still retained a portion of the autumnal beauty which was their heritage at this, the closing of the year. The foliage of many trees tinted the landscape with sombre colors, and the cedar and pine were green and bright in the midst of the picturesque scenery which, like a great panorama, opened to the eye from Round Top to Seminary Ridge, from the clump of trees on the north where gallant Rey-

nolds fell to the distant hills in the south through which the shattered army of the Confederates vanished in despondency and in gloom. The hush of the dying year had set its imprint on the field, on the forest, on the mountain. It was the 19th day of November, 1863. Propitious season for such solemn, touching and impressive ceremonies. President Lincoln and his Cabinet, Governors of States, officers of the army and navy, foreign officials, soldiers upon whose bodies scars of the conflict were visible, together with a vast concourse of citizens, had gathered to witness the proceedings. Edward Everett, Senator from the State of Massachusetts, a polished orator, who ranked second only to Webster in the forum of the world's great debates, had been selected to deliver the oration. The theme was great; and it was in worthy hands. Mr. Everett's speech was one of the finest specimens of oratorical skill a great audience had ever listened to. It had been carefully prepared and memorized, and may be classed with the productions of Demosthenes or Cicero on great State occasions. At its conclusion it was encored by repeated cheers, so great was the admiration of Senator Everett's gifts as a classical speaker. While in the cars on his way from the White House to the battlefield, President Lincoln was notified that he would be expected to make some remarks at the conclusion of Mr. Everett's oration. He had made no preparation, but asking for some paper, a sheet of foolscap was handed to him, and in a seat by himself he took a pencil and wrote the address, which Arnold has said "for appropriateness and eloquence, for pathos and beauty, for sublimity in sentiment and expression, has hardly its equal in English or American literature." Mr. Everett had finished and turned aside to take his seat, when an earnest call for Lincoln was heard through the vast crowd. Then rose the tall, homely form of Abraham Lincoln. His careworn face glowed with intense feeling. Slowly and deliberately he adjusted his spectacles, and began to read. With the utterance of the first sentence he appeared to be unconscious of himself, absorbed only with recollections of the heroic dead.

As he proceeded his countenance seemed touched with the sunshine of heaven, and his voice rang far out upon the field "with bloody corpses strewn" with a resonance and a rhythm which bound the assemblage with a magician's spell. With bated breath, listening ear and eager eye, they waited upon the sentences which fell from the great man's lips.

In the newly erected rostrum, upon the historic field hereafter to be celebrated in song and story, there he stood—that able, lovable, tender-hearted, illustrious President. Listen!

"Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

"Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We are met to dedicate a portion of it as the final resting-place of those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

"But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate—we cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work that they have thus far so nobly carried on. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to the cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion, that we here highly resolve that the dead shall not have died in vain; that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people and for the people shall not perish from the earth."

The audience seemed to realize that the greatest actor in the world's greatest drama was before it. When the last



sentence was uttered and the magnificent address ended, silence, deep and intense, rested upon all present, while their hearts were wonderfully stirred. There was no applause; no cheers. Afterward Mr. Lincoln in an hour of meditation thought his speech was a failure, inasmuch as there was no applause. Later on he lived to learn that the highest honors ever paid a public speaker were his—the “silence which is golden” had placed the stamp of commendation upon its immortal sentences, henceforth to be the precious heirloom of posterity to remotest history.

Turning to President Lincoln, Mr. Everett said: “Mr. President, your speech will live when mine is forgotten.” Prophetic sentence! Edward Everett’s polished periods were long since forgotten—Mr. Lincoln’s will live forever!

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The nation was stirred with an intense excitement in July, 1863, because of the news from Richmond, the Confederate Capital, that death sentence had been imposed upon Captain Henry W. Sawyer, a resident of Cape May, New Jersey. The Captain was well known in Cumberland County, and especially in Bridgeton, the county seat, where he had a number of personal friends, among whom was the Hon. John T. Nixon, Representative in Congress from the First New Jersey District. Many hearts were made sorrowful by the news of the sad position in which the gallant soldier was placed. Captain Henry W. Sawyer, afterwards Major, and Colonel by brevet, on account of meritorious conduct on the battlefield, then in command of Company K, First Regiment New Jersey Cavalry, was badly wounded in the first great cavalry action of the war, which occurred at Brandy Station, Virginia, June 9th, 1863. Captain Sawyer was gallantly leading his company when he fell, and was left on the field, being overlooked when his regiment retired. He was captured by the Confederates and taken to Libby Prison. General William Henry Fitzhugh Lee, a son of General Robert E. Lee, commander of the Army of Northern Virginia, was seriously wounded in the same engagement. He was conveyed by his Confederate friends to a farm house

in Hanover County, within a few miles of Richmond. Here a Federal raiding party under Colonel Spears, found young Lee, and carried him off as a prisoner of war to Fortress Monroe.

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Among the officers confined in Libby Prison was Captain John W. Flinn, of an Indiana regiment. The two captains became great friends, little thinking that they were to figure so conspicuously in Civil War history. Sawyer was a large, handsome man, while Flinn was spare and of medium stature. Prison fare dealt hard with Sawyer, and he grew thinner day by day. Likewise Flinn, whose flesh withered away until he was a skeleton. Both were in rags, both despondent, hoping against hope for release from their unfortunate condition. What was their surprise when, on the morning of July 6th, all the Federal captains in the prison were summoned to appear before Captain T. P. Turner, commander of Libby. All appeared on the lower floor in good humor, supposing they were to be exchanged. Instead of receiving the news of their release they were informed that a special order had been issued from the Confederate War Department, directing that two captains should be selected by lot to be executed, in retaliation for the execution of two Confederate officers by General Burnside.

The order created great excitement in the prison. The Confederate commander desired to know how he should make the selection, when Captain Sawyer suggested that a number of white and black beans should be placed in a hat, while the captains advanced and drew out a bean. The first black bean was to be the first death prize, and the second black bean the second death prize. Captain Sawyer stepped forward, put his hand in the hat, and drew the first black bean. Captain Flinn then came up, thrust his hand in the hat, and drew the second black bean. Deathly stillness prevailed during the drawing. In a few moments the matter of life and death had been decided, and Sawyer and Flinn were marked for execution.



WAR TIME PICTURES 1861-1865

Major Henry W. Sawyer, First Reg. N. J. Cav. Vols.

Libby Prison Fame.

Capt. Roswell S. Reynolds

Co. F. Fifth Reg. N. J. Inf. Vols.

First Lieut. Henry W. Gaskill

Co. K. Twelfth Reg. N. J. Inf. Vols.

Major Josiah Shaw

Fourth Reg. N. J. Inf. Vols.

Dr. John B. Bowen

Surgeon Thirty-fourth Reg. N. J. Inf. Vols.

Lieutenant James W. Stradling, a comrade of Captain Sawyer, serving in the same company with him, in an article written for McClure's Magazine, in 1905, gives the statement of what followed, as he afterward received it from Sawyer's lips. The captain was of German descent, and his speech retained the quaint expression which he had inherited from his ancestors, known as "Pennsylvania Dutch;":

"Mine Gott! Jim, I never felt so weak in all my life as I did when I found I had drawn a 'death prize.' My kind friend, Captain Flinn, was very pale and much weaker than I; but we did not have much time to think about it, for a Confederate officer told us that his verbal instructions were to have us executed before noon, and that he would return in an hour, so we asked permission to have a few moments to write letters to our homes and to our friends before being executed. We were removed to a room by ourselves, and furnished with writing material, but we could not compose our nerves or our thoughts sufficiently to write. The Confederate officer was as humane as he could be under the circumstances, and, instead of returning in an hour, did not return for two hours. In the meantime, we bade our companions farewell, and distributed a few trinkets we had on our persons, and then, after confiding to our warmest friends a few messages for our families, we waited as quietly as we could for the coming of the death summons. We did not have long to wait, for soon a Confederate officer appeared with a guard, and Flinn and I were marched to the street, where we found a cart waiting for us. We took our seats in the cart, and the Confederate officer and the guard of cavalry escorted us through the streets of Richmond. The cart, if I remember rightly, was drawn by oxen, and it did not move very fast, but a thousand times too fast for us. We had almost reached the city limits, when we met a prominent Roman Catholic Bishop, who stopped to inquire the cause of the intended execution. While the Bishop was inquiring of the Confederate officer about us, Captain Flinn, who was a Catholic, said he was being executed without the 'rites of clergy.' The Bishop, who was a great friend and

admirer of Jefferson Davis, President of the Southern Confederacy, exclaimed, 'that would never do,' and he requested the Confederate officer to move slowly and he would hasten to see President Davis, and, if possible, get a delay for a short time. The cart moved on, and the Bishop hurried at a rapid pace to interview President Davis. The Bishop was mounted on a full-blooded and a very spirited horse, and he seemed to us to go like the wind when he started for the residence of his friend. We moved on to a small hill on which was a single tree, and to this tree the cart took its way. When the tree was reached, ropes were placed around our necks, and we were doomed to be hanged. This would have been an ignominious death, if we had been guilty of any crime punishable by death; but we had committed no crime, and yet we did not want to die in that way. We had a slight ray of hope in the Bishop's intercession for us, but it was too slight to allay our fears for the worst. I was very weak. Mine Gott! Jim, I had never felt so badly in all my life before. I was so weak that the tree and the guards seemed to be moving in a circle around me. We stood up in the cart, so when it moved we would dangle between the earth and sky, and in this way our existence was to end. No courier from the Bishop was in sight, and, Mine Gott! Jim, the suspense was terrible for us to bear. The Confederate officer took out his watch, and informed us that, while his instructions were to have us executed before noon, he would wait until one minute of twelve, and then, if there was no sign of a courier, the cart would be driven away, and the arbitrary orders of the War Department of the Southern Confederacy would be obeyed.

"Half-past eleven arrived, and yet no signs of any courier from the Bishop. Mine Gott! Jim, our legs became so weak that we could not stand any longer, so we requested that we might be permitted to sit down in the cart until the time for us to be executed arrived. Then we would stand up and the ropes could be adjusted to our necks and the execution concluded. The ropes were then untied, and we were permitted to sit down on the side of the cart. Ten

minutes more passed in dead silence, and yet no eye could detect any signs of a courier. At the end of another ten minutes we stood up and the ropes were adjusted to our necks, and the Confederate officer was raising his sword as a sign to the driver to move away, when a cloud of dust was observed in the distance. The Confederate officer hesitated for a few moments, when a horseman covered with dust and his horse covered with foam, dashed up, and handed him a dispatch. He opened it quickly, and read: 'Captains Sawyer and Flinn are reprieved for ten days.' Mine Gott! Jim, I never felt so happy in my life; and Flinn and I embraced each other, and cried like babies. The ropes were untied, and the cart started slowly back for Libby Prison. We never learned the name of the officer who was detailed to execute us. Our comrades were greatly rejoiced to see us return alive, and made many inquiries concerning the postponement of the execution.

"On our return, we were taken to the headquarters of General Winder, where we were warned not to delude ourselves with any hope of escape, as retaliation must and would be inflicted; and it was added that the execution would positively take place on the 16th, ten days hence. We were then conducted back to Libby Prison, and taken to the second story, to our old place on the floor. We were not permitted to remain there very long, when we were taken to the cellar and placed in a dungeon and isolated from the world and our companions; and the only company we now had were the rats and vermin, which swarmed over us in great numbers.

"After resting for a short time to compose my thoughts, I asked for writing material, which was furnished me, with a candle, and then on an old board for a writing desk. I wrote the following letter to my wife, which I started on July 6th, but did not finish until the next day:

"PROVOST GENERAL'S OFFICE.

"LIBBY PRISON, Richmond, Va., July 6th, 1863.

"My Dear Wife:—

"I am under the necessity of informing you that my

prospects look dark. This morning, all the captains in Libby Prison drew lots, for two to be executed. It fell to my lot and Captain Flinn's to be executed, in retaliation for two captains executed by General Burnside, in Tennessee. The Provost General assures me that the Secretary of War will permit you and my dear children to visit me before I am executed. Captain Whilden or Uncle W. W. Ware, or Brother Dan, had better come with you; you will be allowed to return without molestation to your home. I am resigned to whatever is in store for me, with the consolation that I die without having committed any crime. My situation is hard to be borne, and I cannot think of dying without seeing you and the children.

"I have no trial, no jury, nor am I charged with any crime, but it fell to my lot. Proceed at once to Washington. Government will give you transportation to Fortress Monroe, and come here by flag of truce, and return same way. Bring with you a shirt and some clothing for me. It will be necessary for you to bring evidence of my condition, at Washington. This letter is sufficient.

"My pay is due from March the 1st, which you are entitled to. Captain B. owes me fifty dollars, loaned him when we went on leave of absence; write him, and he will send it to you.

"My dear wife, the fortunes of war have put me in this position. If I must die a sacrifice to my country, being God's will, I must submit; I will die becoming a man and an officer. Write me as soon as you get this, and go to Captain Whilden; he will advise you what to do. I have done nothing to deserve this penalty. But you must submit to your fate. It will be no disgrace to me, to you, or to my children; but you may point with pride and say, 'I give my husband.' My children will have the consolation to say, 'I have been made an orphan for my country.' God will provide for you, never fear. Oh! it is hard to leave you thus. I wish that the ball that pierced through the back part of my head in this last battle had done its work; but it was

not to be so. My mind is somewhat influenced, for this has come so suddenly upon me.

"Write me as soon as you get this. Leave your letter open; I will get it. Direct name and rank, via Fort Monroe.

"Farewell! Farewell! Let us hope it is all for the best.

"I remain yours until death.

H. W. SAWYER.

*Captain 1st N. J. Cav.*

"The Confederate officer read it through, and then sent it through the lines under a flag of truce, with a lot of other mail from my fellow-officers.

"I calculated that it would require some four or five days for the letter to reach its destination, and then I knew that my wife would make superhuman efforts to save me; and this was the only bright ray of hope that lighted up that dark dungeon cell in which I was placed. The letter reached my wife on the 13th, and she was greatly shocked and almost overcome, and when she read it again and comprehended the full meaning of it, she collapsed; but, realizing that any delay might prove fatal to me, she rallied, and as soon as she could make the necessary preparations, she, in company with Captain Whilden, started for Washington, where she arrived on the night of the 14th of July. After eating a lunch, they proceeded to the White House, and secured an interview with President Lincoln, before ten o'clock. The President was greatly startled, as well as shocked and agitated, by the recital of the way I, her husband, was treated in the Confederate prison at Richmond, and, after encouraging her to be brave, he said: 'Mrs. Sawyer, I do not know whether I can save your husband and Captain Flinn from the gallows, but I will do all that is in my power. They are two brave men, and I will make extraordinary efforts to save them. If you and your friend will call before noon to-morrow, I will be pleased to inform you what action I have taken.'"



The tender heart of President Lincoln was deeply touched when Mrs. Sawyer had finished her recital of her husband's condition, and he immediately set about finding a way by which the lives of Flinn and Sawyer might be saved. He sat up late that night conferring with General Halleck and Secretary Stanton as to what was the best course to pursue. It was a delicate question, which must be settled in such a manner as would not establish a precedent. Retaliation for the two spies whom General Burnside had executed was not justifiable, in any view of the case, and Mr. Lincoln was loath to believe that the Confederate Government could approve such summary action in dealing with prisoners of war. Such a course was dishonorable in the extreme, and he felt that the Confederates must recede from the position taken after the matter had had due reflection. In the meantime, the day of execution was approaching, and action must be prompt and decisive if Captains Sawyer and Flinn were to be saved.

The next morning, when Mrs. Sawyer again called, the President said: "I did not make up my mind, and did not arrive at a final decision in the case until three o'clock this morning. After that time I slept peacefully and felt greatly refreshed, for I believed my plan would save the two gallant men who were at that moment fighting the rats and vermin in Libby Prison."

This is the way in which Mr. Lincoln solved the perplexing question: General William Henry Fitzhugh Lee was still a prisoner, subject to the commands of the President. If Sawyer and Flinn were to die for no cause, why should not the son of Robert E. Lee die in retaliation? Accordingly, he issued the following order:

WASHINGTON, July 15th, 1863.

Colonel W. H. Ludlow, Agent for the Exchange of Prisoners of War:

The President directs that you immediately place General W. H. F. Lee, and another officer selected by you, not below the rank of captain, prisoners of war, in close confinement, and under guard, and that you notify Mr. Robert

Ould, Confederate Agent for the Exchange of Prisoners of War, that if Captain H. W. Sawyer and Captain John M. Flinn, or any other officers or men in the service of the United States, not guilty of crimes punishable with death by the laws of war, shall be executed by the enemy, the aforementioned persons will be immediately hung in retaliation. It is also ordered that immediately on receiving official or other authoritative information of the execution of Captain Henry W. Sawyer and Captain John M. Flinn, you will proceed to hang General W. H. F. Lee and the other officer, designated as hereinabove directed, and that you notify Robert Ould, Esq., of said proceeding, and assure him that the Government of the United States will proceed to retaliate for every similar barbarous violation of the laws of civilized war.

H. W. HALLECK,  
*General-in-Chief.*

Colonel Ludlow immediately communicated to Hon. Robert Ould, Confederate Agent for Exchange of Prisoners of War at Richmond, the order of President Lincoln in full, for the benefit of the Confederate authorities. As **was expected**, the order produced great excitement in the Confederate Capital. It would never do to have the son of General Lee hung on the gallows, so the end came, as Mr. Lincoln thought it would, in the final release of Captains Sawyer and Flinn, and restoration to their families and homes.

Mrs. Sawyer was not permitted to land at City Point, and visit her husband in the prison at Richmond, as an order of the Confederate Agent, Robert Ould, prevented it. She returned to New Jersey in a sorrowful mood, but feeling sure that the Captain's life had been saved.

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Pending the release of the prisoners, and while still in a state of suspense, Captain Sawyer wrote the appended letter to Hon. John T. Nixon, then at his home in Bridgeton:

"LIBBY PRISON, Richmond, Va., Nov. 1st, 1863.

"HON. JOHN T. NIXON,

"Dear Sir: I am still about, and hope soon to be released and restored to my family, friends and command. My health is good, my hopes for the future never higher, and my confidence unshaken. It is not worth while for me to speak of my experience as a prisoner, for you are fully posted; but allow me to explain how I was captured, June 9th, at the cavalry action, Brandy Station. In a charge for the possession of an elevated position, and upon a Confederate States battery, leading my squadron to the charge, I fell, with a ball through the back part of my head and one in the fleshy part of my leg. The charge was mutual on both sides, and was hand-to-hand; indeed, so close that my own face was blackened with the powder of my opponent's revolver, and is still remaining, to a considerable extent, in my face. The effect of this charge was dreadful on both sides, for here the gallant Lieutenant Colonel Virgil Broderick and brave Major John H. Shelmire fell dead from their horses, both gentlemen belonging to the First New Jersey Cavalry. There, too, were lying Confederate States officers and men, who one-half hour before were in the bloom of life.

"Notwithstanding this sad sight, I shall always remember that action with pride, for nobly did our regiment push on. Here I fell wounded, senseless, and in this condition remained, cannot say how long. When I came to my senses, I was discovered. Our forces had pushed on, and I was picked up by three Confederate States soldiers, lifted on a horse, and taken to a hospital at Culpepper.

"Of the prize drawn by me, July 6th, I have at this time nothing to say, only that, as yet, I have not been released from the sentence; at least, I have not been notified that I have; yet it has always been my endeavor to show an unflinching front under all circumstances, and even in that extreme case, I was determined to show no other.

"A soldier works not for gain; glory, and the welfare of his country is his aim; and, even in my situation, I

found that pride was what upheld me, and that it was sufficient to nerve me for my fate. Still, I fervently hope it is past; for, really, it was an awful situation to be in. I enjoy the same treatment as my unfortunate brother officers here at Libby; but let me assure you that we all hope for a speedy release. Several special exchanges have been made. Have I not as much right to expect this consideration as any one? I leave that question for my friends.

"Can you not do something to effect an exchange? I do not think there is any grand principle in the way; nothing but policy. But, sir, here are twelve thousand men and nine hundred officers. Have they not the right to expect that their own Government will release them from this imprisonment, if they can without detriment to their country? Really, sir, we think it is hard if it don't. We all have great hopes that an exchange will be effected before a great while. We do not think (at least, we drive the thought from us) that we shall remain here all winter.

"I hope you will not think me a fault finder. If you can imagine your situation as prisoner, it will certainly be an excuse for using the above language.

"I hope you and your family are well, and in the enjoyment of a peaceful home with happy surroundings, and, with my best wishes, I sincerely remain,

"Your most obedient servant,

"H. W. SAWYER,

*"Capt. First New Jersey Cavalry, U. S. A.*

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While the movements, leading up to freedom for the heroic men in Libby Prison were being made, Captains Sawyer and Flinn were confined in the dungeon, fed upon corn-bread and water. The cell was so damp that their clothes mildewed. They remained twenty days in the dungeon. The day of their supposed execution came at last, July 16th. The long day passed in terrible suspense, as they waited each moment for the coming of the executioners. But they came not. Finally, an order arrived restoring them to their comrades on the upper floor of the prison, where

they remained until March, 1864, when the prison doors opened, and they were conducted by wagon to a boat on the James River. The boat steamed to City Point, and, as they passed down the river, they rejoiced to discover that they were on the way to be exchanged, fearful when starting that they were going to a place of execution. Emaciated and too weak to walk, they were assisted from the boat, as General William Henry Fitzhugh Lee and Captain Robert H. Tyler, the two Confederates for whom they were exchanged, stepped on board. As the Federals and Confederates met face to face, General Lee and Captain Sawyer exchanged greetings, congratulating each other on their escape from ignominious death. President Lincoln's plan had worked splendidly, and, as Sawyer and Flinn passed from boat to shore, never had liberty seemed so precious; never had the old flag appeared so beautiful, to the returning veterans just out of the jaws of death.

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Early in the autumn of 1863 Ethan T. Harris, of Bridgeton, who rendered splendid service in the "Cumberland Greys," returned from Virginia with authority to organize a company of volunteer cavalry. Quarters were opened on Commerce Street in the old Potter store, and in the course of a few weeks a hundred young men were enrolled in what was afterward to be known in the military roster, as Company H, Third Regiment, New Jersey Cavalry. Ethan T. Harris was made captain, with Barnet Burdsall, of the "Greys," as first lieutenant. Previous to the company's departure both Captain Harris and Lieutenant Burdsall were presented with handsome swords, gifts of admiring friends. This company was sometimes called "the Hussars," but its members were nicknamed by the boys around town as "the butterflies," and it stuck to them until long after the war. The uniform of the company was modeled after a troop of Austrian army hussars, very gay colors, hence "the butterfly." Privates wore pantaloons of sky-blue cloth, with yellow stripes. Jackets were of dark blue, with a profusion of yellow cords across the breast and

on the front of the collar on an orange-colored ground. Three rows of large, burnished bell buttons adorned the breast with a braiding of cord. On the seams of the back and on the sleeves there was an elegant braiding of cord. Officers' uniforms were still gayer with gold cord and trappings. The boys were handsome in their gorgeous uniforms and many a maiden looked after them from afar. Leaving home amid the plaudits of the people, many of them returned no more to the homes of their boyhood, dying in the valley of the Shenandoah at Five Forks, at Sailor's Creek, at Winchester, and in the closing battles around Petersburg and Richmond. Gallant company of splendid soldiers, forty years has not yet dimmed the lustre of your achievements.

Following is a roster of its officers and men:

COMPANY H.—Captain, Ethan T. Harris; First Lieutenants, Barnet Birdsall, John Bamford, William M. Norton; Second Lieutenant, Sylvanus Murphy; First Sergeant, Charles S. Wallen; Sergeants, Joseph H. Fithian, Lewis Schaible, Theodore A. Dare, Richard J. Herring, William C. Lore, Jacob Spahr, William E. Schuyler, Burris Plummer, Sheppard F. Stewart; Corporals, Howard Minot, Charles Clark, Robert Potts, Franklin W. Buzby, Andrew R. Snyder, John L. Smith, Theodore F. Sheppard, Elam Crozier, Lewis R. Finley; Buglers, John Louderman, Theodore F. Strang; Farriers, John E. Garton, Jacob H. Brown, Robert Bell; Privates, Henry Allinson, Levi B. Ayars, George F. Baker, George R. Baker, Benjamin F. Barracliff, Henry C. Beebe, Jonathan Berger, Caleb Blake, Peter Boyle, Enoch Brooks, William E. Brooks, Charles B. Buck, George S. Buck, William Clark, Robert G. Clymer, Charles H. Coombs, James M. Clark, Benjamin Cousins, Edward Cunningham, Charles F. Doran, John G. Davis, James Drummond, Charles G. Edwards, George Edwards, Edward Flynn, Jacob Fritz, Enoch B. Garrison, Thomas Grady, James Garrison, Lewis T. Helmbold, Levi J. Harker, Samuel Harris, Gustavus Hartman, Helms Heritage, Francis Omhoff, James Jobes, Alexander K. Johnson, John B. Johnson, Elias M. Keller,



WAR TIME PICTURES—1863-1865

Group Company H, 2d N. J. Reg. Cav. Vols.

John G. Davis  
Samuel T. Strang  
Jonathan McCowan  
Howard Minot

Capt. Ethan T. Harris  
Louis D. Schaible  
Leonard Roray  
Charles S. Wallen

First-Lieut. Barnet Birdsall  
Enoch Brooks  
Benjamin F. Barracloff  
Theodore F. Strang

## HISTORIC DAYS

William Keller, Alfred Lamarie, John L. Longcore, William C. Loder, George Master, John McAdoo, Franklin McCandless, Samuel A. McClintock, Jonathan McCowan, John Miller, Edward McGuire, Harrison McNeely, Edward McQuillan, Joseph McWilliams, Bartholomew Meder, Joseph Mills, Matthias Murphy, Daniel Newcombe, Isaiah Palmer, John Phillips, George E. Parrish, Daniel Robinson, George W. Robinson, Leonard L. Roray, Aaron Schellenger, Henry Schneider, George Scott, Daniel R. Seeds, John Sharp, Samuel T. Strang, James Sherin, Michael Sligar, William Stetson, Andrew Sullivan, James L. Stiles, John Sullivan, Isaac Swing, James Rynear, John Trimble, Frederick Thresh, William Tullis, John Valentine, John Walker, Walter G. West, William A. Wright, William Wirts; Colored Cooks, Thomas Herbert, Henry Johnson, William Nichols.

Died in the service.—Barnet Birdsall, killed in skirmish with guerrillas at Warwick Bridge, Virginia, July 5, 1864, buried in Seventh Day Baptist Cemetery, Shiloh, New Jersey; Azor E. Swinney, killed in action at Winchester, Virginia, September 19, 1864; Isaiah Weeks, killed in action at Winchester, Virginia, September 19, 1864; Theodore W. Elmer, died at Salisbury prison, North Carolina, January 13, 1865; James Bradford, killed in action at Winchester, Virginia, September 19, 1864; Samuel V. Davis, of fever, at Camp Bayard, Trenton, New Jersey, February 10, 1864; Daniel Heaton, of fever, at U. S. Army General Hospital, Cumberland, Maryland, April 30, 1865, buried in National Cemetery, Antietam, Maryland, Section 11, Lot C, grave 69; Edward Jones, of disease, at Salisbury prison, North Carolina, January 10, 1865, buried at National Cemetery, Salisbury, N. C.; Samuel H. Jones, missing in action at Fisher's Hill, Virginia, September 22, 1864, died of disease, at Danville, Va., January 20, 1865, buried at National Cemetery, Danville, Va.; Stephen Monroe, of consumption, at Hoboken, New Jersey, April 6, 1865; Charles Morris, killed in action at Cupp's Mills, Virginia, October 13, 1864; Henry Peterson, of disease, at Andersonville prison, Geor-





WAR TIME PICTURES—1863-1865

Group Company G, Third N. J. Reg. Cav. Vols.

Charles Bartlett  
Avery S. Messec  
Jacob Adams  
Charles Webb

Charles Clunn  
William E. Clunn  
Joseph Messec  
John Lutes

Captain Thomas G. McClong  
Levi Messec  
Benjamin F. Buck  
Thomas Sharp

gia, September 10, 1864, buried at National Cemetery, Andersonville, Ga., grave 5,206.

The "butterfly" regiment was the favorite of the hour, and in quick succession came another gallant company from Millville to become a part of the Third Cavalry. The roster follows:

COMPANY G.—Captains, Thomas G. McClong, Henry C. Warner; First Lieutenants, William M. Scott, Michael T. Dwyer; Second Lieutenants, Gilbert Tice, James D. Comstock; First Sergeants, James F. Long, William F. Rocap; Quartermaster-Sergeants, Henry Lippincott, Joseph T. Rose; Commissary Sergeant, William E. Clunn; Sergeants, Charles P. Clunn, Avery S. Messic, William Baitzell, David Key; Corporals, Irvin Marts, Lemuel G. Welch, James Beebe, Alfred J. Brooke, Henry R. Griffith, William Carey, Thaddeus W. Oxford; Saddler, Hosea Sithens; Farrier, Jonathan M. Davis; Privates, Jacob Adams, William M. Andrews, Ervin Armstrong, Charles Bartlett, Joseph Bareford, William H. Beebe, Samuel F. Bennett, William Bercan, George Biggs, John H. Boody, Cornelius Brannin, Benjamin P. Buck, Jonathan D. Buck, Nathan Buck, John W. Cawman, James M. Chamberlain, Ezra Champion, Richard Cummings, Joseph T. Donnelly, William F. Finley, Elwood Fisher, George Fitzpatrick, Andrew J. Fox, John S. Gardner, Charles P. Garrison, William Garrison, Israel Garran, Samuel Getsinger, Clement Grandingham, John Griner, William Hand, James Harper, James Hindley, David Harris, Charles Hankins, Amos T. Hubbard, John Headley, Benjamin F. Hewlings, Andrew Hiles, George Hillman, George Hogan, John W. Horn, Joshua C. Howell, James P. Hughes, John Impsson, William Jones, Mark C. Jordan, James D. Kendle, Lewis Kramer, Henry M. Lee, Joel Madden, William Morse, Joseph Martin, Edward McGloan, Henry H. Mead, Joseph A. Messic, Andrew Mosher, Joseph B. Meyers, Charles F. Miller, Tilghann W. Mills, Lewis Mixsell, Thomas Morgan, Henry Morris, Samuel Morris, Jacob Neiplin, John Owens, Thomas W. Pettit, Lewis R. Payne, Charles R. Phillips, Andrew H. Post,

William V. B. Pierce, Rufus Rand, Joseph D. Richardson, Edward B. Shaw, Oliver Smith, William E. Smith, Thomas B. Sneathen, John G. Stout, George W. Strong, William H. Sutton, Lawrence V. Toy, Josiah H. Tice, Charles P. Tyler, Thomas Tyler, Henry Ward, Charles A. Webb, Joseph Weiner, William Wilfong, Joseph Williams, Levi Woolston, George Wright, John F. Redding, colored cook.

Died in the service—Gideon Biggs, killed in action on Berryville Turnpike, near Winchester, Va., September 13, 1864; John Lutes, of smallpox, at U. S. Army General Hospital, White House, Va., June 11th, 1864; George J. Bard, of smallpox, at U. S. Army General Hospital, Fortress Monroe, Va., August 31, 1864, buried at National Cemetery, Hampton, Va., Row 21, Section A, grave 24; James B. Kerlin, of disease, at Camp Parole, Annapolis, Maryland, March 7, 1865, buried at Annapolis, Maryland; Alexander Anderson, of disease, at U. S. Army General Hospital, Division No. 1, Camp Parole, Annapolis, Maryland, December 24, 1864, buried at Annapolis, Md.; George K. Bennett, missing in action at Waynesboro, Virginia, September 28, 1864, died of disease at Salisbury, North Carolina, January 19, 1865, buried at National Cemetery, Salisbury, N. C.; William M. Corson, of fever, at U. S. Army General Hospital, Alexandria, Virginia, August 23, 1864, buried at National Cemetery, Alexandria, Va., grave 2,607; Enoch F. Doughty, killed in action at Summit Point, Virginia, August 21, 1864; John L. Doughty, of smallpox, at Camp Bayard, Trenton, New Jersey, February 26, 1864; Abraham T. Kean, missing in action at Bridgewater, Virginia, October 2, 1864, died of disease at Salisbury prison, North Carolina, January 13, 1865, buried at National Cemetery, Salisbury, N. C.; Samuel B. Lewis, of disease, at prison, Andersonville, Georgia, July 20, 1864; buried at National Cemetery, Andersonville, Ga., grave 3,622; Charles Loder, of fever, at Jarvis U. S. Army General Hospital, Baltimore, Maryland, October 19, 1864, buried at Loudon Park National Cemetery, Baltimore, Md.; James McGill, of disease, at Mower U. S. General Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa., December 28th, 1864, buried at Philadel-

phia, Pa.; Levi S. Messie, died at Sandy Hook, Maryland, August 31, 1864, of wounds received in action at Summit Point, Virginia, buried at National Cemetery, Antietam, Maryland, Section 25, Lot E, grave 504; George W. Penn, killed in action at Summit Point, Virginia, August 21, 1864; Benjamin C. Robbins, of fever, at Giesboro Point, Maryland, September 16, 1864, buried at National Cemetery, Arlington Heights, Virginia; Thomas Sharp, killed in action at Winchester, Virginia, August 17, 1864; John Sheppard, of disease, at Division No. 1, U. S. Army General Hospital, Annapolis, Maryland, March 21, 1865.

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Never was a day of thanksgiving and praise more devoutly or more joyously observed than was the last Thursday in November, A. D. 1863. Victories on land and sea had cheered the heart of the nation and given it renewed confidence in the final triumph of a just and righteous cause. The crops were bountiful, prosperity appeared on every hand, and but for the scourge of war the people would have been in the full enjoyment of happiness and contentment. How beautiful then, and how appropriate, were the appended paragraphs from Mr. Lincoln's proclamation of that ever memorable year:

"The year that is drawing toward its close has been filled with the blessings of fruitful fields and healthful skies. To these bounties, which are so constantly enjoyed that we are prone to forget the source from which they come, others have been added which are of so extraordinary a nature that they cannot fail to penetrate and soften the heart which is habitually insensible to the ever-watchful providence of Almighty God.

"No human counsel hath devised, nor hath any mortal hand worked out these great things. They are the gracious gifts of the Most High God, who, while dealing with us in anger for our sins, hath nevertheless remembered mercy."

And so the curtain fell on the old year, as the incense from the altar went up to the Throne.

The year 1864 opened auspiciously for the Union cause. It was the year of the Presidential election, and both great political parties were soon to engage in an exciting struggle for the control of the National Government. During the campaign of 1860 Mr. Lincoln had said that he was a believer in one term in the Presidency, and that he would not be a candidate for re-election. As time went on, however, a great demand for the renomination of the President began on the part of the people and the Union press. Discerning men in all sections of the country who sought the success of the National arms and the preservation of the Union were strongly of opinion that it would be extremely unfortunate for the nation were Mr. Lincoln refused a renomination. In the homely language of that great man "it was no time to swap horses in crossing a stream." How to get over the difficulties of the situation was a serious problem to honest Abraham, who believed in the good, old-fashioned doctrine that a man's word should be equal to his bond. Personally the good President would have been glad to have been relieved of the cares and responsibilities of the great office, but in his heart there was a wish that he might be allowed to finish the work which the American people had entrusted to his hands. In the dilemma as to what course he should pursue, Mr. Lincoln sent for Simon Cameron, Senator of the United States from Pennsylvania. Cameron went to the White House and in a lengthy conference with the President he suggested a plan whereby Mr. Lincoln's compunctions of conscience as to the propriety of his candidacy for re-election might be overcome. Senator Cameron's plan was, first, that the Pennsylvania Legislature, then in session, should pass complimentary resolutions of the Lincoln administration, and the necessity for its continuance in office with the request that the President waive his objections because the people demanded his renomination. Cameron controlled the Legislature, and in the course of a few days the resolutions were passed, published in the newspapers and telegraphed to the National Capital. Every loyal State Legislature followed with simi-

lar resolutions, until the call for another term was heard in the home of every lover of his country throughout the land. Mr. Lincoln took great delight in the action of the several States as cleverly brought about by Senator Cameron's generalship, and was inclined to joke over the success of the scheme. One day at a White House reception, in the midst of the celebrities of the day, generals, admirals, cabinet ministers, senators, representatives and foreign ambassadors, their wives and many of the fairest women of the land, who had come to the East Room to do honor to the Nation's Chief, the President's jocularity broke out unexpectedly to the great astonishment of the *creme de la creme*. It seems that during the day of the reception the President had received a telegram announcing that the Ohio Legislature had passed a resolution calling on him to again become a candidate for the office which he had so highly honored. When the festivities were at their height Senator Cameron appeared at the end of the line of callers with whom Mr. Lincoln was busily shaking hands. As soon as the President discovered Cameron's presence he addressed him in a voice that was audible to the extreme end of the chamber, with a merry twinkle in his eye, exclaiming: "Simon, another State heard from to-day!" This remarkable sentence was not understood by the majority of the guests, but to those who knew what it meant it was a source of merriment for many years thereafter. The resolutions accomplished the purpose for which they were intended. The country became wildly enthusiastic for the nomination of the President at the hands of the National Republican Convention to meet in the city of Baltimore in the month of June, at which convention he was renominated unanimously with tremendous cheers.

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In New Jersey the Legislature was controlled by the Democratic party, so that the only way to formulate a request to the President that he again consent to be a candidate was for the Republican members to write him a letter.

Accordingly at Trenton, February 18, 1864, twenty-one members signed a communication on the subject addressed "To Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States." Among the signers was Providence Ludlam, the patriotic Senator from Cumberland County. The letter concluded with the following paragraph:

"With feelings akin to affection we regard the patience with which you have endured the anxieties and burdens of your position; the courage which has always risen with every danger that threatened us. We admire the fidelity with which you have sustained and proclaimed those principles which underlie every free government, and which alone can make this nation again what it was but now the admiration of men and wonder of the world. Without any disparagement of the true men who surround you and whose counsel you have shared; believing that you are the choice of the people whose servants we are; and firmly satisfied that they desire and intend to give you four years for a policy of peace, we present your name as the man for President of the American people of 1864."

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Upon the convening of our State Legislature early in January, Hon. Edward Maylin, of Millville, was honored with the vote of the Republican members of the House of Assembly as their candidate for Speaker. The House was strongly Democratic, consequently the nomination was merely complimentary. It was given, however, to a worthy man, for Edward Maylin was an able, patriotic, representative citizen, an honor to his party, to Cumberland County, and his country.

Early in March, after extended debate, the Democratic majority in the Legislature passed a concurrent resolution to the effect that the soldiers of New Jersey then in the service of their country fighting on Southern battlefields should have the privilege of the elective franchise only in case they were permitted to return home on furlough at the time of the coming Presidential election. This, of

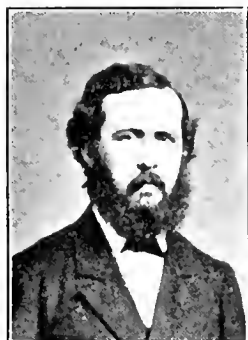
course, prevented the New Jersey soldiers from voting in the field, as it was impossible for them to be furloughed as a body to go to their respective voting precincts at home. To save themselves from too much criticism of their disgraceful action in the passage of these resolutions, they prefixed them with a preamble declaring it to be unconstitutional to allow an absent elector to cast his vote. And thus it came to pass that while the soldiers of other States were casting their ballots in the field at the Presidential election, the 50,000 sons of New Jersey who were baring their breasts to the shot and shell of the Confederates were denied the privilege of a choice as to who should govern the land for which they were offering their blood and their lives.

An illustration of the notorious character of the Legislature of 1864 was given the very day of its organization when William Kelley, of Essex County, a pot-house Democratic politician, was chosen doorkeeper of the Ladies' Gallery of the House of Assembly over John Lawrence, of Gloucester County, by a strict party vote of 39 to 20. Lawrence was a brave New Jersey soldier who had lost both legs at the battle of Roanoke Island, North Carolina, in 1862, while a private in Company B, Ninth New Jersey. He had borne his sufferings heroically, this good Union soldier and Jersey Blue, but the Democrats had no use for him. So on his two artificial limbs he hobbled back to his home in Gloucester County, to tell the story of the unpatriotic conduct of the partisans at Trenton, who, out of love for the spoils of office, refused the paltry place of doorkeeper to a man who had periled life and limbs in order that they might enjoy the blessings of liberty.

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The first number of a straight-out Republican newspaper in the town of Millville was issued January 9, 1864. In speaking of the new journal the Bridgeton Chronicle said: "We have received the first number of the Millville Republican, published at Millville by John W. Newlin & Co. It is a very neat paper, especially devoted to the advo-





PROMINENT CITIZENS—1861-1865

Percival Nichols  
Charles R. Elmer  
Dr. Robert W. Elmer  
Henry B. Lupton

Hon. Edward Maylin  
Hon. Ebenezer Hall

Adrian Bateman  
Robert DuBois  
David McBride  
James B. Ferguson

cacy of the Union cause. We wish it abundant success and welcome its editors into the fraternity."

Mr. Newlin had come to Cumberland County from West Chester, Pennsylvania, to edit the new paper, which was to thereafter strike sturdy blows for the Union cause, and the Republican party. In the vigor of early manhood, with fine personal appearance, and unusual talent as a writer and public speaker, Mr. Newlin at once took a leading part in the political movements of the Republicans of Cumberland County. His editorials were crisp; his speeches went to the core of the opposition, so much so that his services on the stump were in demand at each recurring election for many years.

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About the middle of June a letter was received in Bridgeton from the pen of Lieutenant Edward M. DuBois, with particulars of the death of M. Bloomfield Holmes, beloved son of Alfred Holmes, of Hopewell Township. The letter said: "He was gallantly leading his company (K, Twelfth New Jersey), in the crossing of the Chickahominy at Mechanicsville by our army on the third day of June, when he was struck on the leg by a shell. Upon consultation by the surgeons amputation was pronounced impracticable. He lingered until next day, being able in an interval of consciousness to give direction as to his effects, and send messages of love to his family. The boys of the company buried him with more care than any colonel has received who has died here. Sergeant Holmes commanded Company K since the 6th of May and led it into all the fights with the greatest coolness and bravery. In one thing he was conspicuous, that amid all the temptations of camp life he never swerved from the strict path of a consistent Christianity."

The crowning glory of the soldier's life was told in the last sentence of the letter, and it is to this day a precious legacy to the relatives and friends who remember the splendid Christian soldier, the young, manly, brave officer, Bloomfield Holmes, whose early death brought sorrow and tears



PROMINENT CITIZENS—1861-1865

George F. Nixon

Hon. James H. Nixon

John W. Newlin

Franklin F. Westcott

John S. Mitchell

to the country folk of his boyhood home, in the loyal township of Hopewell.

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The body of David Yearicks, Corporal Company F, Third New Jersey (Cumberland Greys), was brought to Bridgeton, June 13, and buried the next day. Corporal Yearicks was wounded on the 8th day of May in action near Spottsylvania. His arm was amputated, but he died a few days later, only a brief season previous to the expiration of his term of enlistment. Mr. Yearicks was a young man highly esteemed, with a large circle of friends. He was a good soldier. His death brought great grief to a devoted wife, Mrs. Kate Yearicks, and many relatives and friends.

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Great preparations were on foot in Bridgeton early in May with a view of furnishing articles and supplies for a fair to be held in Philadelphia in June, the proceeds of which were for the aid of the soldiers and sailors, the wounded and suffering of the army and navy. Governor Parker appointed the following as a committee to look after the representation of Cumberland County at the fair: Dr. William S. Bowen, Robert C. Nichols, Miss Harriet F. Stratton and Miss Anna Brewster.

The committee met and selected the following as aids: Dr. Joseph C. Kirby, Captain James R. Hoagland, Lieutenant James J. Reeves, Miss Hannah S. Elmer, Miss Belle Howey, Miss Carrie Buck, Miss Sallie H. Buck.

Later the homes of the ladies whose names are attached were selected as depositories for articles to be sent to the fair from Bridgeton and other towns of the county: Miss Harriet F. Stratton, Commerce and Atlantic streets; Miss Anna Brewster, West Commerce street; Miss Carrie Buck, foot Laurel street; Miss Sallie H. Buck, West Commerce street; Miss Belle Howey, Commerce and Atlantic streets.

Aids to these committees were appointed in Millville and the townships, and when May 25th had arrived, the date

when contributions should be all in, Cumberland County had made a great record for patriotism, which the United States Sanitary Commission in Philadelphia acknowledged with thanks.

Fair hands indeed were those which gathered Cumberland's offerings for the relief of the heroic soldiery at the front. Notable in this good work with her patriotic sisters was Miss Belle Howey, stately, beautiful, with a soul replete with tenderness for the work to which she gave a willing heart and hand. Miss Howey came of one of the best New Jersey families. Captain Frank Howey, a brother, served in the war for the Union, and was afterward elected to Congress.

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During the year '64 two drafts for soldiers were made to fill the county's quota under the President's last call of 500,000 men to close the gaps in the depleted columns of the Army of the Potomac and the other national armies because of the death, wounds, disability and termination of enlistments of many three-year regiments. The men who were drafted, as a rule, either went themselves or promptly furnished substitutes. Persons who desired to escape army service all at once became decrepit and unfit, putting up all sorts of physical ailments for exemptions. Among the drafted men were several persons of prominence in the community, notably Hon. John T. Nixon, Charles C. Grosscup, of Grosscup Hall fame; Dr. Oliver S. Belden and others.

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Previous to the adjournment of the Legislature in the spring of 1864 an act for the incorporation of the townships of Bridgeton and Cohansey into a municipality to be known as the city of Bridgeton, passed both Houses of the Legislature, was signed by Governor Parker and became a law. The enacting clause of the bill declared that it should take effect the following year, March 1, 1865. This was a great forward movement for the people of the town of Bridgeton,

but it was accomplished in the face of much prejudice, even so good a citizen as Judge Elmer deeming it unnecessary and unwise. The Judge's opinion was that it would be better to keep the town in borough form rather than take a step which in the end meant increased expenditures and increased taxes. Public sentiment, however, was favorable to the act of incorporation on the ground that the separate township government on the two banks of the Cohansey was not up to the spirit of the times, and that consolidation and a greater Bridgeton was needed.

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June 7, 1864, at Baltimore, Abraham Lincoln, of Illinois, was renominated for President of the United States, with Andrew Johnson, of Tennessee, as Vice-President. The National Republican Convention did wisely in again selecting Mr. Lincoln as its Presidential candidate, but the nomination of Andrew Johnson for the Vice-Presidency was a political error which the lamented death of the President brought prominently to view. Johnson retarded the work of reconstruction and was a failure at a critical period of the nation's history.

The Democratic National Convention met in Chicago, and nominated General George B. McClellan, of New York, for President, with George H. Pendleton, of Ohio, for Vice-President.

With the making of the nominations the great Presidential campaign of 1864, the most exciting, momentous and decisive political campaign in American history, opened—a canvass of bitterness unparalleled, fought with that “weapon firmer set, and better than the bayonet, the ballot!” While the contest waged the battalions in the field rested on their arms—the Confederates hoping for a reversal of Mr. Lincoln's policy—the Federals trusting in the patriotic North for a reindorsement of the administration at Washington and a vote of confidence in the officers and soldiers of the republic who had by their heroism and sufferings brought victory to the flag on many bloody fields.

At a meeting of citizens of Bridgeton great preparations were made for the celebration of the Fourth of July, 1864. An elaborate program was mapped out, and the following gentlemen appointed a committee of arrangements: Joseph H. Elmer, Robert DuBois, James R. Hoagland, Edmund R. Elmer, Eden M. Hood, Charles D. Burroughs, Providence Ludlam, Robert W. Elmer, Charles E. Mulford, Edwin Ware, Robert B. Potter.

The members of Company F, "Cumberland Greys," Third New Jersey, who had served three years, but did not re-enlist, had returned home a few days previous to the Fourth, so it was decided that in addition to the other patriotic exercises a reception and dinner should be given to the returned soldiers.

At sunrise on the morning of the Fourth the old cannon which had figured in so many previous celebrations was brought out and a National salute fired. The day was fair—the sun shone brightly—the sidewalks were packed with thousands of men, women and children. Farmers from the country districts came to town in large numbers to take part in the festivities. Business places and private residences were gay with bunting. The old wooden bridge over the Cohansey River at Commerce Street, was beautifully decorated with evergreen. A triumphal arch erected above the roadway of the structure was adorned with flags and flowers, forming a beautiful design in the words "Welcome Home."

At 10 o'clock a parade formed in front of the Davis House on Commerce Street, headed by Lewis H. Dowdney, marshal; James R. Hoagland and Samuel T. DuBois, assistant marshals. The Bridgeton Cornet Band and the Laurel Hill Fife and Drum Corps furnished music, patriotic and inspiring. A remnant of the "Greys," two officers and twenty-eight muskets strong, occupied the place of honor in the procession, under command of Captain Charles F. Salkeld. The veterans marched splendidly to the great admiration of the vast crowds of onlookers. Preceding the "Greys" was an omnibus containing members of the com-

pany who were unable to march because of wounds and other disabilities.

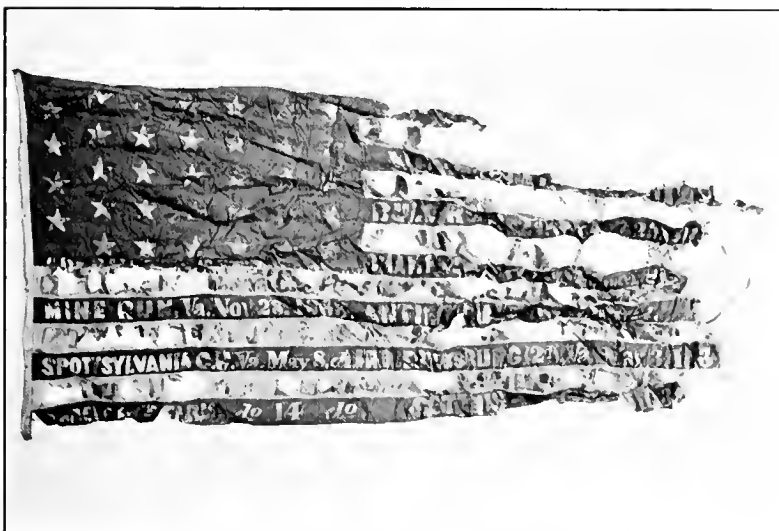
Corporal John Royal, at the head of the veteran soldiers, stood erect and manly, holding with a firm grip the beautiful silk colors which the ladies of Bridgeton had presented to the "Greys" that bright May day in '61 the eve of their departure for the seat of war. John Royal was the senior color corporal of the gallant Third New Jersey. He had carried the regimental colors through many bloody engagements, and was a proud man that glorious Fourth of July, 1864, when the original flag of the "Cumberland Greys" was given to his hands. It was a splendid flag, bright with the tri-colors, glorious with its canopy of stars. On its broad stripes the names of the principal battles in which the company had been engaged from Bull Run to Cold Harbor were emblazoned in letters of shining gold. As the returned soldiers passed, the fair sex, of whom the local papers said there had never before been such a turnout, waved their handkerchiefs in salute, while the citizens rent the air with round after round of cheers.

Appended is a list of the brave soldiers who participated in the celebration and reception that day:

Charles F. Salkeld, captain; former Lieutenant Samuel T. DuBois, then a captain; Joseph R. Woodruff, Michael H. Swing, James W. Murphy, Thomas M. Woodruff, James B. Woodruff, John Royal, Charles L. Davis, William H. Williams, Clarence J. Mulford, Jonathan H. Facemire, David W. Fry, Robert Glaspey, John C. Garrison, Horace E. Loper, Reuben Brooks, Charles T. Jordan, Davis B. Loder, Daniel R. Parvin, Alexander Sayre, Walter S. Williams, Robert M. Vansant, Levi J. Harker, Furman Cam-bloss, Joab C. Lore, Daniel Doyle, David P. Clark, Charles McAllister, Henry Marts.

The following members of the "Greys" were not present at the reception because of their having re-enlisted for another term of three years. They served the country with great loyalty, returning after the surrender at Appomattox, in 1865:





FLAG OF THE " CUMBERLAND GREYS "  
 Company F, Third New Jersey Regiment Inf. Vols.  
 John Royal, Color Bearer

1861—1864

Bowman H. Buck, David B. Husted, Alexander M. Parvin, Joseph Clayton, William Painter, Adolph Bergen, Thomas Cottrell, William H. Nagle, Jonathan Fadely, Richard C. Levick, Henry L. Seymour, Henry B. Stockton. The latter, Comrade Stockton, was killed in action near Spottsylvania, Va., after re-enlistment.

Twelve members had been transferred to Hancock's Veteran Reserve Corps and to other regiments, in which they finished their three years' enlistment. Thirty-two members were discharged from service prior to the termination of their enlistment period, owing to wounds and disabilities. Seventeen members were killed on the field, and died of wounds and disease.

Captain James W. H. Stickney, who commanded the company at its organization in Bridgeton, was later promoted to the position of major, which he filled with distinguished ability.

Magnificent record of a gallant hundred who, going at the first call of an imperiled country, rendered invaluable service, to the great honor of the patriotic county of Cumberland.

As the veterans marched amid applause and cheers the vacant places in the depleted ranks of the splendid company were more and more apparent. The erect forms of Randolph, Pew, Bacon, Clark, Crandol, Fogg, Jackson, Johnson, Keen, Nichols, Sheppard, Stockton, Thompson, Thornard, Tyler, Yearicks and Wolf, were not in the visible line. They had joined the invisible. The blood and tears of earthly suffering had been exchanged for the peace of that glorious land in the house not made with hands eternal in the heavens.

"Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,  
Nor time's remorseless doom,  
Can dim one ray of holy light  
That gilds your glorious tomb."

At the Grove on West Commerce street the exercises were opened by an eloquent prayer from the lips of Rev.



WAR TIME PICTURES - 1861-1865

Group Company F "Cumberland Greys", Third N. J. Reg. Inf. Vols.

Francis Albin

Reuben Brooks

Joab C. Lore

William G. Howell

Bowman H. Buck

Levi J. Harker

David B. Husted

Thomas P. Coles

Henry M. Stuart, rector of St. Andrew's Episcopal Church.

Then John T. Nixon addressed the large assemblage which had gathered in his usual magnetic manner. The oration by Paul T. Jones was a masterpiece. He welcomed the braves to whom he had presented the flag in the early spring of '61, in one of the most patriotic, pathetic and eloquent speeches ever delivered in South Jersey. At one moment the eyes of his auditors would be dim with tears; at another the trees of the grove reverberated with the plaudits of his hearers, to whom he recounted the story of the heroic deeds of the veterans who had added new glory to the flag and the republican institutions which treason had sought to destroy.

Captain Charles F. Salkeld, of stalwart, soldierly appearance, whose bravery had been tested on many hotly contested fields, whom the men loved as they loved their own souls, addressed the audience in an exhaustive and eloquent review of the company's history as follows:

*Fellow Citizens, Ladies and Gentlemen:*

"In the name and on the behalf of this organization, lately designated as Company F, Third New Jersey Regiment Volunteers, but more familiarly known to you as the 'Cumberland Greys,' I return you their sincere and heartfelt thanks for this welcome greeting, which you have this day extended them, upon their arrival among you after an absence of over three years at the seat of war, most of which time has been spent 'mid scenes of danger, toil, hardship and privation.

"Your efforts, ladies of the Aid Society, to conduce to our comfort, pleasure and gratification, upon this memorable occasion, previous to our departure from home, and during our absence, are deeply and thoroughly appreciated, and will ever be gratefully remembered and cherished by the recipients; never for an instant have the many favors so gratefully bestowed upon us by you been forgotten, even amid scenes of the utmost peril. On the contrary, we know from our own observation that many an arm has been nerved to strike a heavier blow in defence of those rights and privi-

leges bequested us by our ancestors and for which we have been battling when thoughts of home, friends and all those who were there laboring to minister to our comfort while in camp, upon the battlefield, or in the hospitals—would rise prominently before us.

"The soldier, when about to engage in a hand-to-hand conflict with the enemy, very naturally reverts his thoughts to scenes far distant, and very different from those by which he is at the moment surrounded, and as visions of the happy home, and the dear ones he has left behind, present themselves before him, he is animated to more daring and valorous deeds, that he may perform his part in subduing the enemy, so that he may sooner be enabled to return to enjoy those benefits and blessings so dearly prized by him. While in active campaign he is peculiarly situated. His lot compels him for the time to withdraw himself from all gentle society, or from all that tends to refine or elevate him in the social scale. His constant and daily comrades are the rougher, sterner sex, therefore some degree of allowance should be made if his manners are not as cultivated or polished as some of the male devotees of fashion, who enamour cities and towns. His heart is warm, impulsive, generous and easily impressed by kindness: a letter, a gift, or a kind message makes a deep and sensible effect upon him, and if his emulation be excited and his ambition rewarded, he will smile at danger, and shrink from no foe.

"During the prevalence of this present unhappy Civil War the Federal soldier has established a reputation which is world-wide. No troops have ever been compelled to make greater sacrifices, undergo more severe and trying efforts, than those composing the rank and file of the Army of the Potomac. Yet they willingly, gladly, aye cheerfully submit to all these discomforts, face danger and death in every form, for the preservation of our Union and Constitution, as they were handed down to them by their forefathers. You ladies have done much to ameliorate their condition, and you have a powerful influence, which, if rightly exercised, tends greatly towards developing those characteristics

which should, and if you will but foster, cherish and assist to develop these traits, you will learn of still more glorious achievements being performed by our armies.

"All of us from the day of leaving this place, followed by your prayers and blessings, have been looking forward, eagerly and anxiously, to the time when we should be permitted, if spared, to return again to the county which sent us forth as her first representatives in the Army of our Nation. Many of us this day see our fond wishes consummated, but alas, these sable badges we see, remind us that our circle has been narrowed, and that death has been busy among us. We would that all our comrades, who, three years since, left their homes and friends to obey their country's call, were with us to participate in the festivities of to-day, but an all-wise Providence has deemed proper that it should be otherwise, and while we have been preserved, we must not forget the fact that the remains of nearly a score of our former companions in arms lie mouldering near the banks of the Potomac, the Chickahominy, the James, the Antietam, the Rappahannock and the Po. The so-called sacred soil of Virginia should seem doubly sacred now by reason of the blood of our heroes, who rest in their silent graves beneath it.

"The record described on this banner will tell you how well, how nobly, those departed ones, as well as their survivors, performed their obligations to their country; upon all those bloody fields have they faithfully defended the flag of their nation, never once allowing it to fall into the enemy's hands. A sacred and important trust assigned to them, but one honestly and truly performed.

"Attired in these same soiled and tattered uniforms in which you behold them, with the others of their regiment, have they gallantly confronted their foes face to face, causing them during the last three days even of their service to fly from their cold and glistening bayonets, and though the air was hot and thick with screaming shells, and whistling bullets, bravely did they ascend the heights of Cold Harbor, the enemy retreating from their steady firm ad-



WAR TIME PICTURES - 1861-1864

Group Company F ("Cumberland Greys"), Third N. J. Reg. Inf. Vols.  
 James B. Woodruff      Joseph R. Woodruff      William Mulford  
                                  Charles T. Jordan  
 James G. Westcott      Clarence J. Mulford      Aaron Allen

vance; and in all the engagements now recorded as a portion of our national history have they courageously performed their part, as the transcripts of the company will readily show. The fields of Gaines' Hill, Bull Run, Fredericksburg, Salem Heights, South Mountain, Antietam, Gettysburg, Mine Run, Wilderness, Spottsylvania and others will attest to their coolness, bravery and intrepidity. Many of them bear about their persons the best and most convincing proofs confirming a soldier's undaunted courage, scars received in battle while in line of their duty. Proud, indeed, should you be, my comrades, of these wounds, those maimed, disfigured limbs; you came by them honorably and risked your life for them, and they will be the boast and pride of your children and your children's children, in after years, when referring to you, mentioning the services you rendered in endeavoring to suppress this gigantic rebellion. And it will be your own boast as time shall come upon you apace to exhibit those blemishes and relate portions of your own experience, which occurred while you were connected with the Army of the Potomac.

"It may not be inappropriate at this time to give a summary of the history of this company from the date of its muster into the United States service, three years ago, to the present time. It left this place May 27th, 1861, fully officered and with ninety-eight enlisted men. Two other officers and four recruits were afterwards added, making the total number belonging to the company one hundred and seven; of that number, two officers have been promoted to other commands, two discharged and one mustered out with the company. Eighteen men have died and been killed in action, thirty-two have been discharged, the majority from wounds, the others from disability. Eighteen have been transferred, a portion to the Veteran Reserve Corps, others to the Navy, some to other regiments from New Jersey, by reason of re-enlistments. Four have been dropped from the company rolls as deserters, and thirty mustered out on account of expiration of their term of service. At Gaines' Hill, two years since, the company went into action



numbering sixty men, and supporting regimental colors, and withdrew at the close of that fearful engagement with but thirty-one, the remainder having been killed, wounded or captured. At Manassas, two months after, two were killed and three captured. At South Mountain, during the first Maryland campaign, the company numbered twenty-two, two were killed and three wounded. At Antietam, three days later, five were wounded; at Salem Heights, after the occupation of Fredericksburg, Va., May, 1863, one was killed and six wounded, and during the campaign under General Grant, inaugurated May 4, 1864, up to the time of their leaving the front, three were killed and died of their wounds, eight were wounded and four captured, the last mentioned were soon retaken by our cavalry and returned.

"The casualties attending the company have not been so great as many persons might suppose, from the amount of service rendered, having taken part in all the general engagements the Army of the Potomac ever participated in, with the exception of Williamsburg and Fair Oaks. It seems as if a special Providence watched over us and preserved us, when we think of the danger and exposure we have been subjected to. Let us reverently hope that we are sufficiently thankful for the great mercies which have been extended to us.

"And now, my comrades, the most painful task of all devolves upon me. The hour of separation has nearly arrived, and we are in future to go forth into the world, each of us to follow that career in civil life to which choice, circumstances or inclinations may call us. For the last three years we have been co-laborers in one common cause, we have shared together the arduous and difficult duties of the camp, the bivouac, the battlefield. We have seen our comrades fall dead, dying and wounded, around and about us, have heard their groans, dying exclamations, and piercing, heartrending shrieks, have followed to their last resting-place beneath Virginia sod several of our number, but have ourselves been graciously spared to return to our

happy homes and dear friends, whose familiar faces we see before us to-day. Never in all human probability will we be assembled together again after the exercises of to-day are concluded. Our duties we obligated ourselves to perform have been executed, and our contract cancelled. You have been battling these many months with open enemies in your front, from whom you are now removed, but you will find it necessary still to be vigilant, or enemies will appear upon your front, your rear, and on both flanks, even here in your native State. Be wary, watchful, cautious, keep your outposts well guarded and supported, lest they take you by surprise. Repel them when attacked, force them either to evacuate or capitulate, and all will be well, but never surrender one inch to them. Remember the sacred cause you have so long been contending for. Remember the leaders you have followed, whose names are now historic—Kearney, Taylor, Slocum, Smith, Sedgwick and Wright, three of whom have sealed their devotion to their country with their lives. Remember the blood shed by your own comrades, and consider it as a solemn duty you owe to their memory to be true to your country now in the hour of her great peril, and let us hope that tyrants or usurpers may never point to the sepulchre of her liberty and mock her degraded and suffering children. Let us each rather once more lend a helping hand, if necessary, to assist in wresting back our land from those rebel hordes who would destroy the best government the world ever saw. Let us transmit it unimpaired to posterity, and though we may not be honored with the helm, let us be content to cheerfully unfurl a sail, splice a rope, or clear the deck for action. Let us look back one year from to-day at the horrible field of Gettysburg, and as the memory of that spot and the scenes there enacted come visibly before us, and we contrast them with those we witness here, let us renew our obligations to bear true and faithful allegiance to our Government. But I am warned that I have exceeded the time allowed me, and must conclude. In doing this let me assure each and every one of my unbounded friendship and interest in you.



WAR TIME PICTURES -1861-1865

Group Company F ("Cumberland Greys)," Third N. J. Reg. Inf. Vols.

Michael Swing

W. Scott Williams

William H. Negley

Thomas M. Woodruff

Jonathan Fadely

John C. Garrison

Eldorado H. Grosscup

Wherever in the future your lots may be cast, remember you have no firmer friend, or no one who will always feel more interested in your welfare than he who lately had the honor of commanding you. That prosperity may attend you is my earnest desire, and while taking leave of our kind friends here, who have so kindly welcomed us home, I will also bid you adieu."

Franklin F. Westcott, Esq., then addressed the veterans in a brief, patriotic speech, laudatory of the service they had rendered the county and the nation.

The exercises closed with a feeling benediction by Rev. John W. Hickman, the beloved pastor of Commerce Street M. E. Church, after which the soldiers sang "Rally 'Round the Flag, Boys, Rally Once Again! Shouting the Battle Cry of Freedom!"

Counter-marching back to Grosscup's Hall, the "Greys" were received by the Ladies' Aid Society of Bridgeton, and tendered an elegant dinner prepared by E. Davis & Son, of the Davis House. It was a festive occasion around the feast of delicious viands, waited upon by the hands of Bridgeton's fairest young ladies, surrounded by a wealth of floral decorations, and in the presence of the best citizenship. Memories of the war, still fresh from the tented fields—the fallen comrades—the dreadful scenes of battles lost and won—the advance—the retreat—the defeat and final victory were before them. But home with its joyous environments was theirs at last! Victors of many well-fought fields, well done! well done!

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Many were the interesting stories told of the days by-gone in march and bivouac, when the pigs and poultry of some rebel farmer were appropriated for the use of the boys of Company F. One of the best was that which concerned Comrade John C. Garrison. John was a Christian, and a strong believer in honesty, but once while the Third New Jersey lay encamped near Gaines' Mill, Virginia, it was discovered that the miller who ground the grist was very bitter in his talk against the Yankees. He furnished a good qual-



DRUM CORPS "CUMBERLAND GREYS"  
Company F, Third New Jersey Regiment Inf. Vols—1861  
Horace E. Loper, Fifer  
William Painter, Drummer

ity of flour, but under General McClellan's orders neither the miller's property nor his flour could be touched. The boys were anxious for a little of that flour, nevertheless and so it was arranged that while a squad of comrades engaged the rebel miller in conversation Garrison was to slip in back of the mill and get away with a bag. The scheme worked like a charm, and so it came to pass that while the boys talked with the "reb." John took the flour.

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Among the first to enlist in the "Cumberland Greys" were Horace E. Loper, fifer; Francis Albin ("Dart") and William ("Billy") Painter, drummers. No musician in the Army of the Potomac could handle a fife more melodiously than Horace, and none were more skillful with the drum sticks than "Frank" and "Billy." The former returned with his comrades at the end of his three-year term of enlistment with the honors of fife major. Horace Loper was one of three brothers who had local fame as "Crockett the First." Frank Loper was "Crockett the Second." Johnny Loper was "Crockett the Third." All were gifted as musicians. On his return from the war Fife Major Loper gave some vivid descriptions of scenes of service, but said he, "The saddest and most heartrending were those of the battle of Cold Harbor, fought just previous to the discharge of the three-year men, when so many of the Third Regiment were killed and wounded. Such sights were terrible to witness, and brought tears to many eyes." Drummer Francis Albin, who had gone into the Regimental Band, was discharged August 10, 1862, by an act of Congress which repealed the act under which the Third Regiment Band was organized. Drummer William Painter went in at the beginning and remained to the end. He re-enlisted December 30, 1863, and was honorably discharged June 29, 1865. The echoes of your martial notes have long since died away, noble drum corps of the sixties; the last reveille has sounded—"No braying horn or screaming fife, at dawn shall call to arms."

Fife Major Loper, of the "Greys," had talent as a poet. After the Third Regiment had arrived in Virginia he composed and printed a patriotic song, which he distributed among his comrades and sent to his friends at home. Appended is the song as Horace wrote it:

#### THE NEW JERSEY THIRD.

BY H. E. LOPER, COMPANY F.

Come all ye true Americans, I pray you lend an ear,  
I'll tell you as true a tale as ever you did hear;  
'Tis of the New Jersey Third, as you will understand,  
It is a famous regiment, Col. Taylor in command.

'Twas in the year of sixty-one, and in the month of May,  
We left our wives and sweethearts, in a lamenting way;  
To go and fight Secession, and the traitor's flag pull down,  
And those we left may rest assured we'll strike it to the ground.

We struck our tents at Trenton on the 28th of June—  
The fields and flowery gardens and meadows were in bloom;  
Whilst on our way to Washington the pretty girls would say,  
There goes a gallant regiment from the State of New Jers-a.

When we arrived at Washington, the people looked amazed,  
To hear the yells of us Jerseymen—they really thought us crazed;  
Whilst jumping from the cars you could hear their voices loud,  
Crying "Vengeance to Secession," as we passed the eager crowd.

We had not been at Washington more than three weeks or four,  
When we received an order to cross to Virginia's sacred shore;  
Through woods and mud we traveled, whilst hungry, tired and dry,  
We never shall forget that night until the day we die.

We arrived at Camp Trenton about ten o'clock that night—  
I'm sure t'would rend the hardest heart to witness such a sight;  
We lay upon the cold, damp ground until the break of day;  
When we arose we found ourselves in a bed of mud and clay.

We pitched our tents, in short, on top of Roach's hill;  
We soon had all things fixed, and then remained quite still,  
Until the 16th of July, a skirmish we heard say  
Had taken place at Springfield, and we must march that way.

When we arrived at Springfield, the rebels they had fled,  
Unto that sad, ill-fated field, where many brave hearts bled;  
Then to building up the bridges we impatiently did go,  
That were torn down and burned by our rebel foe.

Then next to Fairfax Station, our steps we did repair,  
But little did we think how we were going to fare;  
Hard crackers, without water, we were obliged to eat,  
And to add to our misfortunes, we were ordered to retreat.

Those orders were obeyed, although against the grain,  
To leave them in possession, and go from whence we came;  
But we'll show them hereafter, we can stand before a gun,  
And they never shall experience another Bull Run.

Although to them a victory, to us it has been more,  
Although many a true soldier lies in that field of gore;  
The time is fast approaching—how soon we do not care—  
For the Third is waiting patiently to gain of praise her share.

Here's health to Col. Taylor and Lieut. Col. Brown,  
Also to Major Collett, for their betters can't be found;  
And to Capt. Stickney, and Company F success—  
For 'tis as brave a company as the regiment does possess.

My song cannot be ended until our hopes and fears are told;  
The time is fast approaching, which will a tale unfold;  
The final blow will soon be struck, and traitors get their due;  
And soon we will return to those, whose love for us is true.

We anticipate a glorious time, when again on Jersey shore,  
If God in His boundless mercy should protect us through this war;  
But if it be His will that on the field we lie,  
Our friends at home will full well know that at our post we die.

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Among the gallant men in the ranks of the "Cumberland Greys" was Smith Dalrymple, of Bridgeton. Tall in stature, of fine physique, patriarchal beard, and genial manners, intelligent soldier was comrade Dalrymple. A printer by trade, previous to the war compositor and editor of the Bridgeton Chronicle. He was a writer of more than ordinary ability. His life was replete with strange experiences and remarkable escapes from death. In 1856 he was one of the few who escaped with their lives from the decks of the burning ferryboat "New Jersey," destroyed by fire while crossing the Delaware River from Philadelphia to Camden. Serving throughout the Civil War meritoriously, he seemed to bear a charmed life, coming to the end after many close calls unscathed. Immediately on taking possession of Petersburg, Virginia, by the Union Army, under General Grant, Smith Dalrymple discovered a printing office from which the Confederates had fled in great haste. Going into the composing room of the defunct sheet, Smith took to the case, and in a few hours after the Union occupation of the city there issued from the Confederate press under date of April 8, 1865, a spirited Yankee newspaper, five columns in width, with the title "Grant's Progress." The type was set and the paper worked off in connection with Comrade Dalrymple by soldiers of different regiments



who had not forgotten their trade as printers. The leading editorial in this novel journal said: "We believe in the United States, now and indivisible, in Abraham Lincoln, our adopted father; in U. S. Grant, Captain of the Host, and in ourselves as the principal sojourners in the Army of the Potomac, and the freedom of the contrabands, and the speedy extinction of the rebellion, and the perdition of Jeff. Davis here and hereafter."

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The pastors of the Bridgeton churches were outspoken for the Union during the trying days of the great war. From every pulpit rang an appeal for loyalty, and many were the eloquent sermons delivered and stirring prayers offered to the God of battles that victory might crown the Union arms. Among this splendid corps of Christian ministers was Rev. James M. Challis. Dr. Challis was a retired Baptist clergyman, resident of Bridgeton, who was an enthusiastic Union man and great admirer of President Lincoln. At one time during the war while the pulpit of the First Presbyterian Church in Bridgeton was vacant pending a successor to the Rev. Dr. Samuel Beach Jones, Dr. Callis preached several sermons. One Sunday morning when the national horizon was shadowed with gloom because of repeated reverses to the Union arms, the doctor entered the pulpit brimful of patriotic earnestness, giving utterance to one of the most remarkable prayers ever heard in any church. After praying for the success of the Union armies in the field and the navy upon the sea, he fervently exclaimed "God bless the soldiers and sailors. God bless the President of the United States," and here the doctor paused, "And, Lord, I mean Abraham Lincoln."

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Congress adjourned in the spring of 1863, when the term of Hon. John T. Nixon expired and that gentleman returned to his home in Bridgeton. A service of four years in the exciting days immediately preceding, and the opening days of the great civil conflict in the Congress of the

United States, had ripened Mr. Nixon's great abilities. Going to Washington a novice, so far as national affairs were concerned, he returned a statesman. Those who knew him will never forget him. The author of this volume can see him even now, standing in the forum of the Cumberland Court House, addressing the jury as to the merits of the cause entrusted to his hands by plaintiff or defendant. And the cause which he defended or argued was always meritorious, because it was a cardinal principle of Mr. Nixon's life that he would not appear as an advocate of any action which he knew to be wrong. The client who desired his service must first give him a truthful statement of the case, otherwise he would not agree even to listen to it. If the client was in the right, then he was sure that the great talent of the former Congressman would be exerted to its utmost limit. John T. Nixon's sole and only standard was "thrice armed is he whose cause is just." Discouraging litigation instead of creating it, as is too often the rule by lawyers of modern days, he lived to the end a goodly and upright life. His silver gray head and flowing side whiskers could say yes or no, with significant emphasis, while his sincere argument and eloquent sentences touched the hearts of many juries for the righteous verdict which he desired should be based upon the truth and the evidence. The sterling principles of his life were exemplified not only before the bar of the Court, but upon the stump, when in hot campaigns of excited partisans he was always the same courteous, argumentive, polished speaker.

The Nixon family of which the illustrious jurist-statesman came was of Fairfield growth. On a small farm near the village of Cedarville, in what was then a part of the good old township of Fairfield, named after a county which the early settlers had left in Connecticut for a home in New Jersey, Jeremiah Nixon reared a remarkable family. Besides Judge Nixon, he had other distinguished sons, none of whom are now living. Rev. J. Howard Nixon became a minister of the Gospel of the Presbyterian faith, at one time pastor of the church in Indianapolis, Ind., of



WAR TIME PICTURES—1862-1865

Group Tenth New Jersey Regiment Inf. Vols.

Lieut. John B. Hoffman

Capt. George W. Hummell

Lieut. William J. Sutton

Capt. Isaac T. Thackara

John Fawnsbury

Lieut. James Nieukirk

Joseph Simkins

C. Henry Seeley

which President Benjamin Harrison was an elder. Another son, James Nixon, went South, became editor of the New Orleans *Crescent*, and led a regiment as colonel in the Confederate Army. The remaining brother, William G. Nixon, long president of the Cumberland National Bank, Bridgeton's oldest financial institution, a financier of great ability, amassed a fortune in the keen pursuit of wealth. Two sisters became the wives of leading men—one the wife of David P. Elmer, the other the wife of General John H. Sanborn, of the United States Army. Two other sisters became wives of Samuel Bodine, a Philadelphia manufacturer, and Henry Sheppard, of Missouri.

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During Governor Olden's administration Cumberland County had furnished a thousand men for military service. In addition to the "Cumberland Greys," of the Third New Jersey; Company K, of the Twelfth New Jersey, and Companies F, G and H of the Twenty-fourth New Jersey, two companies of volunteers had gone from Millville, Maurice River, Fairfield and other townships. Company B, of Millville, Captain George E. Dunlap, Lieutenants James Smith and B. Reed Brown, joined the Twenty-fourth. Company D, Captain Ethan T. Garretson, of Fairfield; Lieutenants Samuel Peacock and Joseph Bateman, joined the Twenty-fifth Regiment. Company D, Tenth New Jersey, Captain John Evans, Lieutenants Isaac T. Thackara and George W. Hummell. William J. Sutton, Sergeant, was largely recruited at Shiloh and in the western section of the county. Lieutenant Hummell afterwards became captain, for gallant conduct in the field. Sergeant William J. Sutton was promoted to a first lieutenancy because of meritorious conduct. This company of the Tenth Regiment did valorous service throughout the war, many of its members serving the full three years and re-enlisting. The Third New Jersey Cavalry also contained a large number of volunteers from Cumberland County, Company G, Captain Thomas G. McClong, of Millville, coming from eastern parts of the county,

and Company H. Captain Ethan T. Harris, of Bridgeton, from the county seat and the townships immediately surrounding it. First Lieutenant Barnet Burdsall, of Company H, a splendid officer, whose remains rest in the Shiloh Baptist Cemetery, was killed in a skirmish with guerrillas at Warwick Bridge, Virginia, July 5, 1864. The men who went into the Third, Tenth and Twelfth Regiments enlisted for three years, as did those who enlisted in the Third Cavalry, but those who served in the Twenty-fourth and Twenty-fifth Regiments were enrolled for nine months only.

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There were two families in Bridgeton of humble origin whose patriotism sent them into the ranks of the Union army almost in their entirety. Elizabeth Ayars, widow, resided on Laurel street. Of her six sons, four of them enlisted in Company H, Twenty-fourth Regiment, as follows: Edward Ayars, Samuel Ayars, Richard B. Ayars, Ephraim R. Ayars. Jeremiah Ayars enlisted in the First Delaware Regiment. Beside her five volunteer soldier sons Mrs. Ayars had a son-in-law, Bowman H. Buck, in the "Cumberland Greys." He had a remarkable career as a soldier. When a young man Mr. Buck served with General Zachary Taylor in the Mexican War, and was present at the battles of Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma, Cerro Gorda, Vera Cruz, Cherubusco, and witnessed the surrender of Santa Anna in the city of Mexico. During the War of the Rebellion he fought from 1861 to the close of hostilities in 1865. This veteran of two wars was enrolled as sergeant and came out a sergeant. By reason of his heroic conduct on many battlefields Hon. John T. Nixon secured a lieutenant's commission for Mr. Buck, but he would not have it, preferring to remain in the ranks with the boys. Few men have such a splendid record as Bowman H. Buck and few were so modest when epaulets were to be had. Robert G. Clark, Company K, Twelfth Regiment, was also a son-in-law of Mrs. Ayars, who served his country honorably. Widow Ayars could well be proud of her sons and

her sons-in-law, for in the hands of families like hers the priceless jewel of our liberties was doubly safe from the foe-man's treacherous steel.

Another loyal family was that of Richard D. Penn, resident of North Bridgeton. Four sons enlisted for the war: Isaac and Jesse Penn in Company B, Tenth Regiment; Amos Penn in Company G, Thirty-eighth Regiment; George Penn in Company G, Third New Jersey Regiment, Cavalry, the latter killed in action at Summit Point, Va., August 21, 1864.

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Then there was the Nieukirk family, which sent three brothers: William R. Nieukirk, United States Navy; James P. Nieukirk, first lieutenant, Company H, Tenth New Jersey Regiment; John B. Nieukirk, Company H, Twenty-fourth New Jersey Regiment.

And the Croziers, consisting of three brothers: Edmund Crozier, Company F, Third New Jersey Regiment; Elam Crozier, Company F, Third New Jersey Regiment, Cavalry; Roger Crozier, Company F, Twenty-fourth New Jersey Regiment.

Also the three sons of Phebe Robinson: George W. Robinson, Company H, Third New Jersey Regiment, Cavalry; Hosea Robinson, Company F, Thirty-seventh New Jersey Regiment, who died in the service and was buried at City Point, Virginia, September 10, 1864; William Robinson, United States Navy.

In Company H, of the Twenty-fourth New Jersey Regiment, there was also enlisted a Bridgeton family of three brothers, Thomas W. Sheppard, Elmer Sheppard, John Sheppard.

The Swinneys, of Shiloh, were another family who did much for the land they loved. Azor E. Swinney enlisted in Company H, Third New Jersey Cavalry, and was killed in action at Winchester, Virginia, September 19, 1864, while gallantly fighting under the command of General Phil. Sheridan, in the famous Shenandoah Valley cam-



FIVE PATRIOTIC AYARS BROTHERS—1862

Ephraim R. Ayars  
Musician Co. H, 21th N. J.  
Reg. Inf. Vols.  
Richard R. Ayars  
Co. H, 21th N. J. Reg. Inf. Vols.

Jeremiah Ayars  
1st Del. Reg. Inf. Vols.

Edward Ayars  
Co. H, 21th N. J. Reg.  
Inf. Vols.  
Samuel Ayars  
Co. H, 21th N. J. Reg. Inf. Vols.

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paign. John G. Swinney, a brother, served a term of three years in Company K, Twelfth New Jersey, with merit and honors.

The Brooks family, of Bridgeton, was another loyal contingent for the Union cause. Reuben Brooks went among the first defenders in Company F, Third New Jersey Infantry (Cumberland Greys); Joseph C. Brooks, enrolled in Company H, Twenty-fourth New Jersey, afterward serving in the United States Navy; Enoch Brooks enlisted in Company H, Third New Jersey Cavalry.

Still another Cumberland County family of three brothers gave much and suffered much for the land and nation. Horace Garton, Company K, Twelfth New Jersey Regiment, died June 3, 1864, of wounds received in action at Spottsylvania Court House, Virginia; Samuel P. Garton, Company D, Tenth New Jersey Regiment, died of wounds received in action at Cold Harbor, Virginia, June 1, 1864; Isaac T. Garton, Company K, Sixth Regiment, transferred to Company G, Eighth Regiment, re-enlisted June 4, 1864, served throughout the war.

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Patriotic records indeed, yet there was another family in Cumberland County, which gave more than any other to the Government which they loved. Near the village of Shiloh there resided a family of sterling qualities of mind and body. Born upon a farm in one of the most productive and peaceful sections of the State, rising with the birds at the early dawn, laboring in the fields by day, in the evening participating with the good men and women of the neighborhood in the intellectual and religious work of the noble Seventh Day Baptist communion at Shiloh, of such were the Randolphs. The young men had heard the story of Robert Halford, the fugitive slave, and listened to the resolutions of protest passed by the earnest company assembled in the Session House. In the night time they drew inspiration from the starry heavens, and, believing in the great Architect who rules and overrules, they became stalwarts for the righteous cause of the down-trodden and op-





WAR TIME PICTURES—1861-1862

The Brave Randolph and Swinney Brothers  
Azor E. Swinney

Co. H, 3d N. J. Reg. Cav. Vols.

Sylvester W. F. Randolph

Co. F, 3d N. J. Reg.  
Inf. Vols.

Lemuel A. Randolph

Co. D, 10th N. J. Reg. Inf. Vols.

Alfred T. Randolph  
Second-Lieut. Co. B, 10th  
N. J. Reg. Inf. Vols.

John G. Swinney  
Co. K, 12th N. J. Reg.  
Inf. Vols.

pressed. At the first sound of the cannon they came forward with the spirit of the Greeks at Thermopylae. First went Sylvester W. F. Randolph with the "Cumberland Greys," in a few brief months to die in action at Gaines Farm, Va., June 27, 1862. Torn by shot and shell, his life blood quickly ebbed away, and when comrades sought to carry him from the field he protested that they should leave him to his fate and succor those for whom there was yet hope. With streaming eyes and bruised hearts they buried him where he fell. Then went Alfred T. Randolph in Company D, Tenth Regiment, to leave his good right arm on the amputation table, the result of a rebel bullet in the final struggle before Petersburg. Then followed Lemuel A. Randolph in the same company and same regiment. The record says: "Died of wounds received in action at Cold Harbor, Va., June 1, 1864. Buried at Baptist Cemetery, Shiloh, New Jersey." Three noble brothers—two gave their lives that the nation might live, falling with their faces to the foe. The other gave an arm, and returned to tell the story of the battles fought and victories won on Southern fields. What more could one family do? What greater service has any family rendered?

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Of such material were the soldiers of Cumberland County. The boys in our public schools may read the historic page from remote ages, but they will never find the superiors of the young manhood who fought under our flag in the potential armies that saved the Union in the tremendous conflict of '61, '62, '63, '64, '65. They did not fight for aggrandizement of territory, for glory, or for the perpetuation of monarchy. Neither were they forced to fight because of the mailed hand of arbitrary rulers. Volunteers, not conscripts, they fought for humanity and the preservation of civil and religious liberty. Caesar or Charlemagne, Hannibal or Henry of Navarre, Napoleon or Wellington never commanded such intrepid, such brave, such invincible legions. The nation looked on and wondered while patriotic Americans changed the course of his-

tory and out of the carnage of many bloody fields brought forth a new nation dedicated to humanity and a new birth of liberty. No more was the starry banner to be called a flaunting lie. The brave volunteers were to put a new brightness to its stripes and add a new glory to its stars.

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It may have been forgotten by even the oldest citizen, but it is a fact, that Bridgeton was represented in the famous sea fight in Hampton Roads, Virginia, fought Saturday and Sunday, March 8th and 9th, 1862. This battle changed the character of naval architecture, and from it dates the era of armor-plated ships of war. The Merrimac was a wooden vessel, built at the Norfolk Navy Yard, not yet completed by the United States Government, when the Confederates seized the yard and naval stores at that port. The latter utilized the ship by plating her with railroad iron, thereby making a sheath impenetrable by shot or shell from the small calibre guns with which war vessels of the day were armed. In the roadstead, March 8th, lay the U. S. war vessels Cumberland, Congress and Minnesota, old-time frigates, with deck upon deck, and row upon row of cannon—formidable, as naval warfare had heretofore been conducted, but thereafter to become obsolete through and by the appearance of armored ships. They were noble-looking craft, of the type of those upon whose decks John Paul Jones carried the first American flag to victory off Flamborough Head, in the North Sea, in the autumn of 1779, during the memorable engagement with the *Serapis*, the finest ship in the service of his Britannic Majesty, George III.

But with the advent of the Monitor and the Merrimac, the days of wooden ships were over. On the morning of March 8th, the Merrimac appeared and, making direct for the Cumberland, opened a terrific hail of iron on that vessel. The crew of the Cumberland, loyal, brave, worked the ship's batteries with rapidity, sending broadside after broadside into the iron monster before them. Blood ran down the decks in torrents, and hundreds of gallant tars fell to rise no more. The defence was unequal to the attack; so, in

blood and carnage, the Cumberland went down to a watery grave. On the deck of the doomed ship were two former citizens of Bridgeton. One of them, Rev. John L. Lenhart, Chaplain in the Navy, pastor of the Commerce Street Methodist Episcopal Church, 1840-1841, was last seen going into the cabin. Who knows but what his feet were turned thence because of the habit of prayer which had been his custom from early childhood? While the beloved Lenhart prayed, the Master took him home. The gate of heaven, to which he had so often pointed the fathers and mothers in good, old Commerce Street Church, had ushered in his gentle spirit. With him it—

“Twere sweet, indeed, to close our eyes, with those we cherish near,

And, wafted upwards by their sighs, soar to some calmer sphere:

But, whether on the scaffold high or in the battle's van,  
The fittest place where man can die is where he dies for man!”

The blood-dyed waters of Hampton Roads were his winding sheet, and there he sleeps, waiting the Resurrection of the dead.

Some there were of the crew of the Cumberland who escaped death when the ship went down. Among the few in a crew of more than 300 men, was William Clark, of Bridgeton, who jumped overboard, was picked up by a boat and saved. He lived to serve in 1864-65 as a private soldier in Co. H, Third New Jersey Cavalry, and was honorably discharged. The great conflict of the Monitor, with the Merrimac, occurred the following day after the wreck of the Cumberland. Sunday morning, March 9th, 1862, a puff of smoke seaward, announced the coming of John Erriesson's battery known as the "Monitor." The latter looked like a cheese-box mounted on a raft—the deck being freeboard and almost level with the sea, upon which was an iron-clad turret containing two cannon from which could be hurled 200-pound projectiles. The Merrimac came

gayly out to meet the stranger seeming to say with jaunty air, "I have destroyed the Cumberland, rammed the Congress and sent the Minnesota high and dry upon the shore, who are you to dispute with me the supremacy of the sea?" The battle opened with fierce attack on either side—it ended in victory for the little Monitor, which at an opportune moment had appeared and restored the prestige of the old flag never previously lost on land or sea.

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The Bridgeton ladies having organized early in 1861 their Millville sisters took up the work of assistance September 14th, 1862. Most of their efforts were devoted to the needy and suffering soldiers in the various hospitals. Six pieces of muslin were given by the Millville merchants for this purpose. One hundred yards of muslin and twelve pounds of yarn were contributed by Richard D. Wood, cotton goods manufacturer. The yarn was speedily fashioned by the ladies into substantial socks. One good mother in Israel, in her 72d year, whose health would not permit her to attend the meetings of the society, knit sixteen pairs of socks, besides making eighteen shirts. Pity 'tis that her name has been lost, the local papers failing to chronicle it. While the Millville ladies were industriously engaged in this manner, the Bridgeton ladies were sending box after box of clothing and eatables to the front. The dying soldier upon the cot in hospital or on the battlefield wet with tears the pillow which the patriotic mothers and sisters had shaped in the sewing societies at home. Visions of angelic faces were his as he passed from time to eternity. Who can measure the value of the noble service rendered by the splendid women of Cumberland County in that great epoch of the war for the Union? In that accounting day before the Throne the story will be fully told. Then and not till then will their glorious work and its glorious results receive the reward of those who "in His Name gave the cup of water, and who visited Him when sick and in prison."

The Bridgeton papers editorially were speaking out strong and emphatic for the Union in the year 1863. The Chronicle, published by George F. Nixon, and Robert B. Potter, was dealing sturdy blows each and every week in behalf of the Union cause, and was ably edited. Its comments on the actions of New Jersey Regiments in the field and the individual bravery of the soldiers from Cumberland County, were especially reliable because editors Nixon and Potter had official knowledge of the movements (editor Potter being a lieutenant in the 24th Regiment) and personal acquaintance with most of the men who had gone from our midst to face the perils of death on ensanguined fields. The Chronicle, just after the battle at Chancellorsville, had this to say concerning the conduct of two of the Jersey Regiments which were more largely than others composed of sons of the county of Cumberland:

"At Chancellorsville the 24th New Jersey did not lose as heavily as some other regiments. It behaved beautifully, led by Colonel Robertson. Major Fithian, acting as aid to General French, behaved in a most gallant and soldierly manner through the whole fight."

"The conduct of the 25th New Jersey in the recent conflict on the Nansemond, near Suffolk, Virginia, is spoken of in high terms of praise. They formed in connection with the 103d New York, the right wing of the attack, and are described as doing their work splendidly, driving the enemy back slowly but surely.

"It gives us special pleasure to make this statement, inasmuch as the Fairfield Company from this county, Captain Garretson's, belongs to this regiment. There are many other Cumberland and Cape May boys in the 25th."

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While the town of Bridgeton and the western townships of Cumberland County produced remarkable families of citizen-soldiers to whom reference has been already made, the Townships of Fairfield and Downe to the south along the Cohansey and by the Delaware Bay were pro-



#### WAR TIME PICTURES -1861-1863

Five Brave Young Men from Fairfield Killed in Battle

William B. Elmer  
Co. H, 21th N. J. Reg. Inf. Vols.

Albert Jones, Co. G, 21th N. J. Reg. Inf. Vols.

Lewis S. Elmer  
Co. G, 12th N. J. Reg. Inf. Vols.

Benjamin Sockwell  
Co. D, 21th N. J. Reg. Inf. Vols.

Theodore W. Elmer

Co. H, 3d N. J. Reg. Cav. Vols.

portionately patriotic. When the flag at Sumter was insulted the farmer boys and oystermen came boldly, bravely forward.

In the gallant contingent from Fairfield came the Elmer family to take a leading part in the great battles for human liberty. Theodore and Ann Elmer gave three sons, as follows: To Company E, 12th Regiment, Lucius Q. C. Elmer, who served honorably and was transferred to Hancock's Veteran Reserve Corps—to Company H, 24th New Jersey, William B. Elmer, Corporal, who died at Division Hospital, near Falmouth, Virginia, of wounds received in action at Fredericksburg, December 13th, 1862—to Company H, 3d New Jersey Cavalry, Theodore W. Elmer, Corporal, died in the prison at Salisbury, North Carolina, January 13th, 1865, a prisoner of war. To this list of loyal Elmers may be added the name of Lewis S. Elmer, son of Owen Elmer, Company G, 12th New Jersey, killed in action at Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 3, 1863.

Then came the Williams family! Daniel Williams was a leading farmer and business man of the county. He resided on a farm just below Herring Row schoolhouse, upon which he raised a large and interesting family. For several years he was President of the Bridgeton and Philadelphia Steamboat Company, the corporation which built the swift, beautiful steamer *City of Bridgeton*, placing that boat upon the Cohansey River in tri-weekly trips to and from Philadelphia. Mr. Williams was a robust defender of the Union, and his heart beat strong for the success of the great cause. Erecting a tall pole on his farm he hoisted the Stars and Stripes, declaring that the colors should never come down from that pole until his three boys, who had enlisted for the war, returned to him dead or alive. His was the spirit of the Spartan mother when she said: "My son (handing him the shield), return with it or upon it." First, went William H. Williams in Company F, 3d New Jersey, the favorite Cumberland Greys, early in '61, participating in the many battles in which that company and regiment took heroic part. James P. Williams followed, enlisting in Com-



pany K, 12th New Jersey, becoming Corporal, Sergeant and First Lieutenant by rapid promotion. James was on the firing line at Gettysburg and served meritoriously until the close of the war. Later Benjamin Frank Williams joined Company D, 25th New Jersey, rising from Sergeant to Second Lieutenant previous to the expiration of his term of enlistment.

From Fairfield also went a son of Sherrard Sockwell, veteran Democrat, who loved his country above and beyond his party. Benjamin F. Sockwell, Company D, 25th New Jersey, died at Stanton United States Army General Hospital, Washington, D. C., February 5th, 1863, wounds received in action at Fredericksburg, Va.; leg amputated. Many were the patriotic addresses made on Decoration Days in later years by Mr. Sockwell, in remembrance of his soldier son.

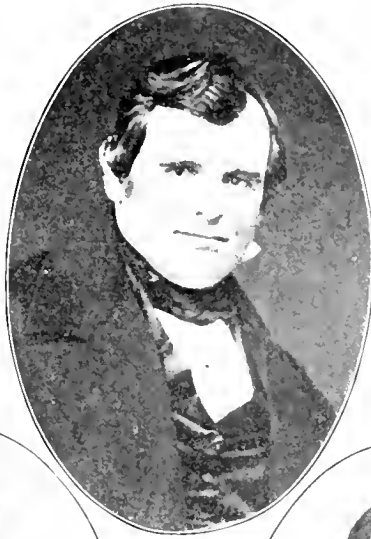
Albert B. Jones, Company G, 24th New Jersey, another Fairfield boy, sealed his devotion to his country, dying at the hospital near Fredericksburg, Va., of wounds received in action at Fredericksburg, December 13th, 1862.

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The Union fleet fought the battle of Mobile Bay, August 5, 1864. Admiral David Farragut, a naval hero of the John Paul Jones stripe, captured the fortifications in the harbor of Mobile known as Morgan, Powell and Gaines, after running through a field of torpedoes and a terrific storm of shot and shell. During the height of the battle Farragut directed operations of the fleet from the masthead of his flagship, the "Hartford," to which he had been lashed. The night previous to the engagement the Admiral sent a telegram to the authorities at Washington which read: "I am going into Mobile in the morning, if God is my leader, as I hope He is." Early the following day he appeared upon the quarter-deck and said to his flag officer: "What direction is the wind blowing?" The officer answered by saying that it was from a favorable quarter. "Will it blow our smoke in the face of the enemy?" The reply was: "It will." "Then," said Admiral Farragut, "I think we had better go

in." This was the word of command from the veteran leader and the fleet went in, its decks slippery with the blood of patriots, but with colors flying to the great glory of the American Navy and the crushing defeat of the Confederates.

The news of the successful issue of the conflict in Mobile Bay roused the loyal North with a great wave of enthusiasm, and Farragut and his men were the heroes of the hour. Two families in the town of Bridgeton were represented in that great naval battle, and intensely interested in the news which might bring joy or sadness to their homes. Ezbon C. Lambert, son of William Lambert, was an officer on the gunboat "Itasca" of the West Gulf Squadron. William T. DuBois was aboard the dispatch boat "Glasgow." Fortunately both were alive and unscathed. Ezbon was enrolled in 1861 with his brother, William S. Lambert, as a musician in the regimental band of the Third New Jersey, serving in that position until 1863. Re-enlisting in the United States Navy, he remained to the close of the war. While the fleet lay in Mobile Bay, one day the Admiral's gig came alongside the "Itasca," and up the ladder came Farragut. A man of medium stature, with round, smooth face, fatherly in appearance, he stepped upon the ship's deck with a familiarity which made him a favorite with both officers and men. With a glance at the twenty-pounder on the forward deck, he turned to the commander of the "Itasca" and said: "Captain Brown, don't you think that gun is a little too light, and hadn't you better go over to Pensacola and get a thirty-pounder?" The kindly question was a command which Captain Brown acted upon promptly. How beautifully the dear old Admiral put the orders of the day and the hour none but those who served under him can ever know. Ever mindful of the wants of his subordinates, ever solicitous for their proper care and treatment, the men loved him. Modest, unassuming, all heart, all soul, was David Farragut. The Russian Admiral who thirty years later deposited a wreath of flowers on Farragut's tomb in Greenwood Cemetery, said while standing o'er his grave:



WAR TIME PICTURES—1864-1865

Daniel Williams, Fairfield, and His Soldier Sons

B. Frank Williams  
Second-Lieut. Co. D, 25th N. J.  
Reg. Inf. Vols.

Daniel Williams

William H. Williams  
Co. F ("Cumberland Greys") 2d N. J.  
Reg. Inf. Vols.

James P. Williams, First-Lieut. Co. G, 12th N. J. Reg. Inf. Vols.

"Admiral Farragut was the noblest, the bravest, the best naval commander the world has known."

The memory of that noble commander is a sweet fragrance which will linger with the American people so long as the Republic shall endure or the historic page shall remain to tell the story of the victory won on the waters of Mobile Bay.

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The Union League removed its quarters from Grosscup's Hall and took rooms in Sheppard's building, just beyond the Commerce street bridge. An executive committee composed of the following members was named: Alexander Stratton, Providence Ludlam, Robert C. Nichols, Stephen G. Porch, Alphonso Woodruff, Theophilus G. Compton, Paul T. Jones. Hon. John T. Nixon, president; Morton Mills, vice-president, with Charles D. Burroughs as treasurer.

The rooms were very comfortably furnished and in them much zealous work was done during the campaign of 1864 for the strengthening of the Union cause—and the re-election of Mr. Lincoln so far as Cumberland County was concerned. The efforts of that patriotic body of citizens, irrespective of political party, brought splendid results.

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Bridgeton was the pivot on which great political movements revolved in the autumn of '64. The first to open the ball were the Democrats of the First Congressional District. Delegates from every county in the district came to the county seat on the morning of Wednesday, September 14, to take part in the proceedings of a convention to be held at the Court House. Samuel J. Bayard, of Gloucester County, was selected chairman. I. V. Dickinson, of Salem County, was unanimously nominated for Congress, M. R. Hamilton and Abram Browning, of Camden, declining.

Mr. Dickinson addressed the convention in a very radi-

cal speech, which was loudly applauded. One of his paragraphs was as follows:

"But let us patiently wait a little longer; a change will surely come. Our chosen chief, the great and good McClellan, will soon be President, and directed by Him whose aid he has invoked, establish peace, restore the Union, and give each State a full guarantee of all its constitutional rights. Let us not be deceived by those who would stir up strife and create divisions. There is but one issue before the people, and this is distinct and clear. The Democratic party is in favor of a speedy peace, the condition of which is the restoration of the Union. This is clearly expressed in the Chicago platform. General McClellan in his letter of acceptance endorses this doctrine in most emphatic language. Mr. Lincoln in his letter 'to all to whom it may concern,' makes the abandonment of slavery the doctrine of peace. This is the issue before the people, and there can be no other. If we triumph there will be peace; if we are defeated this war will still continue."

In the same issue of the local paper which published the action of the Democratic Convention the following editorial appeared:

"General Sheridan has won a great victory in the Shenandoah Valley over Early, the rebel general. Winchester is in our possession; 2,500 prisoners, five guns, and nine battle flags were captured; 5,000 rebel dead and wounded left on the field. Truly the God of battles is smiling upon us. Mobile, Atlanta and Winchester are on all tongues and gladden all loyal hearts."

And yet in the face of these great Union victories the Democratic party of 1864 was ready to make peace with rebels in the field with the assurance that slavery should be retained.

In contradiction of the ignominious peace proposals of the Democrats were the noble sentiments expressed by Mr. Lincoln in the closing sentences of his message to Congress, December 6, 1864. The magnificent character of Abraham

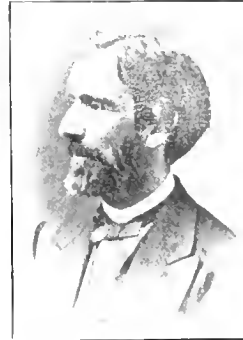
Lincoln was never more beautifully illustrated than when he said:

"In presenting the abandonment of armed resistance to the national authority on the part of the insurgents as the only indispensable condition to ending the war on the part of the Government, I retract nothing heretofore said as to slavery. I repeat the declaration made a year ago, that while I remain in my present position I shall not attempt to retract or modify the emancipation proclamation, nor shall I return to slavery any person who is free by the terms of that proclamation or by any of the acts of Congress. If the people shall by whatever mode or means, make it an executive duty to re-enslave such persons, another, and not I, must be their instrument to perform it.

"In stating a single condition of peace I mean simply to say that the war will cease on the part of the Government whenever it shall have ceased on the part of those who began it."

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The Republicans of the First Congressional District met in convention at the Court House in Bridgeton, Tuesday, October 5, 1864. It was the most enthusiastic political convention ever held in South Jersey. None of its predecessors could hold a candle to it—none of its successors have equaled it. At half-past 9 o'clock in the morning a procession formed in front of the National Union Republican headquarters in Sheppard's Hall, Commerce Street, headed by the Bridgeton Brass Band. It marched by way of Commerce and Laurel Streets to the West Jersey Railroad depot on Irving Avenue to meet the delegations from Atlantic, Camden, Salem, Cape May and Gloucester Counties, then en route for the convention. Special trains from Camden, Salem and Cape May arrived at the depot about twenty minutes past 10 o'clock, with some three thousand shouting Republicans, consisting largely of marching clubs. With a dozen bands of music, flags and banners flying, the procession began a triumphal march out Church Street to Com-



#### PATRIOTIC PREACHERS OF BRIDGETON—1837-1865

Rev. Isaiah D. King  
 Pastor Trinity M. E. Church  
 Rev. Joseph Hubbard  
 Pastor Second Pres. Church  
 Rev. Charles H. Whitecar  
 Presiding Elder M. E. Church  
 Rev. Henry M. Stuart  
 Recto St. Andrew's P. E. Church

Rev. James M. Challis  
 Retired—Baptist Church  
 Rev. Charles E. Hill  
 Pastor Commerce Street  
 M. E. Church

Rev. James Brown  
 Pastor First Baptist Church  
 Rev. Gasper R. Gregory  
 Pastor First Pres. Church  
 Rev. John W. Hickman  
 Pastor Commerce St. M. E. Church  
 Rev. Richard Thorn  
 Pastor Trinity M. E. Church

merce Street, down Commerce to the bridge, up Commerce Street hill to Franklin, and thence to the Court House. Paraders from Bridgeton joined the visiting delegations, together with hundreds of persons from the townships of Deerfield, Hopewell, Stow Creek, Downe, Fairfield, farmers in wagons wreathed with evergreens and bearing banners with inscriptions. One of the transparencies from Stow Creek bore the following bit of rural poetry:

"Stow Creek is all right,  
You need not be afraid;  
We will all go down to Jericho,  
And vote for Uncle Abe."

The march of the cheering Republicans was an ovation. From balcony and every window along the route ladies signaled and waved it onward with handkerchiefs and flags. The Chronicle, in referring to the enthusiasm of the ladies, said: "Especially pleasing was the greeting extended at the Female Seminary, known as Ivy Hall, every window of whose ample front literally burst with patriotic beauty." When the parade arrived at Commerce Street bridge the rear was yet at the depot on Irving Avenue; and so long was the line that it took one hour for it to pass the Davis House. It was acknowledged that no such spectacle of popular enthusiasm had ever before been witnessed in Bridgeton. As the marching column passed, the various clubs sang war-time songs, placing especial stress on the clause of "Rally 'Round the Flag," which ended in the lines—"Down with the Copperheads, up with the Stars." This particularly irritated the Democrats, who now and then appeared on the sidewalks to watch the procession, and the result was that several hand-to-hand fights and scimmages took place, in which the local Democrats were badly used up by the rough-and-ready element from Camden. Whisky from Edmund's bar added to the hilarity, and a land office business was done at the hotel. By evening the Republicans had cleared up the town and not a Democrat was in sight. The town marshal and his specials were powerless, and in an attempt to



restore order the marshal himself was rolled in the gutter. It was a day of tremendous excitement. To crown the turmoil of excited partisans Uncle Eph's omnibus was seized and packed full of cheering Republicans who made a tour of the town without compensation, by sheer force of numbers.

While the convention was in session James M. Scovel, then a prominent leader in the Republican politics of West Jersey addressed a great mass meeting in the open lot in the rear of Grosscup's Hall. It was a fiery speech, replete to the brim with satire of the Democrats and eulogy of Mr. Lincoln and his Administration. Scovel was of impressive appearance and splendid voice. Then in his prime, he commanded the applause of his audience with encore after encore. As a member of the New Jersey Senate he had become unusually prominent with men of affairs, and was personally acquainted with President Lincoln and a frequent visitor to the White House. It was said that the President had great respect for Colonel Scovel, because of his zeal and loyalty for the Union when so many others from Jersey were lacking in those qualities. Of this friendship on the part of the immortal Lincoln, Scovel was always very proud.

The evening of the convention was a gala night. An immense torchlight parade, led by the Fort Delaware Band made the streets over which it passed as light as day. Commerce Street was on fire with Roman candles, rockets and glittering torches. Transparencies carried in this procession stared the onlookers in the face with sentences like the following: "We are Coming, Father Abraham!" "The Rebellion can only be ended by a hard fight, and we will make it!" "Ballots for Union men, bullets for traitors!" "We do not belong to the Left Wing of Jeff Davis' Army!" "McClellan is tough, but who can stand Pendleton?" On the sides of one of the transparencies were pictures of McClellan on horseback, smoking the pipe of peace, and Pendleton alongside of him, riding a donkey. It was the Wide-Awake campaign of 1860 over again, more spectacular, more demonstrative because of the critical national situa-

tion pending the settlement of the great issue of compromise with rebellion, or the continuance of the war and the ultimate triumph of the Union cause.

Hon. Frederic T. Frelinghuysen, the most gifted public speaker New Jersey had produced since the days of Samuel L. Southard, delivered one of the most charming, eloquent and convincing speeches to the multitude in Grosscup's Hall that had ever been heard in Cumberland County. The audience listened spell-bound, to break into patriotic cheers at its conclusion. Freylinghuysen was afterward United States Senator, and Secretary of State in President Arthur's Cabinet.

Hon. John T. Nixon was given an ovation at the convention when he rose to speak. Alexander G. Cattell, of Salem, later United States Senator from New Jersey, and Colonel A. B. Woodruff, of Paterson, also addressed the people during the day and evening.

The Congressional Convention met at the Court House about noon. Rev. Charles E. Hill, of Salem, late chaplain of the Corn Exchange Regiment of Pennsylvania, and a former pastor of Commerce Street M. E. Church, offered an intensely loyal and soul-stirring prayer.

General George M. Robeson, of Camden, was elected chairman of the convention, with George B. Cooper, of Millville, and John S. Mitchell, of Bridgeton, secretaries. General Robeson, a very able and eloquent speaker, aroused the convention to a high pitch of enthusiasm in a memorable speech. Then at the beginning of a distinguished career he was afterward Secretary of the Navy in General Grant's Cabinet, and for four years the ablest Representative in Congress ever sent from the First District.

John F. Starr, James M. Scovel and Paul C. Brinck, of Camden; William Moore, of Atlantic, were presented as candidates for the Congressional nomination. The vote by counties resulted as follows: Starr, 39; Scovel, 7; Moore, 7; Brinck, 1.

John F. Starr's nomination was then made unanimous

amid cheers. Starr was a successful iron master of Camden, who served the district two terms with credit.

Committee on Resolutions reported the following, which were unanimously adopted. Vastly different in sentiment were the utterances of this convention in comparison with those adopted by the Democratic Convention when I. V. Dickinson was nominated for Congress a few days previous:

"Resolved, That the friends of Union and Liberty of the First Congressional District of New Jersey, in convention assembled, do cordially endorse the nomination of those true and tried patriots and statesmen, Abraham Lincoln and Andrew Johnson, for President and Vice-President of the United States; that we accept the resolutions adopted by the Convention which nominated those candidates as our platform of principles, and as an earnest enunciation of patriotic sentiments of no doubtful meaning.

"Resolved, That we recognize as the only true basis of a speedy and permanent peace, no compromise with traitors until they shall first lay down their arms and submit to the Constitution and laws of the Union; that we have implicit reliance in our Peace Commissioners, Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Farragut, and their brave comrades, to command negotiations for a permanent peace.

"Resolved, That an armistice at this time means, as it was intended by the Chicago Convention, a cowardly and disgraceful surrender to a beaten foe; an insult to the heroic dead who have fallen in defence of our country, and a slander upon those still battling for its prosperity and integrity.

"Resolved, That we have no unmeaning words of 'sympathy' for the brave heroes fighting our battles at the front, but tender them our heartfelt thanks for what they have done in behalf of the Union, and our prayers for their continued success."

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The Republicans of Cumberland County completed the ticket at a convention held in the court house, October

10th, at 10 o'clock. Hon. Providence Ludlam called the convention to order. On motion, Seeley Shute, of Greenwich, was made chairman, and John Kandle, of Landis, secretary. Rev. James M. Challis, an ardent patriot, offered a feeling prayer in behalf of the Union, appealing to God for succor and help with heartfelt thanks to Him for victories won.

John S. Mitchell, chairman of the Committee on Resolutions, reported a series of resolutions which were significant of the political situation of the hour largely upon the lines of those adopted at the Congressional Convention, which were adopted amid applause.

Nominations being in order, Hon. Robert More, a former Assemblyman, was nominated by a unanimous vote as the Republican candidate for Assembly in the First District. In the Second District Convention James H. Nixon, a rising young lawyer, was selected as the nominee on the first ballot. The vote stood—Nixon, 21; Dr. Samuel G. Cattell, of Deerfield, 9. Mr. Nixon was then a citizen of Bridgeton. He was four times elected a member of the House of Assembly, and with this, his first nomination, began a distinguished career which ended as a Circuit Judge of the New Jersey courts.

James M. Riley, of Cohansey; Jeremiah F. Zane, of Maurice River; Levi K. Moore, of Hopewell, were nominated for Coroners.

Charles L. Watson was renominated for Sheriff, it being the custom then to give the Sheriff three annual elections after his first success, without opposition from either political party.

The Democrats of Cumberland County convened at the Court House, October 10th, at 10 o'clock. Thomas Ware, of Stow Creek, was made chairman, and John S. McGear, of Bridgeton, secretary.

Jonathan Wood, of Fairfield, was nominated for Assembly, First District; Samuel Foster, Maurice River, for Assembly, Second District.

The Convention was perfunctory in its proceedings,



WAR TIME PICTURES—1861-1865

Isaac Edwin West  
Band, Third N. J. Reg. Inf. Vols.

William T. DuBois  
U. S. Navy

Elias P. Seeley  
Co. F, Fifth Reg. Inf. Vols.

Ezbon C. Lambert and William S. Lambert  
U. S. Navy—Band, Third N. J. Reg. Inf. Vols.

William V. Robinson  
Co. G, Eighth N. J. Reg. Inf. Vols.

Jonathan Husted  
Co. F, Fifth N. J. Reg. Inf. Vols.

Elbert Bradford  
Co. F, Thirty-seventh N. J. Reg. Inf. Vols.

Joseph W. Henderson  
Co. G, Eighth N. J. Reg. Inf. Vols.

and little enthusiasm manifested itself save when the name of General McClellan was mentioned.

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One of the local papers under date of October 15th. said:

"The numerous friends of Lieutenant Frank M. Riley, of this town, will be gratified to learn that he has returned home after imprisonment in Richmond. He was fortunate in being exchanged so soon. The fare there was very hard, but by sending out by 'contrabands' engaged in the prison, he was enabled to procure several dollars in Confederate money for every one in greenbacks, and thus procure some of the necessities and luxuries of life. Lieutenant Riley handed us a copy of the Richmond Enquirer of the 3rd inst., which cost fifty cents. It is printed on a half-sheet of poor paper and makes a miserable appearance."

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The Richmond Whig, of October 24th, contained the following paragraph: "A Yankee raiding party visited Fort Gibson, Miss., last week, and carried off some of the prominent citizens, among the number the Hon. Henry T. Ellett."

This was delightful reading for Bridgetonians, who were conversant with Ellett's life and character. A native of South Jersey, Henry T. Ellett came to Bridgeton in early life and took up the study of law with ex-Governor Elias P. Seeley, a noted lawyer of this State who had won high honors in politics and at the bar. Ellett was a man of ability, and Bridgeton was too small a field for him. He married Miss Rebecca Seeley, daughter of his preceptor Governor Seeley, and went South. The people of his adopted State honored him with a seat in the Legislature and other important places. A believer in human slavery and an extremist as converts from one faith to another are apt to be, it is said of Ellett that he made a speech in the city of New Orleans in 1861, in which he declared that "the North would not fight, and he (Ellett) would take a contract to drink all the blood that would be spilt."

He lived to see the land drenched with fraternal blood, and learned that the North would not only fight, but that it would fight to the end no matter what the cost or what the sacrifice. Two of Ellett's sons enlisted in the Confederate army, one of them being severely wounded by a Northern bullet, the family suffering much at the hands of the Northern men whom the father had so boastfully denounced as cowards.

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Wednesday night, November 2d, the Democrats of Cumberland County joined in a torchlight parade through the streets of Bridgeton. A large number of men and boys took part, but there was a noticeable lack of enthusiasm. It was declared by the local press to have been "a sad affair." Several inscriptions on transparencies read: "No Nigger in our Woodpile!" "Little Mac's the boy!" "Do you want your daughter to Marry a Nigger?" "Give us Back our Old Commander!"

When the procession passed beneath the large flag stretched across Commerce street from Sheppard's building, containing the names of "Abraham Lincoln, Andrew Johnson and Victory," it hooted and howled, which salutation was answered from the windows of the Republican headquarters with cries of "Copperheads," "Traitors."

It was a night of political bitterness rarely, if ever, surpassed in any Presidential campaign in the history of the country. The generation of to-day cannot in the remotest degree realize the feeling which pervaded all ranks of society from the highest to the lowest during the contest for the re-election of Abraham Lincoln in the year 1864. Looking back to that historic election, even the men who still survive, who were a part of the McClellan contingent, must regret that they ever allowed themselves to advocate and sustain a policy which, had it prevailed at the polls, would have restored slavery and destroyed the Union.

Cumberland County was thoroughly canvassed by the Republicans of 1864. Meetings and parades were held nightly during the month of October at every town-hall and every schoolhouse and in every township. Able speakers were brought from a distance to enlighten the voters as to the political duty of the day. The bulk of the speaking, however, was placed upon local talent. Assembly candidates More and Nixon addressed meetings in every section of their districts, but there was no better or more effective speaker in the county than John S. Mitchell, a young lawyer then but recently graduated from the law office of Elmer & Nixon. Tutored by the learned Jurist Hon. L. Q. C. Elmer, Mr. Mitchell had a knowledge of law rarely possessed. In addition he had the gift of oratory, and was a power in the courts and upon the stump. His polished sentences rang with unswerving loyalty for the Union and made a lasting impression upon the electorate who gathered to hear him in the various meetings which he addressed. For his excellent work in this and other campaigns Mr. Mitchell could have had high honors had he so aspired, but he never sought office, being content with the practice of law. Strong in his likes and dislikes, he was an ardent friend or an unrelenting opponent. Intensely loyal to his client he prepared his cases with great care and fought them to a successful finish. Few lawyers were so strong with a jury, and few so argumentative or so eloquent.

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The Bridgeton Chronicle was in the height of its power and influence in the campaign of 1864. For forty-seven years it had flourished as a weekly newspaper, going into the homes of the best families of Cumberland and adjacent counties. It had existed under Whig and Democratic leadership, it was now the leading exponent of Republicanism in Southern New Jersey. During this eventful campaign it rendered splendid service in support of the Lincoln administration, and the war for the preservation of the Union. Its editorial pages bristled with keen yet eloquent paragraphs



for the cause on whose success depended the future of our republican form of government and civilization in the United States. Its shibboleth was—"The war must continue until traitors are made to bite the dust, and victory rests upon the Union arms in a permanent peace." The war for the Union must not be a failure, and so believing the Chronicle held up the hands of the great leader in the day of battle, adding strength and courage to the voters in the county of Cumberland. George F. Nixon, was editor and proprietor. The writer, who was an apprentice in his employ, learning the art preservative in early life, will always remember his kind disposition, quiet demeanor, and inflexible integrity for right. Mr. Nixon was the offspring of one of the best families in Cumberland County, a cousin to Hon. John T. Nixon, member of Congress and Federal Judge. He was a native of Fairfield township.

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The National election excited the country from length to breadth. When the voters went to the ballot-box, Tuesday, November 8th, 1864, the nation seemed almost in the throes of dissolution so deep was the chasm between the opposing political forces. As the shades of night gathered, and the last ballot had been deposited, the people waited with bated breath for the great result which was to follow.

The count in Cumberland County gave the Union Republican Electors for President 636 majority. John F. Starr, for Congress, 631 majority; Robert More, Assembly, First District, 331 majority; James H. Nixon, Assembly, Second District, 318 majority.

The returns from the First Congressional District gave Starr, Union-Republican, 1840 majority, but the other three Congressional districts elected Democratic Congressmen, famous among whom was the notorious Copperhead Jack Rogers, of the Third District, by 887 majority.

General McClellan carried the New Jersey Electors by a little over 5,000 majority, and also succeeded in Delaware and Kentucky by small margins.

Had the soldiers in the field from New Jersey been allowed to vote the result would have been different, but while their comrades on either hand were casting their ballots, the Jersey Blues looked on disfranchised by act of a Democratic Legislature.

The balance of the Union, East and West, New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio inclusive, gave Mr. Lincoln handsome majorities.

Election night was turned into a carnival of joy. Dispatches from every section of the country kept the wires hot, and the crowded rooms of the Union League in Sheppard's Hall and the shouting hundreds upon the sidewalks, added to the flash of red lights, the music of bands, the boom of cannon, the blowing of horns, and rattle of musketry, kept the old town in a quiver of excitement until early dawn of the following morning.

The Union armies on distant battlefields listened for the good news of the election. To them it was the incentive to triumphant results, and so beneath the folds of the old flag they took up a new march to victory.

Confederates in arms heard the news in the valleys of the South and trembled. It was the Omega of their struggles and their hopes for the preservation of human slavery through long years of blood and tears—the edict by the hand of God in punishment of their sins and their treason.

To the black man it was the voice of liberty calling him from centuries of bondage. Standing in his cabin door he heard the news and rejoiced.

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The year 1865 opened gloriously. The Presidential election of 1864 had settled the question as to who should control and what policy was to be pursued in the administration of the Government. Victory was in the air—the national skies were propitious. On the 4th of March Mr. Lincoln again assumed the sceptre in the presence of a vast concourse of American citizens. Escorted down Pennsylvania avenue by a magnificent civic and military pageant

he again faced the people from the eastern portico of the National Capitol. But, under what vastly different conditions from those that existed in '61-2. Then, all was doubt and gloom—now all was sunshine and presage of coming success in the final surrender of the Confederate armies. Amid the enthusiastic greetings of thousands, the beauty and wealth of Washington, and the loyal support of every true American in the land, he stood with bared head at the hour of noon on that early March day, a picture in silhouette with the landscape and sky as a background, the cynosure of all eyes, the beloved President of a great nation. The echoes of the Presidential oath were yet whispers on the passing breeze when with great impressiveness he proceeded to deliver the following address, acknowledged by the greatest scholars to be the most chaste, tender, humble and convincing inaugural that ever fell from the lips of prince, potentate, or statesman in any country or any clime:

"Fellow Countrymen: At this second appearing to take the oath of the Presidential office there is less occasion for an extended address than there was at the first. Then a statement somewhat in detail of a course to be pursued seemed fitting and proper. Now at the expiration of four years, during which public declarations have been constantly called forth on every point and phase of the great contest which still absorbs the attention and engrosses the energies of the nation, little that is new could be presented. The progress of our arms, upon which all else chiefly depends, is as well known to the public as to myself, and it is, I trust reasonably satisfactory and encouraging to all. With hope for the future, no prediction in regard to it is ventured.

"On the occasion corresponding to this four years ago all thoughts were anxiously directed to an impending civil war. All dreaded it, all sought to avert it. While the inaugural address was being delivered from this place, devoted altogether to saving the Union without war, insurgent agents were in the city seeking to destroy it without war—seeking to dissolve the Union and divide effects by negotiation. Both parties deprecated war, but one of them would

make war rather than let the nation survive, and the other would accept war rather than let it perish, and the war came.

"One eighth of the whole population were colored slaves not distributed generally over the Union, but localized in the southern part of it. These slaves constituted a peculiar and powerful interest. All knew that this interest was somehow the cause of the war. To strengthen, perpetuate and extend this interest was the object for which the insurgents would rend the Union even by war, while the Government claimed no right to do more than to restrict the territorial enlargement of it. Neither party expected for the war the magnitude or the duration which it has already attained. Neither anticipated that the cause of the conflict might cease with or even before the conflict itself should cease. Each looked for an easier triumph, and a result less fundamental and astounding. Both read the same Bible and pray to the same God, and each invokes His aid against the other. It may seem strange that any men should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing their bread from the sweat of other men's faces, but let us judge not, that we be not judged. The prayers of both could not be answered. That of neither has been answered fully. The Almighty has His own purposes. 'Woe unto the world because of offenses; for it must needs be that offenses come, but woe to that man by whom the offense cometh.' If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of those offenses which in the providence of God must needs come, but which, having continued through His appointed time, He now wills to remove, and that He gives to both North and South this terrible war as the woe due to those by whom the offense came, shall we discern therein any departure from those divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to Him? Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondsman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three

thousand years ago, so still it must be said 'the Judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.'

"With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle and for his widow and his orphan, to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.

"ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

"March 4, 1865."

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Few in that vast multitude would have believed it, had the statement been then and there made, that within a few weeks hence, the form of Abraham Lincoln stricken by the hand of an assassin, would lie cold and silent on a catafalque in the rotunda of the building from the marble portico of which he had just enunciated that memorable address. Yet so it was to be. The curtain of the new administration lifted in brightness and joy was soon to be drawn in sorrow and tears.

Strange indeed is the web of human life. Fate had willed that "General Orders No. 50" should be Mr. Lincoln's last official act. In the stormy days of his first administration the stars and stripes were lowered at Sumter by the hand of Major Anderson because of overpowering force. With the beginning of his second administration the tide of war had restored the fortress to its rightful ownership, and in the hour of his departure he submitted to the nation the appended document for the unfurling of the flag in the honored place it had occupied just four years previous. Then, that very day, like Enoch he walked with God, and was not, for the Lord took him.

"War Department.

Adjutant-General's Office,

Washington, March 27, 1865.

Ordered, first. That at the hour of noon on the 14th

day of April, 1865, Brevet Major-General Anderson will raise and plant upon the ruins of Fort Sumter, in Charleston Harbor, the same United States flag which floated over the battlements of that fort during the rebel assault, and which was lowered and saluted by him and the small force of his command when the works were evacuated on the 14th day of April, 1861.

Second. That the flag, when raised, be saluted by one hundred guns from Fort Sumter and by a national salute from every fort and rebel battery that fired upon Fort Sumter.

Third. That suitable ceremonies be had upon the occasion, under the direction of Major-General William T. Sherman whose military operations compelled the rebels to evacuate Charleston, or, in his absence, under the charge of Major-General Q. A. Gilmore, commanding the department. Among the ceremonies will be the delivery of a public address by the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.

Fourth. That the naval forces at Charleston and their commander on that station be united to participate in the ceremonies of the occasion.

By order of the President of the United States

EDWIN M. STANTON,  
*Secretary of War.*"

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Under the provisions of an act of the Legislature passed in 1864 the first municipal election was held on Tuesday, March 11th, 1865. The act divided the town into three wards, with a Mayor, City Recorder, Treasurer, Marshal, Solicitor, School Superintendent, and a Common Council composed of two members from each ward, and the usual ward officers. The community had been very much divided as to the question of incorporation, so much so that voters were not enthused over the election. A fair vote was, however, polled, the result being a Republican victory. In the division of the city, Commerce street was made the line between the First and Second wards, all north and east



EARLY MAYORS, CITY OF BRIDGETON

James Hood

Isaac B. Dare

Ephraim E. Sheppard

being the First ward, all south and east being the Second ward, taking the Cohansey river for the western boundary. The two wards were composed exactly of the territory included in the old Township of Bridgeton. The Third ward occupied the territorial limits of the former Township of Cohansey bounded on the east by the Cohansey, the west and south, by Hopewell Township.

James Hood, Republican, was elected the first mayor by a majority of 29 votes over Adrian Bateman, Democrat. Daniel Bacon was chosen City Recorder by 55 majority; Uriah D. Woodruff, City Treasurer, by 61 majority; Dr. James M. Chaliss, City School Superintendent, by 58 majority. Wallace Taylor was elected Marshal without opposition, as was John T. Nixon, to the office of City Solicitor.

Members of City Council selected at this election were all Republicans. First ward—Thomas U. Harris, Charles S. Fithian; Second ward—David P. Mulford, Samuel Aplegit; Third ward—Robert C. Nichols, Robert J. Fithian, the two latter having no opposition.

The Mayor, James Hood, was a man of considerable ability, strong in his opinions of right and wrong. Because of the latter quality his administration was not as popular as it might have been. When the new municipal government was inaugurated the Mayor by a provision of the city charter became the President of Council. In that position as Executive and President of the city local legislature Mayor Hood pursued a courageous course, which had a salutary effect upon evil doers in the municipality of the city of Bridgeton during its early days.

With the passing of the Township system, the character of municipal elections was entirely changed. The town meeting which had existed since Colonial days was no more. Thereafter the old-time gatherings at the taverns in the respective townships of Bridgeton and Cohansey in the spring of the year were to become a matter of history only. For the viva voce vote was substituted the ballot.



Ephraim Sheppard, Democrat, who because of his fitness for the place, was generally selected by the unanimous consent of all parties was to act as Mr. Moderator no more. John Cheesman, Democrat, whose clerical abilities were recognized by the public in repeated elections, would no longer act as Township Clerk, and record the suffrages of the citizens of the good old town of Bridgeton. Town Meeting days, how they loom up in the shadows of the past! The long line of good citizens—here they come to tell the Clerk by voice what their judgment is as to the appropriation for roads, for police, for light, for salaries, and for township officers. Memory pictures the faces as they pass in the long ago. First the Moderator, Uncle Ephraim, declares in the shrill voice and clearing of the throat once so familiar: "Gentlemen, we are ready to vote! and on the motion just made I vote 'No'! as it appears to me that if there was a little less extravagance in our town affairs it would be considerable better for the tax-payers." Then the Clerk votes—then the rank and file pass. Reader, note these worthies of the good old days: Providence Ludlam, James B. Potter, James Stiles, Ephraim Sheppard, Jr., Lot Loper, Edmund Crozier, John Carter, L. Q. C. Elmer, John T. Nixon, Edmund Roork, David Potter, James Hood, Nathaniel Fish, William McGear, Sr., John S. McGear, Hugh McGear, Nathan McGear, John Salkeld, Alfred Maul, Henry Knerr, Joseph Gibson, Sr., Franklin Dare, Isaac Pedrick, Daniel B. Thompson, David P. Mulford, Elam Quicksell, Allen Mulford, Moses Mulford, Joseph Allen, Robert Jordan, Charles S. Fithian, Nathaniel Stratton, Alexander Stratton, Samuel Ward Seeley, William Alkire, Johnson Reeves, Joseph Reeves, Elmer Camm, Isaac Nichols, Isaac Laning, Jonathan Loper, Ner Allen, John R. Graham, Dayton B. Whitaker, John Cheesman, H. R. Merseilles, Henry B. Lupton, Lewis M'Bride, J. Barron Potter, Samuel Hider, Henry Nordyke, Joel Fithian, Joseph Borden, Artis E. Hughes, Charles C. Grosscup, Robert Poole, Samuel B. Poole, William Pogue, Richard

Burch, Levi Wood, Charles Hetzell, Jeremiah DuBois, Jonathan Elmer, William S. DuBois, James Whitaker, Sammel L. Fithian, Jonathan Paynter, James B. Ferguson, Thomas Comac, Francis G. Brewster, Alexander Robeson, Lot Harris, Thomas U. Harris, James Woodruff, Abram Woodruff, Charles Laning, Daniel Fithian, and a host of others.

Honest citizens of the past were they—good men and true. The world has not yet seen their superiors in qualities of head and heart.

Commenting upon the result of the first election under the new charter, the "Chronicle" said: "Let it be handed down to posterity and recorded in letters of gold on the pages of history that the first election for city officers in Bridgeton resulted in electing candidates favorable to the Constitution, the Union, the Administration, Liberty, Freedom and Sound Democracy."

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Early in March the announcement came from Washington that Joseph S. Miner had been named by President Lincoln for the Postmastership of Bridgeton, vice George W. Johnson resigned.

Quite a lively contest developed previous to the making of this appointment. Daniel B. Thompson announced himself a candidate, and made an earnest effort to secure the office. Mr. Thompson had been postmaster of Bridgeton under the administration of President James K. Polk, 1845 to 1849, being then identified with the Democratic party. When the war for the Union opened Daniel B. Thompson became a War Democrat, and finally a Republican. A man of strong convictions, prominent in the Methodist Episcopal Church, he had many warm friends who zealously contributed time and influence toward his success. Among his friends was Charles E. Elmer, at that time one of the most influential citizens of Bridgeton. Joseph S. Miner was a young man of fine business capacity, and an active advocate of Republican principles and the Union cause.



Daniel B. Thompson  
Jeremiah DuBois

PROMINENT CITIZENS 1861-1865

Joseph S. Miner  
Benjamin T. Bright  
Joseph H. Elmer

Robert C. Nichols  
Jonathan Elmer

He also had many friends who labored earnestly for him. His petition addressed to "His Excellency, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States," was headed by the names of Providence Ludlam, Lewis H. Dowdney, Jonathan Elmer, Robert C. Nichols, George W. Johnson, Henry B. Lupton, Jeremiah DuBois and many other leading citizens, to the number of 283. It was a powerful petition and carried much weight, composed as it was of representatives of the manufacturing and business interests of Bridgeton. But, the influence of Hon. Providence Ludlam, Senator from Cumberland County, was paramount in the fight, and through his efforts largely Mr. Miner became postmaster.

The appointment was one of Mr. Lincoln's last official acts; and had not been sent to the Senate at the hour of his assassination, but Mr. Miner took possession of the office by authority of Postmaster General Dennison. Andrew Johnson, on becoming President, refused to issue a commission to him, and for two years there was a prolonged contention over the place. Pending the difficulties which arose between President Johnson and the Republican majority in Congress, Johnson appointed Samuel R. Fithian, postmaster. Mr. Fithian was not confirmed, and did not get possession of the office. Time went on, the controversy between Executive and Congress grew so bitter that the Republican majority passed a measure known as the "Tenure of office act," which the President vetoed. Passed over his veto it became a law. Under that statute there was therefore nothing for Mr. Johnson to do but issue commissions to Mr. Lincoln's appointees. The commission was issued to Mr. Miner, March 28th, 1867, for four years. At one time during the long contest for the Bridgeton post-office, Mr. Miner received a letter from Hon. Henry Wilson, Senator from Massachusetts, in which that famous statesman said: "You will either be appointed by President Johnson or no other man will ever be confirmed by the United States Senate." Re-appointed by President Grant, March 13th, 1871, and February 26th, 1875, also by President Hayes, March 3d, 1879, Postmaster Miner

served the long period of nearly eighteen years. Joseph S. Miner proved a model officer, and brought the postal service in Bridgeton to a high state of efficiency. It was a maxim of Thomas Jefferson that in the line of office holding, "few die, and none resign." In Mr. Miner's case it was slightly different. The Johnsonites wanted him to either die or resign out of spite, but he did neither. After almost a score of years of honorable service he could have continued in office, but did what few others have done, voluntarily announced through the press, under date of February 1, 1883, in a card to the public that: "Whereas my commission will soon expire, I deem it proper to give public notice that I am not an applicant for reappointment. With many thanks to the citizens of Bridgeton and vicinity for their courtesy and kindness to myself, as an official during my years of public service, I remain, yours truly."

Appointed five times, always the free-will offering of his party and fellow citizens, Mr. Miner left a record which is parallel to that of the good and faithful servant who received the highest compliment ever paid to man in the Biblical "Well Done!"

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March 18th, 1865, Captain Ethan T. Harris, a Bridgeton boy, who had served in the "Cumberland Greys," been wounded in the seven days' fight before Richmond, McClellan's peninsula campaign, afterward organizing Company H, Third New Jersey Cavalry, "the Butterflies," and returning to the seat of war, again found himself in his native town. He was now a paroled prisoner of war, after seven months of torture, privations, and imprisonment in the prisons of the Confederacy. Incidents connected with his capture were interesting. Out with a scouting party of his regiment on the 20th of September, 1864, he was captured by a large force of guerrillas coming upon him suddenly. The Captain was separated from his command in the excitement of the rush and endeavored to escape. Meeting a farmer on a road which he had turned into he

inquired the road to Staunton. The man gave him the wrong direction, which soon led him in sight of a body of the enemy. A young girl informed him that they were Confederates. He then spurred his horse in another direction. A shot was soon fired at him which whizzed close to his head. He was finally surrounded and taken prisoner. His captors robbed him of his watch, boots and other valuables. They told him that they had followed him three miles, and one of them said he had raised his rifle several times to shoot the captain, but feeling certain of his capture he refrained. Captain Harris was taken to Libby prison, thence to Danville, Virginia, then to Salisbury, North Carolina. Eight thousand Union soldiers were at Salisbury, three thousand of whom perished miserably between the middle of October and the first of January. Deaths still continued after the latter date at the rate of thirty a day. Poor fellows without blankets or shelter were compelled to burrow holes in the ground, and from the holes numerous bodies were taken every morning. Terrible trials, terrible scenes did the brave boys in blue pass through and witness in the Inferno at Salisbury.

Captain Harris was fortunate in retaining a fair measure of health, and returned to receive the congratulations of his family and friends. He was a stern disciplinarian some of his men thought, but a good, true, patriotic soldier. During his terms of service he was three times severely wounded and was breveted major for meritorious conduct.

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Monday, April 3d, 1865, Bridgeton became wildly enthusiastic over the news received by telegraph from Washington that the Union Army had captured Richmond. When the full particulars were confirmed by the evening papers, business was at once suspended. Professor Dorville's Band appeared upon the streets, and began a serenade of city officials and the people generally with the finest band music that had ever been furnished by local musicians. Prof. Dorville was a gifted band master—a

Frenchman by birth, full to the brim with the musical endowments of his native land. The way he handled the baton that famous night, won the patriotic admiration of the town. The cannon fired, flags flung to the breeze, windows and residences decorated, torchlight parades, streets filled with people, deafening cheers was the order of the night. "Richmond is Ours!" was the shout from every throat, and each citizen appeared to be trying to outdo his neighbor with noise. The procession passed the Female Seminary in a blaze of red light. Halting there the young lady students appeared upon the veranda, sat upon the window sills of the building to the topmost story, singing the great National song—the "Star Spangled Banner." One young lady of spendid voice led the singing, and as she rang out the verse—

"What is that which the breeze o'er the towering steep,  
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?  
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,  
In full glory reflected, now shines in the stream!  
'Tis the Star Spangled Banner, long may it wave,  
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave—"

the procession joined in the song with such a vim that it set the old courthouse bell on edge to join in the general rejoicing over the downfall of the Confederate Capital.

April 9th, 1865, again the news of victory electrified the patriotic North. General Robert E. Lee had surrendered the Army of Northern Virginia to General Grant with 20,000 stands of arms, many guns, and many battle flags. When the news arrived in Bridgeton there was another season of rejoicing, and the town went wild again in preparation for a great celebration.

But this very day, when all was so bright for the Union cause, the assassin Booth was to destroy the gentle life of the sweetest and best ruler the nation had had. And, so the festivities were brought to a sudden end by the telegrams from Washington that President Lincoln had been assassinated while in attendance at the opera house on the night of April 14th.

Bridgeton was never so sad and solemn as on Wednesday, the 19th day of April, 1865, the day of President Lincoln's funeral obsequies. Mayor Hood had issued a proclamation calling upon the people to assemble in due observance of the memory of the illustrious Lincoln, asking that business be suspended, and the day set apart as a day of sermon and prayer. In accordance therewith the churches were filled to overflowing with citizens who had come to pay their last respects to a great man, the nation's fallen chief. While the church bells tolled hundreds of people joined in procession, marching from Sheppard's Hall to the First Presbyterian Church, where obsequial services were held, the band playing funeral dirges. At the church a feeling invocation was offered by Rev. James M. Chaliss. The Scriptures were read by Rev. John W. Hickman, pastor of Commerce Street M. E. Church, followed by a solemn hymn by the choir. Prayer was again offered by Dr. C. R. Gregory. Hon. John T. Nixon delivered a splendid eulogy of the dead President to the immense audience which filled the church. Rev. Richard Thorn, pastor of Trinity M. E. Church, read an appropriate selection in his usual eloquent manner; Dr. James Brown, of the Baptist Church, closing the exercises with a fervent prayer.

The Sunday previous the pulpits of all the churches of Bridgeton rang with heroic utterances denunciative of the treacherous act which had brought the nation to such intense grief. Especially strong was the sermon of Rev. Richard Thorn, in the Trinity M. E. Church, who declared those who sympathized with rebellion in the North to be equally guilty of the foul crime of assassination with the wretch who did it—John Wilkes Booth.

Great excitement prevailed in Bridgeton during the days immediately following the President's assassination. Several persons were accused of sympathy with Mr. Lincoln's murderers, because of their indiscreet talk. To add to the bad feeling some unknown person carried off the drapery from the altar of the Baptist church, which had, like



the other houses of worship, been placed in mourning habiliments. Who the person was, was never accurately ascertained, but many were the suspicions which for a long time filled the public mind.

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A few days previous to the assassination a gentleman, so said one of the Bridgeton papers, visited Washington on business with President Lincoln. Previous to leaving home a friend requested him to ask Mr. Lincoln whether he (Lincoln) loved Jesus. The business being completed, the question was kindly asked, whereupon the good President buried his face in his handkerchief, turned away and wept. He then turned to his visitor, and said: "When I left home to take the chair of State I requested my countrymen to pray for me. I was not then a Christian. When my son died, (Willie Lincoln who deceased at the White House,) the severest trial of my life, I was not a Christian. But, when I went to Gettysburg, and looked upon the graves of our dead heroes who had fallen in defence of their country I then and there, consecrated myself to Christ; *I do love Jesus!*" Like Edward Mote he was ready to exclaim:

His oath, his covenant and blood,  
Support me in the whelming flood;  
When all around my soul gives way,  
He then is all my hope and stay,  
On Christ the solid rock I stand,  
All other ground is sinking sand.

Martyred President! Noble spirit! The bugles of the Union had not yet ceased their victorious notes in the Shenandoah and on the Appomattox when the gates of Heaven opened wide for the soul of Abraham Lincoln.

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Saturday, May 6th, 1865, the Bridgeton Chronicle said:

"The war is virtually ended." But it seems to the writer that the final chapter in the great drama of the civil

war was enacted in the closing hours of Mr. Lincoln's Presidency. Victory was in the air, and the flag floated in triumph o'er all the Southern country so lately in rebellion. The soft winds of the early Spring bore tidings of great joy to the mansion and the tenement in imperial cities; to the humble home in the forest, on the prairie, on broad acres throughout the national domain; to the sailor upon the sea, to the American in foreign lands. They also brought tidings of sorrow to the citizens of the great Republic everywhere because of the death of the great man, who under God had accomplished so much for the American people. He had lived to the hour of triumph, but he was not to see the columns of veterans who had won the fight in the grand march they were to soon take up on Pennsylvania avenue. God had willed otherwise. That great statesman Charles Sumner, of Massachusetts, knew the dead President well and loved him. He voiced the sentiment of the nation when he presented the following resolutions in the Senate of the United States:

1. That in testimony of their veneration and affection for the illustrious dead, who has been permitted, under Providence, to do so much for his country and for liberty, the Congress of the United States will unite in the funeral services and by an appropriate committee accompany his remains to their place of burial in the State from which he was taken for the national service.

2. That in the life of Abraham Lincoln, who by the benignant favor of republican institutions rose from humble beginnings to the heights of power and fame they recognize an example of purity, simplicity, and virtue which should be a lesson to mankind, while in his death they recognize a martyr whose memory will become more precious as men learn to prize those principles of constitutional order and those rights—civil, political, and human—for which he was made a sacrifice.

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It is remarkable how many sons of Cumberland county distinguished themselves in the course of the civil war. Cap-



PROMINENT CITIZENS 1861-1865

David P. Elmer

Capt. Enoch More

Alphonso Woodruff

Robert S. Buck

Charles D. Burroughs

tin Enoch More, of Bridgeton, was one of our citizens who took an important part in the final scenes connected with the capture of Jefferson Davis, President of the Southern Confederacy. As commander of the steamer William P. Clyde, by orders of the War Department, he brought "Jeff" and his Cabinet from Hilton Head, South Carolina, to Fortress Monroe, at Hampton Roads, Virginia. The following letter from Captain More to a relative in Cumberland County, at that time, explains itself:

Fortress Monroe, May 19, 1865.

"We arrived here fifty-two hours from Hilton Head, having been expressly detailed by General Gilmore to be the bearer of Caesar and his fortunes, under convey of the U. S. S. Tuscaraora, and carrying the following valuable freight: Jeff Davis and family, consisting of his wife, four children and four servants, with part of his late Cabinet, composed of Alexander H. Stephens, Vice President, Confederacy; Postmaster General Reagan, Colonels Johnston and Lubbock, Aids-de-Camp; Colonel Harrison, Private Secretary; Lieutenant Hathway, Major Maurand, Captain Moody, Major Howell and sister, the latter brother and sister to Mrs. Davis; General Wheeler and staff; Clement C. Clay and wife, with all their plunder, all under the care of their gentlemanly captor (Colonel D. B. Pritchard, of the Fourth Michigan Cavalry) and guard consisting of seventy men of the party who surprised and captured the last remains of the bogus Confederacy. They were encamped in the bushes when captured, and finding themselves beset by the cavalry, the indomitable "Jeff" dressed himself in woman's clothes, and taking a bucket on his arm, accompanied by his wife attempted to skedaddle à la Richmond. At this time Corporal Munger, of the Fourth Michigan Cavalry, appeared at the tent door and inquired of a lady standing at the entrance who those persons were that he saw moving off. He was informed that the lady with the bucket was her mother going to the creek after a pail of water; but the uncommon tallness of the figure attracted

Corporal Munger's attention, and as Mr. Davis was stepping off pretty lively through the long grass, and his dress being rather short, the sharp eye of the corporal discovered what he thought were boots instead of slippers on the bogus lady's feet. Spurring his horse, he came up with the pair, and lowering the point of his sabre, it must be confessed very indelicately, raised slightly the back part of the pretended tall woman's dress, when the previous suspicions of the corporal were fully confirmed, for instead of ladies' slippers, lo! and behold, he saw a pair of cavalry boots, and leveling his carbine, he demanded the party to halt. At this time, "Jeff" seeing that further disguise was useless, threw the shawl which covered his head to the ground, and turning to the corporal told him to "fire as he was ready to die," but Mrs. Davis threw her arms around him and begged him to be quiet, at the same time putting her hand over his mouth to stop him and prevent him from speaking. Here was "the last ditch, the last man, and the last dollar."

We have them fast and allow them no communication with the outside world. Some of them on the voyage have been badly seasick. Mr. Stephens is very feeble, and I think failing, 'Jeff' is terribly down, and Clement C. Clay is on the anxious stool. On the passage up they scanned the horizon with anxious eyes in the hopes of seeing the rebel ram "Stonewall." It was reported at Hilton Head that she was in the offing watching for us, but they looked in vain.

ENOCH MORE.

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Tuesday, May 23, 1865, was the greatest day in the history of the National Capital. The war was over and the returning soldiers were to pass in review before the President of the United States, and the generals of the army.

The morning broke bright and beautiful—the city of Washington was in gala dress—thousands of visitors were in attendance from every section of the country to witness the great parade of veterans ere their departure for their homes and the peaceful avocations of life. Just a few days

previous to his death, Mr. Lincoln had discussed the question of the disbandment of the troops with Mr. Stanton, Secretary of War. Alarmists had predicted that the injection of such large bodies of men so long used to war into the industrial centres would prove a menace to the public safety. President Lincoln and Secretary Stanton both agreed that there need be no alarm and no trouble, because, said the President, "the men who saved the Union are patriotic and law-abiding—they love their homes and families, and in their hands, whether at home or upon the field of battle, our liberties will be preserved." Lincoln did not live to see the magnificent procession of veterans—he did not survive to the hour when they should return to peaceful pursuits, but his view of the American soldier was correct. Secretary Stanton when requested by several leading men to provide troops to maintain order, because of the apprehension that so great a force suddenly released from military restraint would become turbulent, replied that "if we could not trust the soldiers who had subdued the rebellion we might as well yield the life of the Republic." He also was right. When the war closed the volunteer army of the United States numbered a total of 1,045,064 men. Lord Macaulay said that the English people were fearful that Oliver Cromwell's army when disbanded would produce much misery and crime when once thrown on the world after being so long accustomed to the profession of arms. No such result followed. But, while alarm was felt over the discharge of Cromwell's soldiery numbering barely 50,000, what the feeling of the timid was as to our own great forces is not difficult to imagine.

Battles and skirmishes to the number of 625 had been fought. Blood had flowed as water—the land was full of sorrow. The people were tired of war; the soldiers were tired of war; and happy day it was for them when they should begin the homeward march.

See them as they proudly mark time on the stately Pennsylvania avenue! Notice that serious gentleman, with the quiet face, on his charger at the head of the Army of

the Potomac? It is General George G. Meade, the victorious leader of Gettysburg! The bugle sounds, and as it echoes on the air of that balmy May day, the command "Forward" is heard along the long line of veteran soldiers as they begin a parade of victory compared with which that of Napoleon and his legions beneath the "Arc de Triomphe" pales into insignificance. "Tramp, tramp, the boys are marching" by platoons, sixty abreast, 100,000 strong. How splendidly they line up, gallant veterans of Malvern Hill, of Fredericksburg, of Antietam, of Gettysburg, of Spottsylvania, of the Wilderness, of Petersburg, of Appomattox! How the sunlight glistens on the hundred thousand bayonets at the command of "right shoulder, shift!" How the music floats upon the breeze with the good old strains of the National airs that so often revived the drooping spirits in days when despondency and gloom seemed to permeate the very marrow of the soldiers' bones—and so often spurred the boys in blue to triumphant victory! How the great populace cheered the passing soldiers! How the ladies tossed their handkerchiefs and waved salutes from eyes and lips! How the old flag scarred by the battle and the breeze floated its folds o'er the heads of the marching columns as much as to say—"This is the stars and strips under which Washington and Jackson fought—it is the flag of Lincoln—it is the flag which through four long years of bloody civil strife maintained its proud position—the representative symbol of human liberty. No longer stained with the blemish of slavery it has come from out the fire and smoke of many battles without spot, without wrinkle—the flag of hope to all posterity!"

The grand old Army of the Potomac was seven hours in passing the reviewing stand, and its line extended a distance of twenty-one miles. In that splendid line comes the gallant Second Corps under command of that great soldier, General Winfield Scott Hancock. Superb officer—see him as he sits his horse, erect, stalwart—a handsome figure with his noble face and huge mustache. The boys rend the air with cheers, and among the number are the remnants of the

Jersey Blues, proudly advancing by the double platoon in the shadow of the tattered, bullet-ridden colors under which they fought so bravely on many bloody fields. Looming up in the distance appears Sheridan with the Army of the Shenandoah. Clatter-clatter go the hoofs on the pavement, thousands of horses, thousands of cavalymen. Steeds tightly reined, sabres at shoulder, this is the division which swept Early out of Winchester—that ended the Rebellion at Five Forks and Sailor's Creek. Philip Sheridan, hero of many battles, look at him as he takes his place on the reviewing stand. Typical American soldier! Magnificent leader! Who is that that follows? It is Custer—dashing, heroic Custer, with his long hair, flowing backward, falling upon his shoulders like a lion's mane. Gallant cavalry commander, his like we shall not see again! Little thought the cheering multitude that in a few brief years that splendid leader of the Nation's Horse should fall by the hand of the American Indian in the duel to the death on the Little-Big Horn in the far-away wilds of the great West.

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The second day—May 24th—came Sherman's army fresh from its famous tour through the South singing as it marched—"Hurrah! hurrah! the flag that made you free! Hurrah! hurrah! we'll sing the Jubilee! So we sang the chorus from Atlanta to the Sea, as we were Marching Through Georgia!" What a remarkable exhibition of the spoils of war did Uncle Billy's soldiers present to the massed thousands on the sidewalks. First appeared a regiment with a live coon at the head of the column—then another with a corps of pickaninnies dancing in bare feet—then a donkey upon which was mounted an octogenarian darkey singing "Massa's gone away—don't know how long he stay. Threw the key down de smoke house cellar—'den I run away!" Martial music—colors flying, the steady tramp went on one hundred thousand more, until the shades of evening closed the scenes of the two days' march of the invincible legions to which the soldiers of neither Cæsar



nor Napoleon could compare in the days of Roman glory or France's imperial conquest of continental Europe.

On the reviewing stand at the White House were President Johnson, Generals Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, and Admiral Farragut. But the colossus of American history—the great, the gentle, the true heart, Abraham Lincoln, who had borne the National burden of secession and of war—wept because of defeats which filled the land with widows and orphans, and rejoiced in humility o'er victories won, was no more. His place on the grand stand, in the presence of the soldiers whom he loved, was vacant. The veteran as he marched looked in vain for the homely President, and as he glanced upward at the flag, still in crepe, his hat was unconsciously lifted to heaven, in memory of the fallen Chief no longer in the quick, but present with the Lord. "Why Should the Spirit of Mortal Be Proud" was the favorite poem of the deceased President, and he was wont to quote:

"The hand of the king that the sceptre hath borne;  
The brow of the priest that the mitre hath worn;  
The eye of the sage and the heart of the brave,  
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave."

Yet, not lost! Vanquished by the assassin's bullet!  
Victor by the Master's crown!

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The review was ended. The boys had recrossed the long bridge into Virginia to await the general mustering out. Washington had resumed its accustomed quiet. The war was over—peace had come. No more bloodshed; no more widows' tears; no more wounds; no more disease; no more sorrow borne of the battlefield. The trumpet sounds—Taps! Lights out. The soldier sleeps and dreams of home.

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Regiments of the Army of the Potomac commenced leaving, 161,851 officers and men, present and absent from the camp near Washington on May 29th, and by July 19th,

1865, the last regiment had started for home. Regiments of Sherman's Army in camp near Washington, numbering present and absent, 116,183 officers and men, began leaving May 20th, and August 1st, 1865, the last regiment had left for home. Rapid was the discharge! Of the entire armies of the Union 646,806 officers and men had been mustered out by August 7th; by November 15th, 800,963; by January 20th, 1866, 918,733; by May 1st, 986,782; by June 30th, 1,010,670; by November 1st, 1866, 1,023,021—the entire volunteer force leaving in service only 11,043 soldiers, colored and white, to guard the National interests after the most stupendous war in history.

The world had never looked upon such a spectacle—it never will again! From the rough life of the soldier, hardened by scenes of blood and death, the soldiers of the Union went back to industrial paths to take up the avocations and professions which they had left off at the command of an imperiled government. It was to the everlasting credit of the noble men who made up the rank and file of the National armies that they came back to civil life, the great majority better citizens than when at the first call they pledged their lives, their all, that the nation might live. Peace with her gentle influence melted the cohorts of liberty like the snow before the sunshine. Clapsed in the arms of loved ones the tired soldier was home at last!

With his peaceful advent entered also the shadow of death to other homes. Victory was tinged with sadness, for—

“Many hearts and blades were broken,  
Thousands of the noblest ‘braves’,  
Wrapped in jackets blue were sleeping  
Coldly in their unknown graves.”

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Monday, June 19th, 1865, news came to the town of Bridgeton, very unexpectedly that the heroic remnant of Company K, gallant 12th New Jersey Regiment, would arrive home that day. Great preparations were made at short

notice. Every bell in Bridgeton began to ring; whistles blew an enthusiastic toot-toot-toot! Flags appeared from every loyal window. Dorville's band, at the head of a procession of citizens, (the Union League starting from Sheppard's Hall in a body) marched to the West Jersey Railroad depot on Irving avenue.

As the train passed into the station, what a hurrah went up—what vociferous cheers rent the air—how wives and mothers, relatives and friends, crowded the station! The car doors open; out they step to receive the greeting "Welcome Home!" Sergeant William B. Hines in command. "Fall in boys," and line up for your last parade. "File Right." "Halt." "Right Dress." "Front Face." "By Fours," (platoon); "Forward!" Do you see them?

William B. Hines, George Laws, Timothy Bateman, William H. Bennett, Edwin M. Padgett, Justus H. Livingston, Amos S. Burt, Butler Newcomb, George McHenry, John Evans, Henry Clay Lore, Jonathan Borden, Henry Bradford, Henry Campbell, Robert G. Clark, Reeves Coulter, Abraham Facemire, Edward C. Hall, Thomas S. Green, Absalom Jordan, Thomas H. Pancoast, John Maxwell, Hiram Pew, Charles O. P. Riley, James R. Rainear, William M. Seeley, Edward M. Steward, Samuel Tomlinson, Daniel Tullis, William F. Moore, Charles M. Riley, William S. Ayars, Anderson Davis, William H. Dickeson, Edgar M. Fithian, Jeremiah Husted, Simon S. Swing, William H. B. Ward.

From one hundred strong men the company had dwindled to thirty-eight muskets, several of those in line meeting their comrades at the depot joined them there, having arrived home previously because of wounds. Greenhorns in '62, they were veterans now, bronzed by the summers and winters of many campaigns!

Chancellorsville to Appomattox was a long way—cannon to the right of them; cannon to the left of them!

Comrades Terry, Holmes, Garton, Smith, Carey, Carman, Carter, Creamer, Galloway, Gaunt, Hendrickson, Hollenback, Horner, Howell, Husted, Livingston (Charles);

Maloney, Mullica, Powell, Sutton (Theophilus); Simpkins, Sockwell, Sutton (Samuel S.), had answered the last roll-call, by disease and the bullet.

Eighteen had been discharged by reason of disability and wounds. Sixteen had been transferred to the Veteran Reserve Corps and other departments of the service.

Few officers of the company were present on this propitious day, owing to the failure of accounting officials in Trenton to adjust the settlement with line and staff.

The brave men who had survived the storms of war and the privations of army life still in the vigor of early manhood, bearing the muskets with which they had rendered the country such efficient service, were in line to receive the plaudits of their fellow-citizens.

Marching down Pearl to Commerce street the comrades proceeded to Sheppard's Hall, near the bridge (West Side) where Hon. John T. Nixon received them on behalf of the people of Cumberland in a speech eulogistic of their patriotic service, warm with congratulations on their safe return to the old home. Major William E. Potter returned the thanks of the members of Company K, to the good people of Bridgeton, for the sympathy extended to the soldiers in the field and for the earnest welcome this hour extended.

An elaborate dinner prepared by E. Davis & Son, was given the returned soldiers at the expense of the Ladies' Aid Society. Fair hands decorated the tables and presided over the repast which was one of the finest ever spread in Bridgeton. And, so ended another historic day.

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The victorious conclusion of the civil war, and the return of the veteran soldiers of Cumberland county after four years of patriotic service, called for a great celebration of the glorious Fourth of July. Accordingly at a preliminary meeting of citizens the following were selected a committee to prepare a program and make the necessary arrangements: Providence Ludlam, James M. Challis, Jeremiah

DuBois, Robert B. Potter, Edmund R. Elmer, Maskell W. Applegate, Robert DuBois, George W. Finlaw, Joseph H. Elmer, Percival Nichols.

The committee went about the matter vigorously, and prepared an elaborate celebration which should have a double purpose, to wit: A rousing celebration and enthusiastic reception to all the soldiers of whatever company or regiment who had had a part in the suppression of the rebellion and restoration of the Union. The program was carried out with an enthusiasm never previously manifested on a Fourth of July, in Bridgeton.

At daybreak, a National salute was fired—at 9 o'clock thirteen guns announced the number of States forming the original Union, followed by the ringing of all the bells of the town.

The procession formed in front of the Davis House on Commerce street. My, what a crowd was there to see it start! The population of Cumberland County, in its entirety appeared to have turned out to take a hand in the glorious festivities. Never had the sun shone brighter—never had the good old town looked handsomer, than this splendid Fourth of July morning.

The parade moves! Who is that at the head of the column on the black horse? It is the veteran marshal, Daniel M. Woodruff, the same who led the farewell march in honor of the departing "Cumberland Greys" in '61. See him as he sits on his horse as straight as an arrow, patting the mane and talking in his old-time way to the good steed—"Haw, there! be careful Billy! do you hear, old fellow?" What a portrait is that of the ancient landmark, typical American with his silver hair, tall silk hat marked with the word "Marshal;" the "red, white and blue sash" around his waist, with the gaily caparisoned horse on which he sits so proudly! Reminiscent of the olden time indeed, was Uncle Dan, once sheriff, once clerk of Cumberland County, quaintest and best auctioneer since the Revolution, picturesque and patriotic.

Then came the assistant marshals, Uncle Dan's staff—

Ex-Sheriff Lewis H. Dowdney; Colonel Edward M. DuBois; Major William E. Potter; Captain Samuel T. DuBois.

With a large body of veterans in line, an ambulance with crippled soldiers, section of artillery and great concourse of citizens with bands of music and drum corps, the procession moved to the Grove on West Commerce street, where the exercises of the day occurred. At the grove Rev. Casper R. Gregory, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, invoked the divine blessing. The Declaration of Independence was read by James J. Reeves, Esq., followed by prayer by Rev. James M. Chaliss, of the Baptist Church. A choir of young ladies and gentlemen sang very patriotically the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," and the "Battle Cry of Freedom." Robert B. Potter read "Our Martyred President's Last Inaugural." Hon. Alexander G. Cattell then delivered an eloquent oration which enthused the great audience with patriotic applause, many times repeated as he told the story of the war and the sacrifice of blood and money in order that the Union of the Fathers might endure. After music by the band, the singing of the doxology, and benediction by Rev. John W. Hickman, former pastor of Commerce Street M. E. Church, the exercises ended and the procession reformed and proceeded to Groscup's Hall.

The Ladies' Aid Society had charge of the program at the hall, and many were the fair faces that greeted the returned soldiers as they took their places at the well-filled table which extended from one end of the floor to the other. The word "Peace" in evergreen appeared over the rostrum of the hall, with "'76—Fourth of July—'65" encircling it—Washington and Lincoln's portraits on either side. On the centre panel of the gallery a picture of General Grant—over the entrance to the hall the sentence "Welcome Veterans"—at the western end of the gallery "Victory at Last!"

Rev. James Brown, of the Baptist Church, offered invocation. Music followed while the soldiers enjoyed the sumptuous dinner. Hon. John T. Nixon, announced toasts as follows:

"Our Returned Soldiers," responded to by Major William E. Potter.

"Washington and Lincoln," by Rev. James M. Chaliss.

"The Spirit of Slavery," by Lieutenant James J. Reeves.

"The Man Who Stood by the Soldiers," by Hon. A. G. Cattell.

"The Clergy," by Rev. C. R. Gregory.

"The City of Bridgeton," by George W. Finlaw.

"The Women of America," by Rev. Henry M. Stuart.

Complimentary toast to Hon. John T. Nixon, "who had done more with voice and means to suppress the rebellion than any other man in the First District," was offered by Mr. Cattell. Mr. Nixon responded in a very felicitous speech.

After benediction by Rev. Hammill Davis, of Deerfield, the celebration and reception ended with cheers for the nation and the old soldiers.

Fourth of July night the town was brilliantly illuminated. The word "Victory" appeared in blazing letters on the front of the Union League room in Sheppard's Hall. Notable among the decorations were the handsome windows of the stores of Robert J. Fithian, West Bridgeton, and Mrs. Caroline Dare, Commerce street. Captain Joseph Wescott's residence on the Fairton road, attracted great attention by its decoration and display of light.

The illumination was so extensive and so bright that it lit the heavens with a lurid glare, and could be seen for a long distance. A great torch-light parade with ascending rockets, red, white and blue lights, was the spectacular feature of the closing day.

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The Union Republicans of New Jersey gathered in State convention in Trenton, July 20th, 1865. Hon. John T. Nixon, of Bridgeton, was unanimously elected chairman. It was an enthusiastic body of delegates, among whom were many returned soldiers the most prominent

being the famous Cavalry Commander General Judson Kilpatrick, of Sussex County. There was good-natured rivalry over the nomination, and several prominent men were anxious because it was generally believed that the choice of the convention would prove the choice of the people. South Jersey presented a candidate in Alexander G. Cattell, one of the leading business men of Philadelphia, but a Jerseyman by birth and residence. Mr. Cattell had done much for the Union cause, and was largely instrumental in the enlistment and equipment of the 118th Pennsylvania Regiment, known as the Corn Exchange Regiment. He was earnestly supported by his South Jersey friends. General Kilpatrick was named as the choice of his soldier friends. Marcus L. Ward, who, as the Republican candidate for Governor in 1862, had met defeat, his opponent being Governor Joel Parker, was again presented by delegations, from various sections of the State. He was a business man of the city of Newark, who had done much for the Union soldiers and their families during the war just closed. Making repeated trips to the camps in Virginia, and the hospitals where the sick and wounded lay, his generous hand and kindly disposition earned him the title of the "Soldiers' Friend." There was a well developed sentiment in the State that Marcus L. Ward would prove the strongest candidate the convention could name. It was also felt that his splendid character and upright life would strengthen the ticket, and those who look at his benevolent face in the portrait gallery of Governors in the State House at Trenton, will see at a glance that the record of such a man was a tower of strength for the party as it proved to be in the strenuous campaign which followed his nomination. In the long line of Governors New Jersey has had no purer or better Executive.

The nomination was made on the fourth ballot, the vote standing: Ward, 349; Kilpatrick, 173; Cattell, 148. It was made unanimous amid tremendous cheering, Mr. Cattell and General Kilpatrick seconding and heartily endorsing the selection.



The convention adjourned after adopting a platform of thanks to the soldiers who had saved the Union, advocating the ratification of the amendment abolishing slavery in the United States, and declaring the National debt incurred by the Government in suppression of the rebellion a sacred contract never to be repudiated.

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July 26th, 1865, the Third New Jersey Cavalry returned to Trenton and was mustered out. Recruited early in January, it left the State April 5th, 1864, and marched overland to Annapolis, Maryland, where it was assigned to the Ninth Army Corps. It remained at this point but a short time when under orders it proceeded to Alexandria, Virginia, where it joined the Army of the Potomac. On leaving Trenton, the strength of the regiment was 47 officers, 1,131 non-commissioned officers and privates, a total of 1,178 men, under command of Colonel Andrew J. Morrison. It was designated by the authorities as the "First Regiment United States Hussars." On account of its handsome uniform it attracted general attention and admiration, wherever it appeared. It was a patriotic regiment and in the remaining months of the war it did gallant service for the Union, participating in nearly all the cavalry engagements under General Phil. Sheridan in the brilliant campaign in the Shenandoah valley.

Company H, composed principally of Cumberland County boys, returned to Bridgeton, quietly August 1st, and was given a warm welcome by families and friends.

Eleven of this splendid company either died of disease or were killed in action. Seven were transferred to other companies, and seven discharged because of wounds and disability.

The following is a list of those who arrived in Bridgeton safe and sound: Sylvanus Murphy, William M. Norton, Charles S. Wallen, Joseph H. Fithian, Louis Schaible, Theodore A. Dare, William C. Lore, Howard Minot, Charles Clark, Robert Potts, Franklin W. Buzby, Benja-

min Barracliff, Andrew R. Snyder, John L. Smith, Theodore F. Sheppard, Elam Crozier, Theodore F. Strang, John E. Garton, Henry Allison, George F. Baker, Henry C. Beebe, Jonathan Berger, George P. Baker, Peter Boyle, Enoch Brooks, William E. Brooks, Charles B. Buck, George S. Buck, William Clark, Robert G. Clymer, Charles G. Edwards, Edward Flynn, Jacob Fritz, James Garrison, Enoch B. Garrison, Thomas Herbert, Levi J. Harker, Samuel Harris, Joseph Johnson, Henry Johnson, Elias M. Keeler, William Keeler, George Master, Jonathan McCowan, Harrison McNeeley, Edward McQuillan, Joseph Mills, Matthias Murphy, Daniel Newcomb, William Nichols, Isaiah Palmer, Daniel Robinson, George W. Robinson, Leonard L. Roray, Aaron Schellenger, Samuel Strang, Henry Snyder, Daniel R. Seeds, Michael Sliger, William Stetson, James Sheerin, Isaac Swing, James Rynear, John Trimble, William Tullis, John Valentine, Walter G. West. Several other members of Company H, returned at a later date being detained in Washington and Trenton, on special duties.

Company H took part in thirty-four engagements all in the space of one year. Few organizations had done better in the entire course of the war.

Captain Ethan T. Harris, the company's first commander, returned with the honors of Major.

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The Union Republican County Convention met in the Town Hall, Millville, at 10 o'clock A. M., October 4th, 1865. Charles K. Landis, founder of Vineland, was elected chairman, with John S. Mitchell, of Bridgeton, and John W. Newlin, editor of the Millville Republican, as secretaries.

Hon. John T. Nixon and Colonel Hawkins, of Tennessee, the latter having commanded a regiment in the civil war, addressed the convention, and were loudly applauded.

For the first time in the history of the Republican party in Cumberland County, the names of all the delegates were read and printed in the papers. The following is a complete list of the delegates:

Bridgeton—First ward—Robert M. Seeley, George W. Johnson, John R. Graham, Edward R. Broomall, George W. Finlaw. Second ward—Isaac B. Dare, Samuel B. Poole, Wallace Taylor, Henry B. Harker, Samuel S. Sparks. Third ward—Daniel M. Woodruff, Enoch Hanthorn, John S. Mitchell, David Sithens, Lawrence Woodruff.

Millville—Lewis Mulford, Isaac B. Mulford, E. G. McClong, Samuel F. Freas, John W. Newlin.

Downe—Allen Sheppard, Jefferson Lore, Charles Sharp, Fithian S. Parvin, George Sloan.

Deerfield—Elwell Nichols, Enoch Riley, John Hannon, Lucius Moore, Jesse Finley.

Fairfield—Richard Stanton, Richard D. Bateman, Theophilus Trenchard, James Campbell, Jr., Richard Laning.

Greenwich—Charles L. Watson, Morris Bacon, Job Bacon, Seeley Shute, Elmer Ogden.

Hopewell—Richard Minch, C. Henry Sheppard, Theophilus P. Davis, John S. Bonham, Ellis A. Davis.

Stow Creek—Lewis Howell, Isaac W. Elwell, William Ogden, Richard West, George Bonham.

Landis—Charles K. Landis, John Kandle, J. S. Hoard, John Tompkins, William A. House.

Maurice River—Daniel Harris, Theodore Rogers, Ephraim Sharp, Nathan Baner, Franklin Allen.

The personnel of this convention was high. Among the number were many of the most prominent citizens of the county, men of character and standing in the communities they had come to represent. The Republican party had been in existence barely a decade, yet under its banner a large portion of the best element had enlisted in behalf of political principles the success of which they deemed to be of the highest importance for the welfare of the nation. There was no taint of corruption in that remarkable convention of the early days. Each delegate expressed his choice free and untrammelled.

Editor John W. Newlin from the Committee on Res-

olutions, reported the following which were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That we rejoice over the successful issue which has crowned the efforts of the Union arms; that an honorable peace has been established; that the authority of the Government has been vindicated, and the stability and permanency of our institutions forever assured.

Resolved, That we tender our thanks to the brave soldiers and sailors of the Republic, who have proved the ability of the Government, to meet domestic foes with as much success as it has met foreign enemies, and that we offer them not merely "lip service" to catch votes, but the warm affection of grateful hearts.

Resolved, That we endorse the policy inaugurated by our late lamented President, and which has been so faithfully and successfully carried out by his successor.

Resolved, That we endorse the nomination of Marcus L. Ward, for Governor of New Jersey, and pledge our most earnest efforts for his election; that we also endorse the nominations this day made by this convention, and hereby pledge all honorable means to secure the election of the entire ticket.

Convention proceeded to nominations. The names of Hon. Providence Ludlam, Hon. B. Rush Bateman and Jonathan Elmer were presented. A ballot was taken with the following result: Ludlam, 46; Bateman 7; Elmer, 7; Senator Ludlam's renomination was then made unanimous amid cheers.

Hon. Robert More, was unanimously renominated for Assembly, First District; Hon. James H. Nixon for Assembly, Second District.

Dayton Wallen, of Millville; James M. Riley, of Bridgeton; Elmer Y. Robinson, of Maurice River, were nominated for Coroners.

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The Democrats of Cumberland County, met in convention at the Court House in Bridgeton, October 19th.

1865, and made out a strong ticket in opposition to that presented by the Union-Republican Convention. Sherrard Sockwell, of Fairfield township, was nominated for State Senator, Samuel Rammell, of Deerfield, was named for Assembly, First District; George W. Dummett, of Millville, Second District; Ephraim E. Johnson, of Bridgeton; Charles L. Parker, of Maurice River, and Benoni M. Chance, of Downe, were selected as candidates for Coroner. The resolutions were patterned after those adopted in the State Democratic Convention and were strongly Bourbon. Sherrard Sockwell, the nominee for Senator, was a Union man, strong in his convictions of duty, but warmly attached to the Democratic party as the faith of his fathers. He was a man of considerable ability, could make a good speech, being forcible and vigorous in the expression of his opinions. He was one of a type of good men who have long since disappeared from local politics—quaint, honest characters, whom all respected, though widely divergent in political views. “Uncle Sherrard” had lost a son in one of the great battles in Virginia, an only son, whose maimed body he had personally brought from the South to be interred in the cemetery at the old home. His heart was sore because of the loss of the boy whom he loved, and he made an affecting appeal to the voters of the county from the stump, specially effective for its sorrowful patriotism. One of the common people all his life his candidacy strongly appealed to the farmer and oysterman. Added to this was the rumor of friction in the Republican ranks over the renomination of Senator Ludlam. “Provie” had made an excellent Senator; his course had been patriotic and creditable. But, as the special advocate of labor, introducing bills for the abolition of orders on factory stores, he had incurred the enmity of certain manufacturers. For this reason the Democrats thought him weak and had hopes. Labor, however, rallied to his support both in the primaries and at the election, and he won by a large plurality, the heaviest up to that day, that had been given a Republican candidate for Senator in Cumberland County, and returned to Trenton with flying colors.

In the series of gatherings held throughout the State, in the famous Kilpatrick-Rogers debate, the greatest political colloquy ever heard in New Jersey, the meeting for Cumberland County was set down for October 11, 1865. In the early evening thousands of people blocked Laurel street and the vacant square back of Grosscup's Hall. A large platform had been erected immediately in the rear of the hall from which the speakers had a splendid view of the audience and an excellent reach of voice. It was decided by the local leaders of the two great political parties that each should be represented in the government of the meeting. Hon. John T. Nixon was selected to represent the Republicans, and Doctor Joseph C. Kirby, the Democrats, both representative gentlemen of their respective parties.

The two orators stepped upon the platform on time. The band discoursed several lively airs, and the gladiators prepared for the struggle. Andrew Jackson Rogers, who was to open the debate in the first half hour, was a man of stalwart frame, able, affable and splendid voice. As a member of Congress from the Fourth Congressional District of the State, he had distinguished himself in the House of Representatives as an exponent of Northern Democracy. A fiery talker was "Jack" and at times bitter, the latter attribute obtaining for him the label "Copperhead" at the mouths and pens of his political opponents. Democratic chairman Kirby arose, introduced the Honorable "Jack," and the fun began. His theme was "equal taxation," with a vindictive attack on what he believed to be an outrage and a crime, the exemption from tax of the income from government bonds. Congress had a right, in his judgment, to repeal the act exempting government bonds from taxation. There is "nothing in the Federal Constitution," said "Jack," "to prevent repudiation of the National debt saddled upon the people by an unjust and uncalled for war." During the second half-hour allotted him in the closing of the debate Rogers attacked the proposition looking toward negro suffrage, ridiculed its advocates and exalted the vir-

tues of the Democratic party, which he claimed was the party of the people, and the party which believed in a white man's government.

Congressman Rogers was loudly cheered by his friends in the audience at the conclusion of his opening and closing argument. Many persons present while disagreeing with the speaker's sentiments, warmly complimented the delivery and diction of the orator.

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One hour was given to Kilpatrick to present the Republican view of the political situation. General Judson Kilpatrick was one of the heroic figures of the great civil war. Of medium height, good face, and long flowing side whiskers playing havoc in the breeze as he excitedly traversed the platform, General Kilpatrick was a picture which the rostrum has rarely produced in our great national discussions of political questions and issues. Fresh from victories won by the army of the Potomac and the glories of Sherman's march from Atlanta to the sea, the form of the doughty General loomed in the eye of the patriotic American in a halo of splendor reflective of many bloody fields. Hence, his soldier history carried much weight with the audience, and "Little Kil" was the hero of the hour in the many debates of the Marcus L. Ward campaign.

Republican chairman Nixon introduced the General in a few well-timed remarks, and the reply began which never ceased in volume until the umpires announced "time," and then it seemed as though the orator had just cleverly touched his subject.

"There are other things more important than the subject of equal taxation," said the General. "The Democratic party is responsible for the war, and the taxes of which my learned friend Rogers complains. Last Fall—1864—we were trying to prove the war not a failure, and to hand down the Government as it was received from the Fathers. Had McClellan been elected, the fourth of March would have brought a cessation of hostilities, and a dis-

graceful peace. All this to be brought about at a time when victory was crowning our arms. We are trying this Fall—1865—to reap the rich fruits of victory over rebellion, to unite the Union, and to vindicate the principles for which the soldiers fought, and in whose behalf we are willing to again draw the sword. In regard to equal taxation the Democratic platform says that that party is in favor of taxing government bonds. Does it say anything about taxing State and railroad bonds? Do you know, hearer, that there are nearly four millions of dollars' worth of State bonds untaxed by a "Copperhead Legislature," and fifty-six million dollars of railroad bonds untaxed by the State? If the latter were reached by taxation the people of New Jersey would have no other taxes to pay. Government bonds cannot be taxed, because it would be unconstitutional. The Constitution of the United States expressly declares that Congress shall pass no law impairing the validity of contracts. The Democrats are dishonest in their statements as they know it cannot be done."

In a brilliant peroration General Kilpatrick declared that he favored the emancipation of the black man, but that he was opposed to negro suffrage. Paying a glowing tribute to the valor and sacrifices of the soldiers of New Jersey now returned from the war, he appealed to them to aid by their votes the restoration of the grand old State to the hands of the party which saved the Union.

Enthusiastic were the cheers that went upward from a thousand throats when Kilpatrick had concluded, an augury of coming victory at the polls in Cumberland County.

In his conclusive remarks "Jack" Rogers was frequently interrupted by General Kilpatrick, with pertinent questions, all of which the former answered with courtesy. As Rogers finished Kilpatrick brought out a furore of applause from the audience by the ironical exclamation: "Jack, meet me at the depot in the morning!"

Thus ended the great debate—the next morning Kilpatrick and Rogers went to the depot arm-in-arm, ap-



parently the best of friends, to the great astonishment of fierce partisans who presumed that they were personal enemies, because perchance they had politically differed.

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The canvass for the election of a Republican Governor in New Jersey was productive of great excitement and effort in Cumberland County. Political meetings were held in every school district of the county, a majority of them being addressed by former Congressman John T. Nixon. One of the greatest rallies was held in the school-house at Dividing Creek, where Mr. Nixon delivered the closing speech of the campaign on the night of November 5th. It was a fruitful year for orators and public speakers, as the State was turned upside down and inside out by both political parties. Among the youthful speakers was the writer of this work, and the place was the Baptist Session House on the main street of the village of Greenwich, where the boys and men of that staid old borough, whooped things up for Marcus L. Ward, and the whole Republican ticket. It was a delightful meeting. The young ladies had formed a patriotic singing club and they sang war songs with a vim. It was the occasion of our first political speech, a never to be forgotten year with several of us who are still in Cumberland County, and remember the good, old-fashioned politics which prevailed when men, not money, won seats in Congress and the Legislature.

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A rousing result was that of the glorious campaign of 1865. The State House passed from the control of the Democrats, both Executive and Legislative departments becoming Republican. Marcus L. Ward was elected Governor by a majority of 2,789 votes in the State over General Theodore Runyon, the Democratic candidate. The Legislature stood eleven Republicans and ten Democrats in the Senate; the House had twelve Republican majority, a Re-

publican majority of thirteen votes on joint ballot. In Cumberland County, Ward had 887 majority. Providence Ludlam was re-elected Senator by 870 majority; Robert More, Assembly, First District, 369 majority; James H. Nixon, Second District, 493 majority.

The Union League headquarters in Sheppard's Hall, election night, November 6th, was the centre of excitement. Great crowds gathered in front of the building on West Commerce street, and as the results came pouring in of Union Republican majorities in the townships tremendous was the cheering. Telegrams from up State at a late hour brought the final good news that New Jersey had reversed her Democratic allegiance, when with cheers for the successful candidates the elated Republicans departed for their homes.

In its issue following the election an editorial appeared in the Chronicle, and it read:

"The result is mainly due to the soldiers. Being denied the privilege of voting while in the field, when they were battling for the life of the nation, they promised themselves that as soon as the rebels were subdued and conquered, they would return and vindicate their rights at home. Brave boys—they have nobly done so—they have openly rebuked the wrongs done them, and proved in overwhelming numbers their gratitude and esteem for the soldiers' friend—Marcus L. Ward."

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From Robert Halford to the close of the Civil War was only a decade, but what wonders had God wrought!

No more would black "Tom" and black "Joe" bare their backs to the slave driver's whip! No more would "Chloe" and "Phyllis" be separated from bone of their bone, flesh of their flesh. From the new made graves of a half million human souls that had perished in the blood and carnage of the greatest war in history the smoke of holocaust went up to Heaven. Like the gentle dew upon the summit of Hermon it sparkled and scintillated before the Throne in the crucible of the Master's refining fire!

Two hundred years of oppression had sped its course, and the end had come. Before the omniscient eye the panorama of cruelties and its gory finish was curtained forever, and they who had defied the laws of God had paid the penalty in ruined homes, bloody graves, and wrecked hopes.











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